



HOMER'S ILIAD.



HOMER'S ILIAD.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL GREEK
INTO ENGLISH HEXAMETERS.

BY

EDWIN W. SIMCOX,

AUTHOR OF

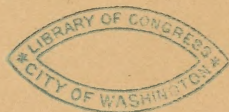
"A POETICAL TRANSLATION OF FENELON'S ADVENTURES OF TELEMACHUS,"
ETC. ETC.

"Omero poeta sovrano."

DANTE.

"I will a round, *unvarnished* tale deliver."

SHAKESPEARE.



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This Volume

IS

(BY HIS KIND PERMISSION)

MOST RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.

P R E F A C E.

THE present translation of the Iliad differs from its predecessors in several particulars.

In the first place, it is written in the same kind of verse as the original poem, namely, the Hexameter.

In the next, the names of the deities and heroes are given in the spelling of the original, so far as this has been found possible without trespassing on the ludicrous.

The translation also proceeds nearly line for line with the Greek, and, failing this, sentence for sentence.

There is as much difference between the Greek Iliad and the brilliant English poem which Pope founded upon it, as there is between some ancient cathedral in the solemn grandeur of its everyday aspect, and the same building when decorated for a Romish festival.

It has been the translator's endeavour to place before the English reader a close, and, as it were, a photographic view

of the poem, so far as the English language, in his humble hands, can produce this result; but it must be remembered that the Greek surpasses the English, *in sound*, as far as the organ does the pianoforte.

The present translation shows the reader very nearly what "the blind bard of Chios' rugged isle" really says; but if any man wishes to know *how* he says it, he must read the lofty-sounding original for himself.

EDWIN W. SIMCOX.

LEAMINGTON,

September, 1864.

ERRATUM.

Line 6—*dele* "him,"

HOMER'S ILIAD.

BOOK I.

THE QUARREL BETWEEN ACHILLEUS AND AGAMEMNON.

SING, O Muse, the wrath of Peleidæan Achilleus ;
Baleful cause of a myriad woes to the sons of Achaia ;
Full many valiant souls did it send, prematurely, to Hades,
Of heroes, whose bodies became a prey to the wild dogs,
And all the birds of the air—(but the counsel of Zeus was accomplished)—
When division arose 'twixt him, that chief, and the king Agamemnon,
And, in contention, Atreides vied with the noble Achilleus.

Which of the gods impelled that mighty pair to contention ?
Leto's and Zeus's son ; for he, being wroth with the monarch,
Raised 'mid the army an evil disease ; and the nations were dying ;
For that, a treatment of scorn, had received at the hands of Atreides
Chrusus, his pontiff, who sought the swift ships of the Grecians,
Hoping his daughter to free, and bringing vast gold for her ransom,
Bearing, the while, in his hands the wreath of far-darting Apollon,
And his sceptre of gold, and for favour besought he the Grecians,
But the Atreidai, chiefly, the two commanders of nations.

“ O ! ye Atreidai, and the rest of the well-greaved Achaians,
“ You, may the deities grant, who abide in Olumpian mansions,
“ Priam's city to spoil, and to voyage happily homeward ;

"Give but to me my daughter dear, and accept of the ransom—
 "Fearing the son of Zeus, the distant-darting Apollon." 20

Then did the rest of the Greeks express their full approbation
 Honour to give to the priest, and accept of the glorious ransom ;
 But this pleased not the mind of the king of men, Agamemnon ;
 Shamefully he dismissed the priest and threats superadded :

"Lest, old man, by the hollow ships, my anger should reach thee,
 "Linger not now in departure, and think not again of returning,
 "Else right little will aid thee the wreath and the sceptre of Phoibos.
 "I will not thy daughter release ere old age come upon her ;
 "She, in my palace at Argos, shall stay, far away from her country, 30
 "Plying the loom and preparing my bed, or else its companion ;
 "Hence then, and anger me not, for so will thy going be safer !"

Thus spake the king, and the old man feared and obeyed his commandment ;
 Silent he went by the shore of the loudly-murmuring ocean,
 And, when afar the old man stood, he made supplication
 To Apollon the king, the son of the beauteous-haired Leto.

"Hear me, O god of the silver bow, the defender of Chrusa,
 "Of sacred Killa, and Tenedos' mighty commander,
 "Sminthian, if I e'er have adorned thy glorious temple,
 "Or on thine altar have ever consumed the rich thighs of the victims 40
 "Whether of bulls or goats, now gratify this my desiring ;—
 "Let thine arrows avenge on the Greeks the tears I am shedding."

So spake the old man in prayer ;—that prayer heard Phoibos Apollon ;
 From the Olumpian peaks, with wrathful heart, he descended,
 Bearing upon his shoulders his bow and his close-covered quiver ;
 Loud was the clang of the shafts on the wrathful deity's shoulders
 While he downward moved ; and he came like the night in its falling ;
 Then, from the ships, at a distance he stood and he darted an arrow,
 Dire was the clang which rang from the bow with silver adorned.
 First, with his arrows, he struck the mules and the swift running wild dogs ; 50
 Next, with his bitter shafts, he pierced the bodies of mortals ;
 And on the funeral pyres were the frequent carcasses burning.
 Ten full days, through the host, came the darts of the deity, rushing,

But, on the tenth, to council was called that host by Achilleus.
 That his intention arose from the goddess white-armed Herè ;
 For she was sad in her heart when she saw that the Grecians were dying.
 Then when the army together assembled was in the council,
 Rising before them all, thus spoke the swift-footed Achilleus :

“ Atreides, I think that from hence once more we must wander
 “ Back to our country returning, that so we may scape from destruction, 60
 “ If thus war and disease, together, subdue the Achaïans.
 “ But let us now consult some priest’s or soothsayer’s wisdom,
 “ Or an expounder of dreams—(for a dream from Zeus oft descendeth)—
 “ Who may tell us the cause of the wrath of Phoibos Apollon ;
 “ If he is angry for vows unpaid, or hecatombs wanting ;
 “ And accepting the fat of lambs, or of goats without blemish,
 “ He will compel this plague to depart from the host of Achaia.”

Having thus spoken he sat : then arose before the assembly,
 Chalcas the son of Thestor, by far the best of the augurs,
 Who in his mind understood the present, the past, and the future, 70
 And had to Ilion led, in their ships, the host of the Grecians,
 By his prophetic skill, which was given by Phoibos Apollon ;
 He, in his wisdom, harangued the Greeks, and thus he addressed them :

“ Peleides, beloved of Zeus, thou biddest me utter
 “ Whence comes the wrath of the king, the distant-darting Apollon.
 “ And I will tell thee the cause ; but thou, with an oath, must assure me
 “ Both with thy words and deeds, to grant me thy ready assistance.
 “ For I foresee I shall rouse the wrath of the mighty commander
 “ Who doth rule the Greeks, and to whom all render obedience.
 “ Powerful is the ire of the king when he’s wroth with a subject,— 80
 “ Though, perchance, for a time, he may seem to stifle his anger,
 “ Still, the while, he maintains the grudge, till he finish the vengeance,
 “ Deep his bosom within :—then say if thou wilt defend me.”—

Him then, responding, thus addressed swift-footed Achilleus :
 “ Fearlessly, O Chalcas, to the host declare thy prediction,
 “ For, by Apollon beloved of Zeus, by whose inspiration,
 “ Thou, after prayer, dost show to the Greeks the things of the future,

"No man, while I live and behold terrestrial actions,
 "Shall, near the hollow ships, lay hands inimical on thee,
 "No man of all the Greeks, not e'en if thou say'st Agamemnon,
 "He who doth boast himself as by far the best of the army."

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Then, thus encouraged, out spoke that excellent prophet :
 "Neither, for vows unpaid, is he wroth nor hecatombs wanting ;
 "But on account of his priest dishonoured by king Agamemnon,
 "Not releasing his daughter and not receiving her ransom.
 "Hence the Far-darter has sent us woes and yet will he send them,
 "Nor will he e'er remove his heavy hands from the sickness,
 "Till that dark-eyed maid, to her dear father, is given
 "Freely, no ransom paid, and sent is a hecatomb sacred
 "Hence to the shores of Chrusa ; this done, will Apollon be gracious."

100

Thus having spoken, he sat ; then among them arose in his anger,
 Atreides, the hero, the far-ruling king Agamemnon,
 Deeply perturbed : for, his heart, the blackest fury surrounded,
 And his fierce eyes resembled the flame in their terrible shining ;
 Chalcas, with evil glance, he gazed on, and thus he addressed him :

"Prophet of ills, who never to me hast foretold any good thing ;
 "Ever delighted in heart to prophesy that which is evil ;
 "Never hast thou a good thing said, nor ever performed one ;
 "Now thou haranguest the Greeks, an evil prophecy giving,
 "That these woes are sent by the distant-darting Apollon,—
 "For that the splendid ransom of fair Chrusëis, the damsel,
 "I would not receive : because I am much more desirous
 "Her to retain in my house : for far more than Clutemnestra
 "Whom I took as a virgin to wife, do I cherish the damsel ;
 "Nought inferior to her is she, in beauty nor figure,
 "Nor in her mind within, nor in whatsoever she doeth.—
 "Yet even her I am willing to yield, if so it be better ;
 "Far more desiring the host to be safe than to come to destruction.
 "But let the Greeks provide me a prize, for fear that I only
 "Unrequited may go, for this to the king were unseemly ;
 "And, as ye all can see, my prize is sent to another."—

110

120

Him then thus answered the swift-footed noble Achilleus :

“Glorious Atreides, O most avaricious of all men,
 “Why, unto thee, must render a prize, the magnanimous Grecians ?
 “We cannot now ascertain where the common riches are biding,
 “Long ago are divided the spoils of the cities we’ve conquered,
 “And it befits not the people again to collect and divide them.
 “Send thou the damsel to Phoibos the god, and then we Achaians
 “Three, four-fold will reward thee, when Zeus shall grant to our army
 “Power, destruction to bring on the well-walled town of the Trojans.” 130

Him then, responding, thus addressed the king Agamemnon ;
 “Do not thus, although thou art brave, O godlike Achilleus,
 “Be in thy mind deceived, nor think to o’erreach nor persuade me.
 “Dost thou intend that, having thy prize, I of mine shall be mulcted ?
 “Shall I remain deprived ? and, at thy bidding, yield up the damsel ?
 “If the magnanimous Greeks will to me a recompense render,
 “Which I shall deem enough, that so retribution be given,
 “Good : if they will not give, then I will, suddenly coming,
 “Seize for myself thy prize, that of Aias, or that of Odusseus,
 “And will bear it away : although my fierce visitation 140
 “Fill the deprived one with ire.—But of this let us speak in the future :—
 “Now let us launch, on the vasty main, a dark-coloured vessel,
 “Placing fit rowers within and the sacred hecatomb also,
 “Beautiful-cheeked Chrusëis too shall embark in the vessel,
 “One of the first of the chiefs must be that vessel’s commander ;
 “Aias, Idomeneus, or the wise and noble Odusseus,
 “Or thyself, Peleides, the most tremendous of mortals,
 “That thou may’st render propitious the distant-darting Apollon.”

Fiercely frowning responded to him the swift-footed Achilleus :
 “O thou man, in impudence clothed, and greedy of plunder,— 150
 “How henceforth shall any Greek, with a good will, obey thee ?
 “Whether to march on the way, or fiercely to fight with the foemen ?
 “I, on account of wrongs, came not hither the Trojans to combat,
 “Skilful to fight with the spear ; of nought against me they are guilty,
 “Never by them have been driven away my oxen or horses,

"Nor, in the fertile Plithia, the plenteous mother of heroes,
 "Have they injured the fruits of the earth : since ever between us
 "Shadowy mountains ascend and stretches the loud-roaring ocean ;
 "Thee we have followed, thou shameless man, to give thee rejoicing !
 "Gaining for Menelaos and thee, O insolent chieftain,— 160
 "Glory from off the Trojans : which thing thou little regardest :
 "And, forsooth, thou threatenest now, of my prize, to deprive me,
 "Which I have earned by many a toil ;—which the Grecians have given me.
 "My prize is never so costly as thine, whene'er the Achaians
 "Have, by their might, destroyed some populous town of the Trojans,
 "I have endured the greater part of the wearisome conflict,
 "These my hands have borne it ; but, when the spoil is divided,
 "Thy share is far the greater, while I some little, but dear, thing
 "Bear as my lot to the ships, although I am weary with battle.
 "Hence will I now to Phthia my home ; for it will be better 170
 "Thither to sail in the crooked-beaked ships ; and when I am departed
 "Thus dishonoured, I think that thou little riches wilt gather."—

Then thus made answer the king of men, Agamemnon :

"Fly then, if so thy mind impel, I never will ask thee
 "Here to remain for my sake : by others my place will be honoured,
 "Whom around me I have, but most by Zeus the all-knowing.—
 "Thou art to me the most hateful of kings whom Zeus ever cherished,
 "Strife to thee for ever is dear and fightings and battles.—
 "Though thou excellest in strength, that strength the Divinity gave thee.
 "Hence then, get thee away with thy ships and with thy companions, 180
 "Over thy Murmidons rule ; for thee my esteem is as nothing,
 "Nor do I value thine anger, but thus, e'en thee, do I threaten :
 "Since, from me, Chrusëis is borne by Phoibos Apollon,
 "Her will I send, in a ship of mine, and with my companions :
 "But, from thee, will I take the beautiful-cheeked Brisëis,
 "Wending myself to thy tent and seizing thy prize from within it ;
 "So shalt thou feel I am greater than thou, and another shall tremble
 "Ere he shall call himself equal to me in comparison adverse."

Thus spoke the king, and pain did seize on the mind of Achilleus ;

And his heart, in his valiant breast, of two things was doubting,
 Whether to draw from his thigh the sharp-cutting blade of his falchion,
 Break through the standers by, and slay the king Agamemnon,
 Or to restrain his wrath, and appease the fierce heat of his anger.
 While, in his heart and his mind, he weighed these considerations,
 Forth from the scabbard he drew the great sword ; but Pallas Athenè
 Down from heaven descended ; despatched by the white-armèd Herè ;
 Both the chiefs to her were dear, and for both was she troublèd ;
 Pallas, standing behind, seized the golden hair of Achilleus,
 Yet appeared she to him alone, and no other perceived her.
 When he turned and the goddess beheld, amazed was Achilleus,
 Soon as Athenè he knew and saw the dread gleam of her glances ;
 Then, his speech addressing to her, these wingèd words he uttered :

“ Why art thou come, O daughter of Zeus, who swayeth the Egis ?—
 “ That thou may’st see the offence of Atreus’ son, Agamemnon ?
 “ Then do I tell thee a thing and intend to give it performance ;
 “ Soon, for his pride, with his life shall pay that injurious monarch.”

Him then, responding, thus addressed the blue-eyed Athenè:—
 “ I, to appease thine anger, have now descended from heaven,
 “ Me, on this errand, hath sent the goddess white-armèd Herè,
 “ Loving you both in her mind and equally troublèd for either.
 “ Now from conflict abstain, draw not thy terrible falchion ;
 “ But, with the fiercest words which occur to thy thinking, upbraid him.
 “ For this I tell thee which will surely have its performance ;
 “ On some future day, to thee, shall bright presents be given,
 “ Threefold for this offence ; then refrain and obey our commandment.”

Her then, responding, thus addressed swift-footed Achilleus :
 “ Needful it is, O goddess, that I, to thy words, be obedient,
 “ Though I am angry my mind within, for thus ’twill be better.
 “ They who regard the gods will, from heaven, have the kindest hearing.”
 Thus while he spoke, on the silver hilt, he bore with his strong hand ;
 And in the scabbard he thrust the great blade, not disobeying
 That which Athenè commanded ; then she returned to Olumpos,
 Up to the palace of Zeus, where the other gods had their dwelling.

Instantly then Achileus,* these words injurious, uttered,
 Agamemnon addressing, for yet he ceased not from anger :

“ Sot that thou art, with the eyes of the dog, the faint heart of the wild deer,
 “ Never hast thou had the courage to arm thy breast for the battle,
 “ Nor, to the ambush, to march with the chiefs of the noble Achaians,
 “ This thou hast never done, for this to thee seemeth deathful ;
 “ Easier 'tis by far to range the wide camp of the Grecians 230
 “ Bearing away the prize of him who shall dare contradict thee.
 “ Nation-devouring monarch, who rulest a people that's worthless ;
 “ Or this, Atreides, were thy last injurious action.
 “ For I tell thee, and these my words with a great oath I strengthen,
 “ E'en by this sceptre, which branches and leaves may no more bear,
 “ Since on the mountains it left the tree from which it was severed,
 “ Nor can blossom again, for the trenchant brass has removèd
 “ Both its leaves and bark :—this now the sons of the Grecians,
 “ Givers of laws, do bear in their hands and are in their judgments
 “ Full of obedience to Zeus :—and this shall to thee be a great oath ; 240
 “ When the desire of Achilleus shall come on the sons of Achaia,
 “ And thou, grieved to the heart, shalt not be able to help them,
 “ When, 'neath the mighty hand of Hector, the slayer of heroes,
 “ Dying the crowds shall fall ; then thou, in thy woe, shalt torment thee,
 “ That thou hast thus done shame to the bravest and best of the Grecians.”

Thus spake Peleides ; and dashed to the earth, as he ended
 Speaking, the sceptre adorned with gold, then sat down in anger.
 Opposite him Agamemnon raged ; then amid the assembly
 Sweet-spoken Nestor arose, the wise rhetorician of Pulos,
 He, from whose skilful tongue, the words fell sweeter than honey. 250
 Two generations of men had passed away in his lifetime,
 Who with him were born and nourished in beautiful Pulos,
 Now, o'er the third generation, he ruled, and now, in his wisdom,
 He the assembly addressed, and thus ran the words of his speaking :—
 “ Gods, what a mighty woe has invaded the land of Achaia,
 “ Priam and Priam's sons would have good cause to be joyful,

* This spelling frequently occurs in the original.

- " Glad, in their souls, the while would be the rest of the Trojans,
 " If they could hear the words of you, ye chiefs, in your anger,
 " You who the Greeks excel in council, as well as in battle.
 " But now obey my voice, for ye both are younger than I am. 260
 " Mine 'twas once, with men braver than ye, to dwell in my lifetime,
 " Yet, though they were of the bravest, by them was I never despised.
 " Never mine eyes have seen, nor ever yet shall be seeing
 " Men like Pirithöos and Druas, shepherds of nations,
 " Kaineus, Exadios, and Poluphemos the godlike,
 " Theseus too, Aigeus' son, who rivalled the deities deathless.
 " They were the bravest of mortal men whom the earth ever nourished ;
 " Bravest indeed they were, and fought with the bravest in battle,
 " E'en with the centaurs who dwelt on the hills, and sorely they slew them.
 " I with these men had my abode, forth coming from Pulos, 270
 " Far from the Apian land, for they from my dwelling did call me ;
 " For them I fought as well as I might ; but none that is living
 " Now of mortal men might endure their onset in battle.
 " These my counsel heeded well and obeyed my direction.
 " Now do ye also obey, for much will obedience profit ;
 " Great though thou art, Agamemnon, do thou not seize on the damsel,
 " Let him retain his prize, the gift of the sons of Achaia ;
 " Nor do thou, Peleides, contend with the king Agamemnon,
 " Never did sceptre-bearing king attain to such honour,
 " As, by Zeus, is bestowed on him who leadeth our army. 280
 " Though thou art brave in fight, and a goddess mother did bear thee,
 " Greater is he in puissance than thou, by the hosts he commandeth.
 " Do thou, Atreides, compel thine anger to lessen,
 " I will beseech Achilleus to bid his wrathfulness vanish,
 " Who is the mighty defence to the Greeks from the evils of battle."
 Him then, responding, thus addressed the king Agamemnon :
 " All these words have by thee, old man, been suitably spoken,
 " But the will of this chief is to be the master of all men,
 " All to command at a word, and over all to be tyrant,
 " And to be first of the host ; but this he scarcely may compass. 290

" If, in close fight, the immortal gods have made him a champion,

" Have they also bestowed the right of injurious speaking?"

Then, his speech interrupting, thus answered noble Achilles :

" Well should I, henceforth, merit the worthless name of a coward,

" If in a single thing I obey thee whatever thou sayest.

" Lay thy behests on others, of me thou shalt never be master ;

" For from this hour I will never obey thy word nor commandment.

" And now I tell thee a thing, and do thou, in thy memory, store it ;

" Henceforth I will combat no more for the sake of a damsel,

" Neither for thee nor another, since ye your gifts are resuming.

300

" What remaineth to me I will place in my black, speedy vessel,

" And, of this, thou shalt take away nought, without my consenting.

" Make, if thou darest, the trial, that so the Grecians may witness

" Thy black blood descending in streams from the end of my spear's point."

Thus that mighty twain, with wrathful speeches contentious,

Rose from their places in anger, dissolving the Grecian assembly ;

To his pavilions Achilles passed and his well balanced vessels,

With him the son of Menoitios went and the rest of his comrades ;

But a swift ship, on the sea, was launched by the king Agamemnon,

Twenty rowers he placed within and the hecatomb also.

310

Then he led on board the beautiful-cheeked Chrusëis,

And as master of all embarked the sagacious Odusseus.

Thus they departed and sailed o'er the watery paths of the ocean.

Then did king Agamemnon command the lustration of nations,

Purified, therefore, they were and in ocean cast their defilements ;

Then perfect hecatombs they offered to Phoibos Apollon,

Both of bulls and goats on the shore of the harvestless ocean ;

And the sweet savour was borne by the smoke to the confines of heaven.

Thus the army toiled ; yet did not the king Agamemnon

Cease from the deed of wrath with which he had threatened Achilles ; 320

Talthubios and Eurubates he called and addressed them,—

They, of the Grecian host, were the faithful and sedulous heralds ;—

" Go ye hence to the tent of Peleidëan Achilles,

" And conduct from thence the beautiful-cheeked Brisëis ;

"If he refuse to give her up, I, in person, will seize her,

"Bringing with me a host ; which to him will be much more tremendous."

Speaking thus, he sent them away, and threats superadded.

They, unwillingly, went by the shore of the harvestless ocean ;

And full soon they came to the Murmidons' camp and their vessels.

Him they found sitting by his tent and his dark-coloured vessel,

330

Nought, when the heralds he saw, rejoiced the heart of Achilles ;

They were troubled in mind, for much the chief they regarded,

Still they stood, nor was there a word, by their utterance, sounded.

But he knew them, his mind within, and thus he addressed them :

"Hail, ye heralds, who messages bear for Zeus and for mortals,

"Near to me come, for I blame not you, but your king, Agamemnon,

"Who has sent you here on account of Brisëis the damsel.

"Wherefore, noble Patroclos, do thou lead hither the damsel,

"And to these heralds commit her, let each, the while, be my witness

"Both to men upon earth and also the blessed immortals

340

"And the implacable king. If ever again ye should need me,

"Inauspicious woe, to drive away from the Grecians,

"Me ye shall need in vain :—in his evil mind he is frenzied,

"Nor knows how to consider at once the present and future,

"That, by the ships, in safety may fight, the sons of Achaia."

Thus as he spoke, Patroclos, his loved companion, obeying,

From the pavilion led the beautiful-checked Brisëis,

And to the heralds committed ; they went toward the ships of the Grecians,

And with them the damsel fair unwillingly followed ;

Then did Achilles weep, as he sat apart from his comrades,

350

And from the shore he gazed on the waves of the wine-coloured ocean.

Then, with hands outstretched, to his mother he made supplication :

"Mother, since thou hast borne me, and brief is my time of existence,

"Honour to me the more is due from the king of Olumpus,

"Zeus, who thunders on high, yet me hath he honoured in nothing.

"For now Atreides, the wide-ruling king Agamemnon,

"Me hath disgraced by taking my prize, for himself has he seized it."

Thus spoke he weeping, and was heard by his mother majestic,

As she sat, by her ancient sire, in the depths of the ocean.

Swift, at his word, from the hoary main, like a cloud, she ascended, 360

And before her son she stood, in his sorrowful weeping.

First she stroked his hair with her hand and then she addressed him :

“ Why dost thou weep, my son, what grief hath thy bosom invaded ?

“ Speak, conceal it not in thy mind, that both we may know it.”

Then, with a heavy groan, responded the rapid Achilleus :

“ Mother, thou knowest it all, then why to thee should I tell it ?

“ We, to the sacred city of Thebes, did march with the Grecians,

“ Where Eëtion dwelt, took its spoils, and hither we brought them,

“ Justly divided they were among the sons of Achaia,

“ Then, to Atreides, they gave the beautiful-cheeked Chrusëis ; 370

“ Then did Chrusus, the priest of distant-darting Apollon,

“ Come to the speedy ships of the brass-mailed sons of Achaia,

“ Hoping to free his daughter, and bringing vast gold for her ransom,

“ Bearing, the while, in his hands the wreath of far-darting Apollon,

“ And his sceptre of gold, and for favour besought he the Grecians,

“ But the Atreidai chiefly, the two commanders of nations.

“ Then did the rest of the Greeks express their full approbation

“ Honour to give to the priest, and accept of the glorious ransom ;

“ But this thing displeased the mind of the king Agamemnon,

“ Shamefully he dismissed the priest, and threats superadded ; 380

“ Back the old man returned in his ire and prayed to Apollon,

“ And he heard his prayer, for much, by the god, was he favoured.

“ He, 'mid the Greeks, sent an evil shaft, and instant the nations

“ Heaps upon heaps were dying : for swift rushed the darts of Apollon

“ Through the wide host of the Greeks ; to us then a sapient prophet,

“ In his augury, told the wrath of far-darting Apollon.

“ Then I first did urge the deity's propitiation ;

“ Instantly wrath on Atreides seized, and rising in fury,

“ Threatening words he directed at me, and he now hath performed them.

“ Then in a speedy ship the bright-eyed sons of Achaia 390

“ Sent to Chrusa the maid and, with her, gifts for Apollon ;

“ And, but now, from my tent, have the sacred heralds departed,

" Taking the maid Bristëis, my prize, whom the Grecians had given.
 " Then, if in aught thou canst aid thy son, O give me assistance,
 " And, to Olumpos ascending, for me make to Zeus supplication,
 " If thou hast pleased the heart of the god by word or by action.
 " Many a time have I, in my father's palaces, heard thee
 " Boasting ; and thou hast said that thou alone of immortals
 " Willing wast to avert, from the cloud-compelling Kroníon,
 " An unworthy fate ; for when all the rest on Olumpos 400
 " Would him have bound, Herè, Poseidon, and Pallas Athenè,
 " You, goddess, to his rescue came, and freed him from fetters,
 " Him of the hundred hands thou didst call to lofty Olumpos
 " Who, Briareus, is called by the gods, but every mortal
 " Names him Aigaion, far stronger is he than his father.
 " Glad, in his glory rejoicing, he sat by insulted Kroníon ;
 " Dreading him the blessèd gods abstained from the bondage
 " Which they prepared for Zeus. Recall thou this to remembrance,
 " With thy hands embracing his knees ; perchance, he is willing
 " Help to bestow on the Trojans, and crowd the slaughtered Achaians, 410
 " Mid their vessels and down to the sea, that they joy in their monarch,
 " And that Atreides may know, the wide-ruling King Agamemnon,
 " Wrong he did when insult he poured on the best of the Grecians."

To him Thetis replied, and while she spoke, she was weeping :

" Born to an evil fate, my son, O why did I rear thee ?
 " O that thou couldst by the ships remain uninjured and tearless,
 " Since that thy term of life is short, and cannot be lengthened,
 " Now thou art both the shortest lived and most wretched of all men,
 " Thee, to an evil fate, I bore in the palace of Peleus ;
 " Yet thy words will I say to Zeus who delighteth in thunder, 420
 " If he persuaded may be on the peak of snowy Olumpos.
 " Thou the while remain by the side of the swift-going vessels,
 " And, being wroth with the Greeks, abstain from all manner of warfare.
 " Zeus past the ocean went to the Ethiopians blameless,
 " Yesterday, to their feast ; and all the deities followed ;
 " In twelve days from thence he again will come to Olumpos ;

"And then for thee will I go to the brazen dome of his palace,
 "And will embrace his knees, and think I may chance to persuade him."

Thus having spoken, she went : and left him full of his anger,
 Wrathful his mind within for the beautiful-zoned Briseïs 430
 Whom they by force had taken away : but meanwhile Odusseus
 Came to the shore of Chrusa, the sacred hecatomb bearing.
 And when they entered the spacious depths of the harbour,
 Down they took the sails, and within the black ship arranged them ;
 Then they drew from its step the mast, relaxing the cordage,
 Speedily ; and to the shore with oars alone they impelled her ;
 Out the anchors they cast and bound to the poop of the vessel ;
 Then did they disembark upon the shore of the ocean,
 Bearing the hecatomb to distant-darting Apollon.
 Then from the ocean-traversing ship Chrusëis descended. 440
 Her then to the altar brought, sagacious Odusseus
 Placed in the hands of her father dear, and thus did address him :

"O Chruses, to thee, the king of men, Agamemnon,
 "By my hands, hath returned thy child, and sendeth to Phoibos
 "Hecatombs sacred, to offer for Greece, that the king be appeased,
 "Who but now has poured on the Greeks such grievous affliction."

Thus as he spoke, he gave the maid to the hands of her father,
 Who received his daughter dear with exceeding rejoicings ;
 Swiftly then to the god they set the hecatomb splendid,
 Ranging it all in order due by the well-built altar, 450
 Then their hands they washed and proceeded to sprinkle the barley,
 And, with uplifted hands, the priest made loud supplication :

"Hear me, god of the silver bow, defender of Chrusa,
 "And thrice beautiful Killa, and Tenedos' mighty commander !
 "Heretofore thy kindness has heard the voice of my praying,
 "And thou hast honoured me, and sore afflicted the Grecians, .
 "Now once more perform again the thing that I long for,
 "And the injurious plague remove from the sons of Achaia."

So spoke he praying, and was heard by Phoibus Apollon ;
 Then they turned back the victims' necks, and slew them and flayed them, 460

Next they divided the thighs, and in cauls of fat they inclosed them,
 Doubly folding them round, and placed on the thighs, the raw fragments.
 Then the priest burnt them on cloven wood, o'er the sacrifice pouring
 Dark-coloured wine; while with flesh-hooks around the young men were standing.
 Then when the off'ring was burnt and when they had tasted the entrails,
 Into fragments they cut the rest and to spits did affix them,
 Skilfully they broiled them and drew them back from the embers.
 Then, when they had ceased from their toil and made ready the banquet,
 Feasted they all together, and none lacked an equal refreshment.
 When the desire of meat and drink in them all was extinguished, 470
 Then, with flowers, the goblets crowned, the youthful attendants;
 Giving them all around, having poured from the cups the libations,
 All day long the youthful Greeks gave glory to Phoibos,
 Singing sweet pæans to propitiate mighty Apollon;
 Them did Apollon hear, and was pleased in his mind as he heard them.
 But, when the sun was set and night in its darkness descended,
 Then by the poop of their speedy ship together they slumbered.
 But when the daughter of morning appeared, rosy-fingered Aurora,
 Back they sailed again to the mighty host of the Grecians,
 On them, a favouring gale, bestowed far-darting Apollon. 480
 Soon they erected the mast, and the white-coloured sails they expanded;
 Largely the wind distended the sail; and around them the ocean
 Sounded aloud 'gainst the purple bows, as the ship, hasting onward,
 Driving athwart the waves, accomplished her swift navigation.
 And when at last they came to the wide-spreading host of the Grecians,
 Then the dark-coloured ship they drew from the waters of ocean,
 High on the sandy shore, and fenced it with needful supporters.
 And the crew dispersed themselves in the ships and pavilions.

Meanwhile, in furious rage remained, by the swift-going vessels
 Noble Peleus' son, the rapid-footed Achilles, 490
 Nor did he ever attend the glorious council of heroes,
 Nor did he march to the war, but consumed his heart in his anger,
 Staying apart, though in spirit he longed for the shouts and the battle.
 When the twelfth morning arose, then, according to Thetis' prediction,

To the Olumpian mount, went the gods existing for ever;
 All at once, but Zeus did lead : nor was Thetis forgetful
 Of the behest of her son, but arose from the wave of the ocean,
 And with the morn to great heaven she came and up to Olumpus ;
 Sitting alone and apart she found the far-seeing Kroínon
 E'en on the highest point of various-ridgèd Olumpos.

500

Near him herself she placed, embracing the while, with her left hand,
 The great deity's knees, while his chin her right hand was holding ;
 Then she in supplication addressed the monarch Kroníon :

“ O Father, if the immortals among, I ever have helped thee,
 “ Either by word or deed, now grant me the thing I entreat for :
 “ Honour my son Achileus, the shortest liver of all men ;
 “ Him hath lately dishonoured, the king of men, Agamemnon,
 “ With his own hands hath he borne off his prize and still he retains her.
 “ But do thou Olumpian Zeus, the wisest of all gods,
 “ Honour him thus ;—let victory wait on the side of the Trojans,
 “ Till the Greeks shall honour my son, augmenting his glory.”

510

Thus she spoke, but nought did the cloud-driving Zeus speak in answer,
 But in silence long he sat ; while, urgently, Thetis
 Clung to his knees more closely, and made yet again supplication :
 “ Promise me now,” she said, “ with thy nod that promise affirming,
 “ Or deny me at once : since thou heedest not, that I may well know
 “ How that I the least honoured am of all the immortals.”

To her then, deeply grieved, did the cloud-driving Zeus make answer :

“ Sure 'tis an evil deed to enmity thus to impel me
 “ 'Gainst Herè, who will me provoke with her scornfullest speeches.
 “ As 'tis her wont to contend with me among the immortals,
 “ And e'en now she says I assist the Trojans in battle.
 “ Now do thou take thy departure, since Herè, haply, may see thee ;
 “ I will take heed of the things thou hast asked, and well will perform
 “ And my head will I bend in assent so that thou may'st trust me.
 “ This is the greatest token I deign to give the immortals,
 “ That my decree is never revoked, and never fallacious,
 “ Nor can that fail of effect which once by my nod is affirmèd.”

520

Thus spake Zeus, and down, at the word, his dark eyebrows he bended,
 And the king's ambrosial curls flowed along by the temples 530
 Of his immortal head : sore shook he the mighty Olumpos.
 Thus that twain from converse desisted ; she, on the instant,
 Into the depths of the sea plunged down from splendid Olumpos ;
 Zeus to his palace went. The gods, at his presence arising
 Swift from their seats at the sight of their sire, nor was any presuming
 Seated his approach to await ; all stood to receive him.

Then on his throne in state he sat : but neither was Herè
 Ignorant, having the goddess seen, who with him had ta'en counsel,
 Thetis the silvery footed the daughter of ancient ocean :
 Instantly, heart-cutting words, the queen addressed to Kroníon, 540

“ Which of the gods, O wise in deceit, hast thou ta'en to thy counsels ?
 “ Ever 'tis pleasing to thee to decree apart from my presence,
 “ And to devise thy secret behests : nor ever to Herè
 “ Willingly canst thou endure to tell whate'er thou devisest.”

Her then thus answered, the father of men and immortals :
 “ Herè, hope not that I will inform thee of all my intentions ;
 “ They, though my wife thou art, are too hard for thine understanding.
 “ But whatsoever, my counsels among, is good for thy hearing,
 “ Of that neither god nor man shall have knowledge before thee :
 “ But whatsoever I will to devise, from the deities absent, 550
 “ That is no subject to thee for scrutiny, no, nor for question.”

Him then answered again the large-eyed Herè majestic :
 “ Sternest son of Kronos, what words are these thou art saying ?
 “ Never have I before, thee scrutinized, never have questioned :
 “ Thou, in perfect peace, whatever has pleased thee, hast counselled.
 “ But now I fear, my mind within, that thee hath beguiled
 “ Thetis the silvery footed, the daughter of ancient ocean.
 “ Early this morn to Olumpos she came, and thy knees was embracing,
 “ And I believe that to her thou hast granted fame for Achilleus,
 “ Though thence destruction to many may come by the ships of Achaia.” 560

Then the cloud-driving Zeus made answer, Herè addressing :
 “ Goddess of ill, thou dost ever suspect, and I cannot conceal me,

" But thou shalt not at all prevail, but wilt be, to my spirit,
 " More displeasing the while ; which will be for thee more unhappy,
 " And still, the more thou art harmed, the more to me 'twill be pleasing.
 " But sit thou silent, and, to my behest, be obedient,
 " Lest to assist thee fail all the gods who dwell in Olumpus,
 " When my invincible hands I place, in my anger, upon thee."

Thus he spake ; then feared the large-eyed Herè majestic :
 And in silence she sat, her heart in her bosom restraining.
 Grieved the while were the heavenly gods in the house of Kronion.
 But to them then spoke the renownèd workman, Hephaistos
 Bringing to his loved mother delight, the white-armèd Herè :

570

" Surely 'twill be an evil thing and hard of endurance,
 " If, for the sake of mortal men ye join in contention,
 " And 'mong the gods distraction bring ; since then, from no feasting
 " Shall we derive sweet pleasure, when evil gains the ascendant.
 " Thee, my mother, would I advise, though thou well understandest,
 " Pleasing to be to our father Zeus, lest he, in his anger,
 " Chide with us, ourselves with our feasts commingling in sorrow.
 " If the Olumpian Thunderer wills from our thrones to disturb us,
 " None can prevent him, for he is by far the most potent.
 " But do thou endeavour with softest accents to soothe him ;
 " Instantly, so the Olumpian king thou wilt render propitious."

580

Thus he spoke, and rising, he placed the magnificent goblet
 In the hands of his mother dear, and thus he addressed her :

" Mother, I pray thee with patience endure, although thou art grievèd,
 " Lest, all dear as thou art, mine eyes should be forced to behold thee
 " Stricken, nor could I then, however grieving, assist thee :
 " For 'tis an arduous thing to resist the Olumpian monarch.
 " Once before, when I greatly desired assistance to render,
 " Me, by the foot, he seized, and flung from the threshold of heaven :
 " All the long day was I whirlèd down, and, just at the sunset,
 " Fell on the Lemnian isle ; and but little life was within me :
 " But, when I ceased from my fall, to me gave the Sintians welcome."

590

Thus he spoke : at his speaking smiled the white-armèd Herè,

And, while she smiled, she received, from the hands of her offspring, the
goblet.

Then from the right hand beginning, he poured to the other immortals
Plenteous wine ; drawing off from the vase the sweet-flavoured nectar.
Quenchless laughter arose among the deities blessèd, 600

As they, Hephaistos, beheld swift bearing the cup through the palace.

Thus, through the length of the day, until the sun was descending,
Feasted the gods : nor did any there lack an equal refreshment,
Nor did they lack the exquisite lyre which was held by Apollon,
While the Muses sang with sweet voices answering ever.

But when the shining light of the splendid sun was descending,
Each of the gods departed, and passed to his separate palace,
Where, for each, a home, the lame-footed architect famous,
Hephaistos, had made by the skill of his heart and his wisdom.

Zeus to his couch did wend, the Olumpian Thunderer awful, 610
Where he, before, was wont to rest, when sweet slumber came o'er him ;
There ascending he slept : and by him the golden-throned Herè.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

BOOK II.

THE DREAM OF AGAMEMNON AND THE CATALOGUE OF
THE SHIPS.

ALL the rest of the gods, and heroes, urgers of horses,
 A Night long slept ; but Zeus knew not the soothings of slumber ;
 But much he pondered, his mind within, to give to Achilleus
 Honour, and many, the while, to destroy at the ships of the Grecians.
 This appeared, at last, to his mind as the best resolution,
 Namely, an evil dream to send to the king Agamemnon :—
 And, having called it forth, with wingèd words he addressed it :
 “ Haste thee from hence, evil dream, to the swift-sailing ships of the Grecians ;
 “ And, at the tent arriving of Atreus’ son, Agamemnon,
 “ Heedfully tell the things that I now give in commandment : 10
 “ Bid him every hero to arm of the long-haired Achaians ;
 “ Now is the hour to take the wide-pathed town of the Trojans :
 “ For no more the immortals who dwell in the homes of Olumpos
 “ Various counsels hold : for Herè has made supplication
 “ And, with them all, prevailed ; hence woes impend o’er the Trojans.”

Thus spake Zeus, and the dream did depart when it heard the commandment :
 Soon it attained the place of the swift-sailing ships of the Grecians :
 And it went on its way to Atreus’ son, Agamemnon,
 Him asleep in his tent it found, in ambrosial slumber.
 Over his head it stood and it bore the appearance of Nestor, 20
 Neleus’ son, who was honoured most by king Agamemnon :
 And, in his likeness, the heaven-sent vision addressed him :

“ Sleep’st thou, Atreus’ warlike son, thou tamer of horses ?

" 'Tis not good, all night, for a leader of councils to slumber,
 " For he hath many cares, and to him are intrusted the nations.
 " Swiftly to me now attend : for, from Zeus, a message I bring thee,
 " Who, though so far above thee, yet cares for thee much in his mercy :
 " Thee he bids to arm the whole host of the long-haired Achaïans ;
 " Now is the time to take the wide-pathed town of the Trojans,
 " For no more the immortals, who dwell in the homes of Olumpos, 30
 " Various counsels hold, for Herè hath made supplication,
 " And, with them all, prevailed : hence woes impend o'er the Trojans
 " From the hand of Zeus : then let not oblivion seize thee,
 " But be mindful of me, when soul-pleasing sleep shall release thee."

Thus spake the dream and departed : and left the king Agamemnon
 Thinking, his mind within, of things which could ne'er be accomplished :
 He believed that the city of Priam, that day, might be taken,
 Simple in mind : for he knew not the things which Zeus was devising.
 Who was about to bring deep woes and sorrowful sighings
 Both on the Trojans and Greeks by sharp and terrible conflicts. 40
 But, as he roused him from sleep, the voice divine poured around him ;
 Upright he sat on his couch and endued his soft-flowing tunic,
 Beautiful, newly made, and he threw his great mantle upon him ;
 Then, on his shining feet, he bound his beautiful sandals :
 And, o'er his shoulders, he threw his falchion studded with silver :
 And his paternal sceptre he took, incorruptible ever,
 And with it wended along to the ships of the brass-mailed Achaïans.

Now Eos the goddess ascended the lofty Olumpos
 Morning's light announcing to Zeus and the other immortals :
 But the king of men, the clear-voiced heralds commanded 50
 Instant to council to call the long-haired sons of Achaïa :
 They, at the call of the heralds, were roused right swiftly to council ;
 First, however, to council he called the magnanimous ancients,
 Near to the ship of Nestor the king, who was nurtured at Pulos :
 These around him he called, then spoke his sapient counsel :—

" Hear me, O friends, a dream divine, in my sleep, came upon me,
 " In the ambrosial night : and such as Nestor the noble,

" In its form and stature and face it was in appearance.
 " Over my head it stood, and to me these sentences uttered :
 " ' Sleep'st thou, Atreus' warlike son, thou tamer of horses ? 60
 " ' 'Tis not good, all night, for a leader of councils to slumber,
 " ' For he hath many cares, and to him are intrusted the nations,
 " ' Swiftly to me now attend ; for, from Zeus, a message I bring thee,
 " ' Who, though so far above thee, yet cares for thee much in his mercy :
 " ' Thee he hath bidden to arm the host of the long-haired Achaïans ;
 " ' Now is the hour to take the wide-pathed town of the Trojans :
 " ' For no more the immortals, who dwell in the homes of Olumpus,
 " ' Various counsels hold ; for Herè hath made supplication
 " ' And, with them all, prevailed : hence woes impend o'er the Trojans
 " ' From the hand of Zeus :—wherefore let not oblivion seize thee.' 70
 " Thus it spoke and fled ; sweet sleep that instant released me.
 " Come, then, let us devise to arm the sons of Achaïa ;
 " But I first, with words, will prove them, as it is needful,
 " And will command them to fly from hence in their many-oared vessels ;
 " But do you, on the other hand, from going dissuade them."—

Thus having spoken he sat ; then arose, amid the assembly,
 Nestor the son of Neleus, of sandy Pulos, the monarch,
 Them he wisely harangued, and these were the words of his counsel :
 " Friends, ye leaders and princes among the sons of Achaïa,
 " If any other Argive had told the dream of his slumber 80
 " We should have thought him false, and heedfully shunned his advising :
 " But he this vision hath seen who boasts him the best of the Grecians.
 " Wherefore come, that so we may arm the sons of Achaïa."

He, having spoken thus, began to depart from the council.
 And the rest with him arose, obeying the shepherd of nations,
 Sceptred kings though they were : then swiftly the peoples were gathered.
 Like as the thronging nations of bees issue forth from their strongholds,
 Ever coming anew from the hollow rock they inhabit,
 Clustering like the grapes, as they fly o'er the flowers of the spring-time,
 One way some fly, frequent in swarms, and some fly another : 90
 So the peoples of Greece came forth from their ships and pavilions,

And, on the vasty shore, in deep ranks, forward they hastened,
 Thronging in crowds to the council : while Fame their breasts was inflaming,
 Urging them on, the envoy of Zeus ; so swift they assembled ;
 But the assembly was moved and the ground was groaning beneath them
 When the nations sat, and a tumult began, but the heralds,
 Nine in number, restrained them by cries, that so, from their clamour,
 They desisting might hear the kings whom Zeus ever cherished.
 Long it was ere the nations did cease from the sound of their clamour,
 And their seats had taken : to them the king Agamemnon 100
 Rose, in his hand his sceptre he held, the work of Hephaistos :
 Hephaistos gave it to Zeus the offspring of Kronos,
 Zeus to Hermeias gave it, the messenger slayer of Argus ;
 Hermeias bestowed it on Pelops, smiter of horses ;
 Pelops, to Atreus, gave it then the shepherd of nations ;
 Atreus, dying, bequeathed it again to wealthy Thuestes ;
 And he did leave it to be borne by the king Agamemnon,
 Who, of full many an isle, and of total Argos was monarch ;
 He then leaning upon it addressed swift words to the Grecians :

“ O my friends, ye heroes of Greece, attendants of Ares, 110
 “ Zeus at this hour on me has imposed a heavy misfortune
 “ Harshly, for he before with his nod a promise did strengthen,
 “ That I the well-walled Troy should sack, and take my departure ;
 “ Now an evil deceit he counsels, and me hath commanded,
 “ Void of glory, to Argos to wend, having lost many soldiers ;
 “ This course now, to omnipotent Zeus, appears to be pleasing,
 “ Who the towers of many a town has brought to destruction,
 “ Aye, and yet will bring : for his strength of all is the greatest.
 “ Truly 'twill be a shameful thing, in posterity's hearing,
 “ That the people of Greece, so brave and so great in their numbers, 120
 “ Vainly should fight, in a fruitless war, and uselessly combat
 “ With fewer men than themselves : but as yet no success is appearing.
 “ But if the Greeks and Trojans had made a peaceful agreement,
 “ And confirmed it with oaths and both agreed to be numbered ;
 “ And the Trojans, how many soe'er, should singly be counted

" But in decades, the while, should be placed, the sons of Achaia,
 " And each decade should take a Trojan to serve with the winecup,
 " Many a decade of Greeks would be its cup-bearer wanting.
 " So much greater in number, I say, are the sons of Achaia
 " Than the Trojans who dwell in their town ; but auxiliars many 130
 " Powerful with the spear have arrived from the neighbouring cities,
 " These impede me much and quite prevent my intention,
 " By my arms to subdue the well-peopled town of the Trojans.
 " Now have passed away nine years of mighty Kronion,
 " And the wood of our ships is decayed, and the tackle is rotten :
 " And our wives and children, afar in our palaces staying,
 " Sadly await our return : while we have failed to accomplish
 " That great work, for the doing of which we hither have wended.
 " But, to this my suggestion, do all ye Greeks be obedient ;
 " Hence let us fly, in our ships, to the much loved land of our country ; 140
 " For we never shall take the wide-pathed town of the Trojans."

Thus Agamemnon spoke : and he swayed the bosoms of all men,
 In that multitude vast, who had not heard his intention.
 Then the assembly was moved like the mighty waves of the ocean,
 On the Icarian main when the breathings of Euros and Notos
 Rouse them, while Zeus, the sire, comes rushing down from the storm-clouds.
 Or as Zephyr the cornfields moves descending upon them
 Swiftly, with his strong breathings, down bending the ears in his progress.—
 Thus the whole assembly was moved, some shouting their war-cries,
 Rushed toward the ships ; while, beneath their tread, the dust was arising,
 Others exhorted to seize on the ships and on ocean to launch them, 151
 And they began the trenches to clear ; while the clamour reached heaven
 Of that host departing for home ; then they moved the supporters
 From the sides of the ships ; and then had the Argives returnèd
 Spite of fate, but Herè spoke to Pallas Athenè :

" Unconquered daughter of Zeus who swayeth the Egis,
 " Thus shall the Grecians fly to the much-loved land of their country
 " Over the mighty back of the broad and wine-coloured ocean ?
 " Leaving behind them Argive Helen, to Priam, a boasting

" And to the rest of the Trojans, for whom so many Achaians
 160
 " Near to Troy have perished, afar from the land of their fathers ?
 " But do thou now go forth to the brass-mailed sons of Achaia,
 " And with thy soothing words persuade each mortal that hears thee,
 " Nor permit the double-oared ships to be launched on the ocean."

Thus she spoke, and Athenè, the blue-eyed goddess, obeyed her ;
 Down she impetuous rushed from the lofty peaks of Olumpos,
 And, in an instant, she came to the swift-sailing ships of the Grecians :
 Then Odusseus she found, of Zeus the equal in wisdom,
 Standing alone ; nor had he laid hands on his dark-painted vessel,
 For o'er his mind and heart had fall'n the shadow of sadness.
 170
 Standing the chieftain near, thus spoke the blue-eyed Athenè :

" Noble son of Laertes, O most inventive Odusseus,
 " Thus will ye homeward fly to the much-loved land of your country,
 " Going on board your ships with the many benches of rowers ?
 " And will ye leave, for their boast, to Priam and other the Trojans
 " Argive Helen, in whose behalf so many Achaians,
 " Near to Troy, have perished, afar from the land of their country ?
 " Speed thee now to the people of Greece, nor cease from thine efforts,
 " But, with thy gentle words, persuade each mortal that hears thee,
 " Not to permit the double-oared ships to be launched on the ocean." 180

Thus she spoke, and well he knew the voice of the goddess :
 And he began to run, and his cloak threw away as he speeded,
 Which Eurubates, after him bore, the Ithacan herald.
 Swiftly he flew to meet with Atreus' son, Agamemnon,
 And from his hands received the incorruptible sceptre,
 And with it went 'mong the ships of the brass-mailed sons of Achaia.

When he came to a king, or a noble leader, or chieftain,
 Standing near him, with gentle words, he thus did persuade him ;

" Noble chief, it fits not thee to fear like a coward ;
 " Pause thyself, and cause to delay the rest of thy people. 190
 " For thou knowest not yet the certain mind of Atreides :
 " Now indeed he proves, but to punish, the sons of the Grecians.
 " We not all have heard the words which he spoke in the council ;

" Fear then lest, in his anger, he hurt the sons of Achaia.

" Terrible is the wrath of the king whom Kroníon doth foster,

" For his honour descends from heaven ;—wise Zeus doth befriend him."—

But if he found a plebeian, and heard the sound of his shouting,
Him with the sceptre he smote, and with fierce words did upbraid him :

" Wretch that thou art, sit still and hear the opinion of others,

" Who are better than thou ; for weak thou art and unwarlike. 200

" Nor art thou valued at all in the battle, nor yet in the council.

" All the sons of the Greeks must not take upon them dominion :

" For the dominion of many is ill ; then let there be one prince,

" One monarch, he to whom the son of the sapient Kronos

" Hath delivered the sceptre and laws, that by them he may rule us."—

Thus through the host, like a leader, he went : they, therefore, to council
Hastily rushed again, from forth the ships and pavilions ;

Such was the sound of their going as when the loud billows of ocean
Roar, in the storm, on the vasty beach, till the wide sea re-echoes.—

Then sat the rest of the host and retained their places in silence. 210

Thersites, the incessant talker, loud clamoured only,

He whose mind was stored with words both many and shameful,

Rashly he loved, with indecent zeal, to contend with the monarchs,

He, as their laughing-stock, appeared to the host of the Argives,

He was the basest of men who, to Ilion, sailed from Achaia ;

Squinting he was, and lame of a leg : and his shoulders unequal

Overhung his breast ; and his head, like a cone, was misshapen,

And on it the unfrequent hairs most thinly were scattered.

Much he hated Achilleus, and much he hated Odusseus,

And was wont to malign them. But now, on great Agamemnon, 220

Shrilly screaming, reproaches he heaped ; though with him the Grecians

Were, the while, extremely wrath, and justly indignant ;

He then, crying aloud, did thus reproach Agamemnon :

" Atreides, what wantest thou now, and what is thy sorrow ?

" Filled are thy tents with gold, and many a beautiful woman

" Doth, in thy pavilions, remain, whom we, the Achaians,

" Gave to thee as our leader, whene'er we had taken a city.

" But, if still of gold thou hast need, let one of the Trojans,
 " Tamers of steeds, bring it hither from Troy as the price of the ransom
 " Of his son, whom I, or another, will bind and bring hither ! 230
 " Dost thou another concubine lack to subserve to thy pleasure,
 " Whom thou may'st keep for thyself alone !—It does not befit thee,
 " Being the chief, into evils to lead the sons of the Grecians.
 " Weak and shameful ye are, ye girls, not men, of Achaia !
 " Home let us now return in our ships : but him let us suffer,
 " Here in Troy, to enjoy his prizes, that so he may find out
 " Whether or not to him the Greeks are a help and a bulwark ;
 " E'en now Peleides, than himself, a far mightier hero
 " He hath dishonoured, by taking his prize and still he retains it ;
 " And, but the breast of Achilleus lacks gall, and he's slothful in vengeance,
 " Thou, O Atreides, would'st now thy last injustice have offered." 241

Thus spoke, maligning Agamemnon, the leader of nations,
 Thersites : but, full quickly, came up to him noble Odusseus,
 Sternly upon him he gazed and with fierce words did upbraid him :

" Babbling Thersites, although thou'rt a piercing haranguer,
 " Stay thy speech, and no longer dare to contend with the monarchs :
 " Thee I believe to be the very worst of the mortals
 " Who, in the cause of Atreus' sons, have hastened to Ilion,
 " Thou dost not well in this mode to harangue the chiefs of the people,
 " And on them reproaches to heap, and to prompt our returning, 250
 " For we know not yet, with certainty, what will befall us,
 " And if, for good or ill, will return the sons of Achaia.
 " Thou now malignest Agamemnon, the leader of nations,
 " For that to him the heroes of Greece have ever been bounteous :
 " Therefore with heart-cutting words, against thy king, thou haranguest,
 " But to thee I now tell a thing which will have its performance :
 " If I find thee in folly again, as now I have caught thee,
 " May the head of Odusseus no longer rest on his shoulders,
 " Nor, hereafter, may I be called, by Telemachos, father,
 " If I seize thee not and tear, from thy person, thy garments, 260
 " Tunic as well as cloak, which now from exposure defend thee,

“ And, to the swift-sailing ships, thyself shalt take thy departure,
 “ Beaten away from the council with many a stroke ignominious.”

Thus he spoke : and then, on the shoulders and back, with the sceptre,
 Sore, Thersites he struck ; who crouched down, while his tears fell in torrents.
 And, on his stricken back, the bloody tumours were rising
 Where the golden sceptre had fallen : he sat still in his terror,
 Grieved and looking foolish the while his tears he was wiping.
 Meanwhile the Greeks around, though troubled, laughed at him sweetly.
 Many a warrior, words like these addressed to his comrade : 270

“ Gods, what a vast amount of good has been wrought by Odusseus,
 “ Giving rise to counsels good, and urging to warfare ;
 “ But now, among the Greeks, by far his best deed is performèd ;
 “ He, yon reproachful prater, has stayed at last from haranguing ;
 “ Who, not soon, by his insolent mind, again will be prompted
 “ To malign the chiefs of the host with shameful reproaches.”

Thus spoke the crowd ; but, the while, the spoiler of cities, Odusseus,
 Rose and the sceptre he held ; and by him blue-eyed Athenè,
 Hid 'neath the form of a herald, commanded the people to silence,
 That both the first and least of the warlike sons of Achaia 280
 Might to his words attend with minds to appreciate counsel.
 Then he harangued them, and these were the words of his wisdom :—

“ Now thee, Atreides, O king, the Greeks are desirous,
 “ Most reproached, to make, of mortals clearly-discoursing :
 “ Nor will they the thing perform which erst they did promise,
 “ Marching hither with thee, from Argos fertile for horses,
 “ Not to return till destruction they brought on the well-guarded Ilion.
 “ Now, like boys in youth, or widows in their bereavement,
 “ Each to the other complaining, they wish to return to Achaia.
 “ Truly a man who a single month from his wife is divided 290
 “ Bears his trouble badly, within his many-banked vessel
 “ Caught by the wintry blasts and the fierce uprisings of ocean ;
 “ Now to us the ninth year it is, so slowly revolving,
 “ While we here have stayed ; and, therefore, I blame not the Grecians
 “ If they are sad in their crooked ships ; but yet, notwithstanding,

"Shameful 'twill be to have stayed so long and return unprevailing ;
 "Bear then, my friends, and remain yet a little, that we may well know
 "If 'tis a truth that Chalcas has prophesied, or a delusion.
 "Well in my mind I know this fact, and all ye are also
 "Witnesses, save those men who their fates have met from their death doom,
 "Yesterday and before, that when our ships were, at Aulis, 301
 "Gathered together, woes to bring on the Trojans and Priam ;
 "We, by the side of a fountain, upon the sacred altars
 "Perfect hecatombs sacrificed then to the powers immortal ;
 "'Neath a beautiful plane-tree, near which the bright water was flowing ;
 "Then did a mighty sign appear :—for a terrible dragon
 "Spotted with red on his back, which Zeus had sent into daylight,
 "Rushing from under the altar in haste, up the plane-tree was climbing :
 "In that plane-tree were hidden the feeble young of a sparrow,
 "On the highest branch they were, 'mid the foliage, crouching, 310
 "Eight in number they were, and the ninth was the mother that reared
 them,
 "Soon that dragon did eat the young ones wretchedly crying :
 "While, for her offspring grieved, around the mother was flitting ;
 "He gliding upward, did seize by the wing that bird, while she clamoured.
 "But, when the sparrow's young he had eaten, and also the mother,
 "Him, for a marvel, the deity placed who had caused his existence :
 "For to a stone he was turned by the son of the sapient Kronos :
 "And we bystanders were amazed at the thing which had happened :
 "How that the dreadful signs of the gods had the hecatombs followed.
 "Chalcas, upon the instant, did this augury utter : 320
 "'Why are ye stricken dumb, ye long-haired sons of Achaia ?
 "'Truly on us this mighty portent by Zeus is bestowed,
 "'Late and late of fulfilment, whose fame shall for ever be lasting.
 "'For as the dragon has eaten the young of the bird and their mother,
 "'Eight, indeed, were the young, and the ninth the mother that reared them,
 "'So many years must we endure in our terrible warfare,
 "'But, in the tenth, we shall take the wide-pathed town of the Trojans.'
 "Thus did Chalcas say, and his words will have their fulfilment.

"Therefore remain where ye are, ye well-greaved sons of Achaia,
 "Till our arms shall subdue the vasty city of Priam."—

330

Thus did Odusseus speak, and the Argives loudly applauded,
 (And the ships around re-echoed the voice of their shoutings
 Terribly,)—while they praised the speech of the godlike Odusseus.
 Then, the assembly addressed, Gerenian Nestor the horseman :—

"Gods, ye discuss your affairs like young and weak-minded children,
 "Who are ignorant all of the deeds of war and of battle.
 "What must become of our oaths and the promises which they confirmèd ?
 "Into the fire our counsels must go, and the thoughts of our heroes,
 "And the treaties crowned with wine, and the right hands we trusted :
 "Vainly now we are stirring with words, nor any resulting 340
 "Can we find, although we remain, for a long time, in council.
 "Do thou, Atreides, as before, with steadiest purpose,
 "Rule the Grecian host while fiercely they strive in the conflicts.
 "And those men to corruption give, who privately counsel—
 "(But no good effect will result from their evil intention)—
 "Home to Argos to sail before we have tried the true purpose
 "Of the Egis-bearer, if false is his promise or not so.
 "For I say that the son of Kronos, vastly puissant
 "Nodded assent to us on that day, when the Argives, embarking
 "In their crooked ships, bore slaughter and fate to the Trojans. 350
 "When on the right hand he thundered and showed his prosperous tokens :
 "Wherefore let no Achaian desire to return to his country,
 "Till with the Trojan wife he hath won he may mingle in slumber,
 "And the rape and sighing of Helen shall well be avengèd.
 "Let one attempt to launch his black and many-banked vessel,
 "That he, first of all, his fate and death, may inherit.
 "But, O king, consider well and list to my saying,
 "For the counsel I give will not be wisely rejected,
 "Into tribes divide the host, and half tribes, Agamemnon,
 "So that the halves may help the halves and the whole tribes the whole tribes :
 "For if this thou do, and in this the Grecians obey thee, 361
 "Thence thou shalt know which leader is weak, and which of the people,

“And which valiant is : for then they will fight isolated :
 “Then shall ye know if the gods prevent you from taking the city,
 “Or the faint hearts of men, and their want of skill in the warfare.”

Him then, responding, thus addressed the King Agamemnon :—

“Truly, old man, thou surpassest in council the sons of Achaia.
 “Would to father Zeus, Athenè too, and Apollon,
 “That, among the Greeks, I had counsellors ten such as thou art :
 “Then full soon would bend the royal city of Priam,

370

“By the hands of our Grecians seized, and giv’n to destruction.
 “Woes to me hath Kroníon given, who beareth the Egis,
 “Who upon me has thrown much useless strife and contention.
 “For Achilleus and I, for the sake of a damsel, have quarrelled
 “With conflicting words, and I was the first to be angry :
 “But if ever again we agree, it will not be long thence
 “That her fate for Troy shall procrastinate, no not a little.

“But now wend to the feast, and then we will order the battle ;
 “Let each man well sharpen his spear, and settle his buckler,
 “Well let him feed the hungry mouths of the swift-footed horses,
 “Well let each his chariot survey, while he thinks of the battle :

380

“That, the whole day long, we may strive in terrible warfare.
 “For no time for pausing will be, not even a little,
 “Till the descending night shall divide the strength of the heroes.
 “Each belt will be bedewed with sweat, round the breasts of the Grecians,
 “Which supports the shield, to each hand will the spear be a burden :
 “Each horse will be white with foam, the bright chariot, drawing.
 “But if I find a man who wills to abstain from the conflict
 “And to remain in the crooked ships, he ne’er shall be able
 “More to escape from the jaws of the dogs and the beaks of the vultures.” 390

Thus spoke the king ; and shouted the Greeks with a sound such as ocean
 Utters against some steepy shore, when it, by the South wind,
 Fierce is impelled ’gainst a jutting rock ever urged by the billows,
 Whence soever the wind may blow, and whate’er be its quarter.
 Swift, from the council, they rushed, and among the ships they were scattered,
 Then ’mid the tents the smoke arose, and they took their refreshment.

Mutual then they besought the gods existing for ever
 That they might 'scape from death, and the utmost pain of the warfare.
 Offered then was an ox by the king of men, Agamemnon,
 Fat and five years old, to Zeus the ever-puissant.

400

And to the rite he called the wisest and best of Achaia :
 Nestor the first of all, and Idomeneus the monarch,
 Then the Aiantes twain and the mighty offspring of Tudeus,
 And Odusseus the sixth, to Zeus the equal in wisdom.

Uninvited came Menelaos strong in the conflict :
 For, the mind of his brother, he knew, and whate'er he was doing.
 Round the ox they stood and were holding the sacred barley,
 And, among them praying, spoke the king Agamemnon :

“Glorious Zeus, the swayer of clouds, who inhabitest ether,
 “Let not the sun descend, nor darkness fall on the champain*
 “Ere I whelm to the ground the blackened roof-tree of Priam,
 “And, with hostile flame, consume the gates of his palace :
 “And, the coat of mail, may tear from the bosom of Hector
 “Rent with the fatal brass ; while, around him, many a comrade
 “Prone on the earth shall bite, with his teeth, the dust in his death pang.”—

410

Thus spoke the king, but Zeus not then to him was propitious,
 And, while accepting the sacrifice, their toils he augmented ;
 But when they had prayed and had cast, on the victim, the barley,
 Back his head they drew and then they slew him and flayed him,
 And the thighs away they cut and in fat did enfold them
 Doubling the cauls around, and placed on the bones the raw pieces.
 Then, upon leafless cloven wood, they held them in burning ;
 Then the entrails pierced with spits they raised o'er the quick flame.
 But when the thighs were burnt and the chiefs the entrails had tasted,
 Into small portions they cut the rest, and to spits did affix them,
 And with skill these fragments they broiled, and from heat they withdrew
 them.

420

When they had ceased from their toil and the feast was fully preparèd,

* The translator has taken the liberty of borrowing this word from Milton's *Paradise Lost*, Book 6, line 2.

Down to the banquet they sat, nor did any lack equal refreshment.
 And when they had quenched the desire of food and of drinking,
 To them thus did speak Gerenian Nestor, the horseman :

430

“Glorious Atreides, thou king of men, Agamemnon,
 “Let us not now any longer converse, nor defer to the future
 “Those great deeds which Zeus e’en now has sent for our doing.
 “Let then the heralds of the brass-mailed sons of Achaia
 “Call the host together, and forth, from the shipping, arouse them :
 “But let us go in a body throughout the wide camp of the Grecians,
 “That we the sooner impel the host to the sharpness of battle.”

Thus he spoke, and the king of men, Agamemnon, obeyed him :

Instant he gave command to the clear-voiced heralds of Argos

Swiftly to call to the war the long-haired sons of Achaia.

440

Them they summoned at once ; right soon they came to the summons.
 They who surrounded Atreides, the kings by Zeus ever fostered,
 Hastened along, arranging the ranks : while blue-eyed Athenè
 Holding the priceless Egis which knows nor age nor destruction,
 And from which a hundred tassels of gold were depending
 All inwoven with skill, and each at a hecatomb valued ;
 Armed with this, unceasing she rushed through the host of the Grecians,
 Rousing them all to the march ; and exciting the strength of each hero
 In his heart, to fight to the last in the fierce-coming battle.

Wherefore, to these, war sweeter became than the thought of returning, 450
 In their hollow ships, to the much-loved land of their country.

Just as the fire, some mighty wood, consumes with destruction,
 On a mountain’s peak, and from thence shines splendid in brightness,
 So, from the march of the Greeks, the gleam of their beautiful armour,
 Shining around, through ether pierced, and ascended to heaven.

As when the numerous tribes of wingèd birds are assembled,
 Geese, or cranes, or swans, for the length of their necks distinguished,
 In the Asian mead by the pleasant stream of Kåustros,
 Hither and thither they fly, in the strength of their pinions rejoicing,
 And, with the clang of their lighting, around the meadow re-echoes ; 460
 So the nations of Greece, from out the ships and pavilions,

Poured themselves forth on the plain of Scamandros; the firm earth beneath them

Terribly resounding with the tramp of themselves and their horses.
Soon they stood, in the flowery mead, by the side of Scamandros,
Thousands in number, like the leaves and flowers of the spring-time.

And as the hosts of flies, in countless multitudes, swarming
Throng round the folds of the shepherds in spring, when the milk bathes the vessels,

So, the Trojans against, the long-haired sons of Achaia
Stood in the plain, and fierce was their will to destroy them for ever.

And as 'mid mighty herds of goats the shepherds who keep them 470
Easily divide them, though they in pasture have mingled;
So the chiefs of the Greeks arranged them this way and that way
Fitley to march to the fight; and among them was king Agamemnon
Like, in his eyes and head, to Zeus who delighteth in thunder,
Belted he was like Ares, and in breadth of chest like Poseidon.

As when, amid the herd, one bull all others excelleth,
Being superior far to the rest of the oxen assembled,
Such, on that day, great Zeus did make the king Agamemnon,
More distinguished than all, and by far the most noble of heroes.

Tell to me now, ye Muses, who dwell in Olympian mansions 480
(For ye are goddesses, and know, and are present with, all things,
While we are taught by report alone, and are ignorant ever),
Who were the leaders and princes among the hosts of Achaia;
Every soldier I could not tell, nor by title record him
Though ten tongues were mine and as many mouths for their utterance,
And a voice untouched by fatigue and a heart that was brazen.
And, unless the daughters of Zeus, the Olympian Muses
Tell of every hero who came to the Ilian combat,
I can tell only the leaders of ships and the number of vessels.

Leitos and Peneleus commanded the hosts of Bœotia, 490
Prothoenor, and Klonios too, and Archesilaos,
Who in Huria dwelt and the rocky confines of Aulis,
Skoinos and Skolos and the many-ridged Eteōnos,

Thespeia, Graia, and the wide-spreading Mycalessos ;
 They who in Harma dwelt, and Eilesios and in Eruthra,
 They who held Eleon and inhabited Peteon and Hule,
 Ocalia, Medeon the well-built, beautiful city,
 Kopè, Eutresis, and Thisbè in doves' nests abounding,
 They who Koroneia held and the green Haliartos,
 They who lived in Plateia and they who inhabited Glissas,
 They who held Hupothebe the well-built, beautiful city,
 Onchestos, and Poseidon's fane and the sacred grove round it,
 They who in Mideia dwelt and the many-graped Arnè,
 Nissa, too, the divine, and Anthèdon farthest of cities :—
 From all these full fifty vessels traversed the ocean,
 And in each there sailed a hundred and twenty Bœotians.

500

They who abide in Aspledon and Orchomenos of the Minuei,
 O'er these Ascalaphos and Ialmenos, children of Ares,
 Ruled, whom Astuachè bore in the habitation of Actor,
 When that virgin tender had gone to the upper apartments
 To the mighty Ares, who secretly slept with the damsel :
 These in thirty hollow ships followed on in their order.

510

Over the Phokæans, Schedios and Epistrophos ruled,
 Sons of Iphitos the magnanimous Naubolidæan ;
 Who in Kuparissos dwelt and the mountainous Puthon,
 And in Krissa divine and Daulis and Panopéos
 They who in Huampolis dwelt and Anemoreia,
 They who Lilaia held by the stream of divine Kephissos ;
 These together came on in forty dark-painted vessels.
 These indeed formed the spreading ranks of the mighty Phokæans,
 And, the Bœotians near, bore arms on the left of the battle.

520

Over the Locrians ruled the swift Ôilean Aias,
 Less was he by far than the Telamonian Aias,
 And, as smaller he was, was indued with a breast-plate of linen,
 And with the spear most skilful was he of all the Achaïans.
 They who in Kunos dwelt, and Kalliaros and Opóeis
 Bessa and Scarphè and the pleasant town of Augeia,

Tarphè and Thronios, where the clear Boagrius wanders ;
 These together in forty ships passed over the ocean,
 Locrian men, who dwelt beyond Euboia the sacred.

530

Those who held Euboia, the valour-breathing Abantes,
 Eiretria and Chalkis and the many-graped Histiaia,
 Dion's lofty town, and Kerinthos which lies by the ocean,
 Those who Karustos held, and in Stura made habitation,
 These Elephenor, the branch of Ares, most fitly commanded,
 Son of Chalkodon and prince of the noble Abantes :
 Him, the rapid Abantes, whose locks flowed streaming behind them,
 Followed, a warlike race, full eager were they, with their ash spears,
 The pierced breast-plates to rend on the stricken breasts of their foemen,
 These followed him together in forty black-coloured vessels.

540

They who inhabited the well-built city of Athens
 Where the noble Eretheus dwelt, whom Pallas Athenè
 Nourished, the daughter of Zeus, whose mother was fruitful Aroua,
 He whom she placed in Athens amid her plenteous temples ;
 Where, with sacrificed bulls and lambs, the dwellers in Athens
 Ever propitiate her through the days of the still-passing ages ;
 These, for a leader had, the son of Peteus, Menestheus,
 None was equal to him among terrestrial mortals
 Chariots well to array and heroes bearers of bucklers ;
 Nestor alone might him rival ; for he had experience ancient ;
 These followed him together in fifty dark-coloured vessels.

550

Twelve ships from Salamis, led on Telamonian Aias,
 And the captain was he where'er stood the phalanx of Athens.

They who Argos held and the well-built city of Tiruns,
 Hermionè, Asinè, which in their deep bay containèd
 Troizen, Eiona, and the vine-covered Epidauros,
 They who held Aigina and Mases—youths of the Grecians ;
 Over these was chief the great in fight Diomedes
 And Sthenelos the much-loved heir of Kapaneus mighty :
 Third in command came Eurualos, to the deities equal,
 Son of Mekísteus the Talaionidèan monarch.

560

Diomed of all these was leader, brave in the battle ;
And with these, eighty dark-hued ships followed over the ocean.

They who held Mycenæ the well-built, flourishing city,
Corinth too, abounding in wealth, and the well-built Kleonæ,
And in Orneia dwelt, and pleasant Araithurea,
And Sicuon, whose first of kings was the noble Adrastos ;
They who Huperesía and loftiest Gonoessa
And Pellenè held, and round Aigios kept habitation,
And on all the long-stretching shores and Helikè spacious,
O'er all these, in a hundred ships, ruled king Agamemnon,
Atreus' son ; and him by far the most and the bravest
Followed of all the peoples ; he, clothed in dazzling armour,
Ever rejoiced because he surpassed all the rest of the heroes,
For he by far was the greatest, and led the most numerous nations.

570

They who Lakedaimon held embosomed in mountains,
Pharatos, and Sparta, and Meso abounding in doves' nests,
And in Bruseia dwelt, and the pleasant town of Augeia,
They who Amuclæ held, and the maritime city of Helos,
They who dwelt in Laas, and round Oitulos made habitation ;
These Agamemnon's brother, the brave in fight Menelaos,
Led in sixty ships, they sailed in a separate squadron.
He among them sailed, in his ready courage confiding,
All exhorting to war : for he mightily wished in his spirit
Vengeance to take for the stealing away and the weeping of Helen.

580

They who in Pulos dwelt and the lovely realm of Arene,
And Thruos, at Alphaios' ford, and Aipu the well-built,
And in Kuparissa and Amphigeneia had dwelling,
And Pteleos, and Helos, and Dorios ; wherefrom the Muses
Issuing forth, to Thamuris, brought an end to his singing—
He from Oichalia came, from Eurutos Oichaliéan,
And, in his boasting, he dared to pretend to conquer the Muses
Daughters of Egis-bearing Zeus, if with him they contended :
They, in their wrath, to blindness condemned him, and made him for-
getful

590

Both of the song divine and the skill which swayeth the harp-strings.
O'er all these bore rule Gerenian Nestor the horseman,
Him in ninety hollow ships they followed in order.

They who Arcadia held and the lofty mount of Kullenè
Near to Aiputios' tomb, where the heroes famous in close fight;
They who in Pheneus dwelt and Orchomenos wealthy in cattle, 600
Ripè too and Stratiè and the breezy towers of Enispè,
They who held Tegea, and Mantinea the pleasant
And in Stumphèlos and Parrhesia made habitation ;—
O'er these ruled Ankaïos' son, the king Agapenor,
Sailing in sixty ships toward Troy ; and in each of the sixty,
Men of Arcadia came well skilled in the science of battle.
For, to them, had given the king of men Agamemnon
Ships well furnished with rowers to pass o'er the wine-coloured ocean ;
For the Arcadian men knew nought of the works of the seaman.

They who Bouprasios held and dwelt in glorious Elis, 610
Which in its space contains far Mursinos and Hurminè,
Petrè, Oleniè, and Aleisia's habitations,
These four leaders possessed, ten ships followed every chieftain,
Swift to traverse the main, and each was thronged with Epeians.
Amphimachos and Thalpïos bold were two of the leaders,
Sons, one of Kteatos, one of Eurutos, offspring of Actor ;
A third part was swayed by Amarunkeidèan Diores,
And the fourth was ruled by Poluxeinos the godlike,
Son of Agasthenes he, the great Augèian monarch.

They who came from Doulichion's isles and sacred Echina, 620
They who dwelt beyond the sea which is opposite Elis—
These did Meges sway, in battle the equal of Ares,
Son of Phuleus the horseman, by mighty Zeus well-belovèd,
Who from Doulichion sailed, setting forth in wrath 'gainst his father ;
Him did forty dark-coloured ships follow swift o'er the ocean.

But Odusseus led the magnanimous Kephallenians,
Who in Ithaca dwelt and the shores of Neritos leafy,
And in Krokuleia and the bounds of Aigileps rocky,

They who held Zakunthos, and by Samos had habitation,
 They who Epeiros held and the regions opposed to Epeiros, 630
 Over these ruled Odusseus, to Zeus the equal in wisdom ;
 With him, in twelve ships they came, having prows of vermillion.

Thoas, Andraimon's son, led on the Aitolians warlike,
 Who dwelt in Pleuron and Olenos, also Pulenes,
 Chalkis by ocean's shore, and Kaludon's rocky possession—
 For no more upon earth were Oineus' great-hearted children,
 Nor could longer rule, the dead golden-haired Meleagros ;
 Wherefore, upon Thoas, it devolved to rule the Aitolians,
 And, in forty vessels black, they followed o'er ocean.

Idomen, famed for the spear, commanded the host of the Cretans 640
 Who dwelt in Knossos and Gortun furnished with bulwarks,
 Luktos, Miletos, and the whitely-gleaming Lucastos,
 Phaistos and Rhutios, both well-inhabited places,
 And the rest who dwelt in Crete of the hundred cities.
 O'er these Idomeneus, the famous spearman, commanded,
 Merion too, the equal of Ares slayer of heroes ;
 And in eighty vessels black they followed o'er ocean.

Tlepolemos, the son of Heracles, mighty and valiant,
 Led nine ships from Rhodes, and the noble Rhodians manned them :
 Who near Rhodes did dwell and in three ranks sailed to the battle, 650
 Lindos, Ielussos, and the white-shining town of Kameiros :
 These did Tlepolemos lead, the spearman famous in conflict,
 Whom Astuocheia did bear to the strength of Heracles,
 He from Ephura took her to wife, from the river Selleis,
 Spoiling many towns of youths whom Kroníon had fostered.
 Tlepolemos, who brought up had been, in a well-built palace,
 Slew, by evil chance, his father's much cherished uncle,
 Who was then an ancient man, yet a branch of the war-god ;
 Instant he built him ships, and having much people collected,
 Over the sea he hastened to fly : for his life was in danger 660
 From the threats of the other sons of the strength of Heracles.
 Then to Rhodes he came as he wandered, suffering sorrows.

And in three tribes divided they lived, and much were beloved
 By the king of gods and men, to whom all are obedient :
 And on them, infinite riches poured, the offspring of Kronos.

Nireus from Sumè, led on three well-balanced vessels,
 Son of king Karopos, and born of lovely Aglaia :
 Nireus the goodliest man who, from Greece to Ilion, voyaged,
 Of the sons of Achaia, except the thrice beauteous Achilleus ;
 But he was feeble in fight and his people were few in their number. 670

They who held Nisuros, Krapathos and the dwellings of Kasos,
 And Köos, Eurupulos' town, and the isles of Kaludnæ,
 These by Pheidippos and Antiphos brave were commanded,
 Sons of king Thessalos, himself the son of Heracles ;
 After them thirty hollow ships came on in their order.

They who inhabited the land of Pelasgican Argos,
 Alos and Alopè, and they who dwelt at Trachina,
 They who held Phthia, and Hellas beauteous with women,
 And were Murmidons called, Hellènes too, and Achaians ;
 These in fifty ships were led by the mighty Achilleus. 680
 But they were mindful no more of the battle terribly-sounding,
 For they had none to marshal their ranks and to lead them to combat :
 For, in his ships, remained the swift-footed, noble Achilleus,
 Wroth because of the damsel, the beautiful-haired Brisëis,
 Her he had from Lurnessos won after arduous battle,
 Having Lurnessos destroyed and the walls and bulwarks of Thebè
 And overthrown Munes and Epistrophos skilled with the jav'lin,
 Sons of Euénos the Selepidëian monarch :

Grieving then for Brisëis he lay, but full near was his rising.

They who held Phulakè and Pyrrhasos circled with flowers 690
 Sacred to Demeter, and Itonè the mother of sheep-folds,
 And Antron by the shore of the sea, and Pteleon grassy.
 These, in his life, were led by the warlike Protesilaos ;
 But the black earth now held him dead in the region of shadows,
 And he had left his wife with both cheeks torn in her sorrow
 At Phulakè, and his house half built : for he had been slaughtered

By a Dardan warrior bold, as, the first of the Grecians,
 Far before them all he had leapt from his ship to the combat.
 Yet a ruler they had, though their ancient leader they wished for,
 And Podarkes did them command, a branch of the war-god,
 Son of Phulakidean Iphiklos, wealthy in cattle,
 Who the brother was of magnanimous Protesilaos,
 But his younger by birth : both elder and better in battle
 Protesilaos, the hero, was ; and although his people
 Did not a leader lack, yet for him they wished as a braver ;
 Forty dark-coloured ships followed 'neath the command of Podarkes.

700

They who dwelt in Pheræ beside the lake Boibëis,
 Boibè and Glaphuræ and the heedfully-built Ialcos,
 These, in eleven ships, led on the dear son of Admetos,
 Eumélos, whom Admetos had by Alkestis the lovely,
 Fairest of Pelias' daughters fair, of most excellent beauty.

710

They who in Thaumakia dwelt and also Methonè,
 They who held Meliboia and the rocky land of Olizon,
 Were by Philoctetes led, the excellent archer,
 In seven ships they came, each ship fifty rowers containing,
 Well could each of these rowers use his bow in the combat.
 He far off in an island dwelt in terrible sorrow,
 Left, in sacred Lemnos, he was by the sons of Achaia,
 Labouring under the evil wound of a serpent pernicious.
 There in his woe he lay, but soon would the sons of Achaia
 In their ships remember the name of king Philoctetes.
 They their ancient leader desired, but yet had a leader ;
 Medon ruled their ranks, the spurious son of Öileus,
 Who was of Rhenè born to Öileus sacker of cities.

720

They who held Trikkè and the hilly realm of Ithomè,
 They who Oichalia held, Oichalian Eurutos' city,
 These had for leaders the children twain of Asklepios,
 Excellent both to heal, Podaleirios, also Machaon.
 Thirty hollow ships with them followed on in their order.

They who Ormenios held and the fountain of fair Hupercia

730

They who Asterion held and Titanos' snow-covered summits,
 Were by Eurupulos led, the glorious son of Euaimon ;
 And with him they followed in thirty dark-coloured vessels.

They who held Argissa, and dwelt around Gurtona,
 Orthè, Helòne too, and the white-gleaming Olöossa ;
 These, led on to the war, Polupoites strong in the combat,
 Son of Peirithöos, the son of Zeus the immortal ;
 Him to Peirithöos bore the famous Hippodameia,
 On that day when the centaurs rough succumbed to his vengeance,
 Them from Pelion drove he afar and to th' Aithekes sent them ;
 Not alone did he rule, but with him a branch of the war-god,
 Leonteus, the magnanimous heir of the mighty Koronos ;
 These o'er the main were followed by forty dark-coloured vessels.

740

Gouneus, from Kuphos, came on with twenty-two vessels,
 With the Enienes and the mighty in battle Peraiboi,
 Who their habitations had in chilly Dodona,
 They who tilled the lands by Titaresios pleasant,
 Which to Peneus' river sends the sweet-flowing water,
 But, with that silver-flowing stream, is never commingled,
 And above Peneus stream flows on as though it were oily ;
 Being a branch of the Styx, whose wave for an oath is tremendous.

750

O'er the Magnetians Prothöos ruled, the son of Tenthredon,
 They by the Peneus and Pelion wavy with branches
 Dwelt ; and Prothöos led them on, the swift-footed runner ;
 Forty black-coloured ships came him following over the ocean.

These were the leaders and princes who ruled o'er the host of Achaia,
 Which was the best of them all do thou, O goddess, inform me,
 Whether of men or horses that came when bade the Atreidæ ;
 Truly the best of the horses were they of the son of Pheretes,
 Which Eumelos impelled to the war, as swift as the wild birds,
 Like in colour, they were like in age, and equal in stature ;
 These in Pieria bred the silver bow-god Apollon,
 Both were mares and both bore the terror of war through the battle.
 Far the best of the men was Telamonian Aias,

760

While Achilles remained in wrath, for he was the bravest,
 And the horses were better that drew the noble Peleides,
 But he remained in his crooked ships, the crossers of ocean,
 Nursing his ire Agamemnon against, the shepherd of nations,
 And his soldiers, the while, along the shore of the ocean
 Played with the discus and darted the long-shadowed jav'lines—
 Bending their bows in sport, while their chariot horses stood idle,
 Browsing the lotus upon and the parsley grown in the marsh-land,
 But the well covered chariots stood within the pavilion,
 Each of its kingly chief, who longed for their valiant leader,
 Here and there through the host they strayed, but combated never.

770

On went the host, like a fire that devours all the land in its progress ;
 And the earth groaned beneath, as when Zeus, who delighteth in thunder,
 Terribly smites the Tüphöian land in the rage of his fury,
 In Arimos, where lies, 'tis said, the giant recumbent—
 So the earth groaned 'neath the feet of these as they marched to the battle, 780
 Swiftly indeed they crossed over the plain as they went on their war way.

But to the Trojans, Iris came as swift as the wild wind,
 Sent by Egis-bearing Zeus on a message of sorrow.
 They a council held in the halls of Priam their ruler.
 All were gathered together that day, both the young and the ancient ;
 Standing near to the king, the swift-footed Iris addressed him,
 But she likened her voice to Polites the offspring of Priam,
 Who on the watch, for the Trojans, stood in confident fleetness,
 By the lofty tomb of Aisúetes the ancient,
 Waiting till from the ships should rush the sons of Achaia :
 And, in the likeness of him, thus spoke the swift-footed Iris :

790

“ Many words to thee, old man, are ever most pleasing,
 “ As heretofore in peace ; but now certain war has arisen,
 “ I, in my lifetime, have been in many a battle of heroes,
 “ Never, by me, was a host so brave and so mighty, beholden :
 “ For they resemble in number the leaves, or the sands of the ocean,
 “ As they come forth on the plain to involve our city in warfare.
 “ Hector, to thee, most chiefly I tell what is needful for action :

" Many auxiliars are round the mighty city of Priam,
 " Many and various are the tongues of the wide-scattered nations, 800
 " Over these let him command who is prince of his people :
 " And let each, for the purpose of war, set in order his nation."

Thus she spoke : nor did Hector neglect the voice of the goddess,
 Instant the council he closed ; and instant they rushed to their armour,
 Opened were all the gates, and from them hurried the people,
 Footmen and horsemen, and great indeed was the noise of their going.

Near to the city of Troy, a lofty mound is upstanding
 By itself on the plain, while on either side there is passage ;
 It, by the tongues of mortal men, is called Batieia,
 But the immortals call it the tomb of the rapid Murinnè ; 810
 By this hill the auxiliar host and the Trojans stood parted.

Over the Trojans ruled the brilliant-helmeted Hector,
 Priam's mighty son ; and the most and the best of the Trojans
 Stood around him in arms, with their spears all eager for battle.

Over the Dardans ruled the valiant son of Anchises,
 Aineias from Anchises sprung and the bright Aphroditè,
 Ida's slopes among when the goddess wedded a mortal ;
 But he ruled not alone ; but with him the sons of Antenor,
 Archelochos, Acamas, both skilled in each species of battle.

They who dwelt in Zeleia by the lowest part of mount Ida, 820
 Rich in gold, who were wont to quaff the dark wave of Aisépos,—
 O'er these Trojans ruled the glorious son of Lucaon,
 Pandaros, he to whom the bow was given by Apollon.

They who Adrasteia held and the state of Apaisos,
 And who kept Pitueia and the lofty mound of Tereia,
 Over these Adrastos and Amplios, armed with a breast-plate
 Formed of linen, ruled, the sons of Perkosian Merops,
 Who in vaticination excelled, and his sons had forbidden
 Marching to man-destroying war ; but the twain disobeyed him ;
 For the impelling fates of gloomy death were upon them 830

They who round Percotè and in Praction kept habitation,
 Sestos too and Abudos held and lovely Arisbè,—

Asios Hurtakides ruled these, a prince amid heroes,
 Asios Hurtakides, whom his fiery steeds, from Arisbè,
 Mighty in strength drew on from banks of the river Selleis.

Hippothöos led on the tribes of Pelasgian spearmen,
 Who habitation held in the fertile fields of Larissa ;
 And, with Hippothöos, ruled Pulaios, a branch of the war-god,
 These twain were the mighty sons of Pelasgian Lethos.

Acamas led the Thracians, and with him Peiros the hero, 840
 Such of the Thracian band as the swift-flowing Hellespont bounded.

Euphemos led on the fierce Kiconian nation,
 He was the the son of Keas, a king by Zeus ever cherished.

Also Puraichmes led on the Paionian bowmen,
 Far from fair Amudon and Axios' wide-spreading flowings—
 Axios, he whose wave is the clearest of earth-flooding rivers.

Over the Paphlagonians, the strong-hearted Pulaimenes
 Ruled, over them who from Enetè came, the place of the wild mules,
 Over them who Kutoros held and in Sesamos harboured,
 And by the Parthenéan stream had glorious dwellings, 850
 Kromnè Aigialos and Eruthina the lofty.

Hodios and Epistrophos ruled o'er the Halizonians,
 From Alubè far distant they come where silver has birthplace.

Over the Musians, Chromis ruled and Ennomos, skilful
 In the flight of birds, but him augury saved not from slaughter,
 For he was slain by the terrible hands of the rapid Achilleus,
 In the river Scamandros, and many a Trojan beside him.

Phorcus, on the Phrygians led, and Ascanias godlike
 Far from Ascania ; they were eager to fight in the battle.

Antiphos and Mesthles led on the Meonians mighty, 860
 Sons of Talaimenes twain by the lake of Gugaia ;
 They the Meonians ruled who were born 'neath the mountain of Tmolos.

Nastes too led on the Karians barbarous-speaking,
 Who held Miletos and the Phtheirians' verduous mountains,
 And the streams of Meander and Mucale's loftiest summits.
 Over these Amphimachos ruled and valiant Nastes,

Nastes and Amphimachos the splendid sons of Nomfon,
Amphimachos to the battle went gold-decked like a damsel,
Fool that he was ; for he 'scaped not so from piteous slaughter ;
For he fell 'neath the terrible hands of the rapid Peleides,
In the river ; his gold was seized by the warlike Achilleus.

870

Sarpedon o'er the Lukians ruled with the excellent Glaucos,
Far from Lukia away, and the stream of the eddying Xanthos.

END OF THE SECOND BOOK.

BOOK III.

THE SINGLE COMBAT BETWEEN MENELAOS AND PARIS.

WHEN each host was ordered true by its separate leaders,
 On went the Trojans with clangour and cries like the birds of the heaven ;
 Such is the clangour of cranes when it rings from on high on the ether,
 When they are fain from the winter to fly and the infinite rain-cloud,
 With such a clamour as this they wend o'er the flowings of ocean,
 Bearing upon their wings dire slaughter and death to the Pygmies ;
 For through the paths of the sky they bear that terrible conflict.
 But in silence marched the strength-breathing sons of Achaia,
 Caring well in their minds to succour their comrades in battle.

As when the southern wind has poured out a cloud on the mountains 10
 Hateful to shepherds, but loved by the thief of the darkness,
 And when none can see beyond the scope of a stone's throw,
 Such was the storm of dust which arose 'neath the foot of the armies
 As they marched along ;—o'er the plain right swiftly they wended.

But when near the armies were to the joining of battle,
 Forth from the Trojans came Alexandros, godlike in beauty ;
 Bearing upon his shoulders fair the hide of a panther,
 And his bended bow and his sword ;—two brass-pointed jav'lins
 Fiercely he shook in his hands, and challenged the best of the Argives
 To contend with him in the strife of the terrible conflict. 20

When Menelaos, beloved of Ares, beheld Alexandros
 Coming before the Trojan host and mightily striding,
 He like a lion rejoiced which has fall'n on a notable carcass,

Or of the spreading-hornèd stag or the far-bounding wild goat,
 When with hunger he pines ; and fierce he continues devouring
 Though the speedy dogs and the vigorous youths are around him ;
 So Menelaos rejoiced when, the beautiful Alexandros,
 He with his eyes beheld ; for he thought, on the vile, to take vengeance :
 Instantly, then all armed, from his chariot he leapt on the champain.

But when, him did espy, Alexandros godlike in beauty, 30
 In the front of the foes appear, his deep heart was stricken ;
 Backward among the Trojans he slunk, avoiding destruction.

As when one who a serpent beholds, starts backward in terror
 In the glades of some mountain's side, and his members beneath him
 Tremble with fear, and back he has sprung, with cheeks livid and paly,
 So, to the ranks of the Trojans proud, recoiled Alexandros,
 Beautiful as a god, for fear of the warlike Atreides.

Hector, beholding his flight, with words of reproach, did upbraid him :
 " Vile Paris, fairest in form, woman mad, thou guileful deceiver,
 " Would thou hadst never been born or died ere the day of thy marriage. 40
 " That would have pleased me well, and indeed been better for thee, too,
 " Than to be thus a disgrace and a gazing-stock to the armies.
 " How must have laughed in derision the long-haired sons of Achaia,
 " Having thought thee a warrior famed, because in appearance
 " Beauteous thou art, but strength thou hast none in mind nor in body.
 " Why didst thou, being such as thou art, in sea-crossing vessels,
 " Traverse the ocean, and with thee take thy well-beloved comrades,
 " And didst mingle with foreign men, and steal the fair beauty
 " From the Apian land, the bride of warrior husbands ?
 " Bringing a mighty ill on thy sire, and city, and nation, 50
 " And, to thy foes, a delight, and a deep disgrace to thine own self ?
 " Why didst thou not await the assault of the brave Menelaos ?
 " Thou wouldst have known of what a man thou hold'st the fair consort.
 " Little thy harp would have helped, or the gifts of divine Aphroditè,
 " Or thy hair, or thy beauty, when once with the dust thou wert mingled.
 " Truly the Trojans are slow to strike ; or else it were long since
 " Thou wouldst have worn a tunic of stone for the wrongs thou hast done them."

Answered him, Alexandros, the deities' equal in beauty :

"Hector, since justly thou blamest me, nor further than justly ;
 "Since thy heart like an axe is strong, unconquered in firmness, 60
 "Which doth pierce the timbers of ships, when driv'n by the workman,
 "And increases much the power of the man who doth wield it,
 "Such, within thy breast, thy heart undaunted remaineth.
 "Blame not in me the blessings of Aphroditè the golden,
 "For the gifts of the gods must not by us be rejected,
 "Since they are, by the deities, given, not taken by man's will.
 "Now, if thou wishest me to join in the war and the battle,
 "Cause the Trojans and all the Greeks to be seated around us,
 "But let me, in the midst, with Ares-beloved Menelaos,
 "Fight for Helen and all the treasure I with her have taken ; 70
 "Which of the twain shall conquer and stand the better in combat,
 "Let him take the treasure and wife, and lead to his homestead ;
 "But let the rest, having friendship sworn and faithfulest treaties,
 "Dwell in fertile Troy ; the Greeks returning to Argos
 "Apt for steeds, and Achaia, the land of beautiful women."

Thus he spoke ; and Hector rejoiced as he heard him make answer ;
 And, to the front advancing, he stayed the assault of the Trojans,
 Holding his spear by the midst ; at his sign they all sat inactive.
 But, against him, shot the long-haired sons of Achaia,
 And, with arrows and stones well aimed, they darted upon him ; 80
 But then cried aloud the king of men, Agamemnon :—

"Stay your hands, ye Argives, dart not ye sons of Achaia,
 "Somewhat about to say, is the brilliant-helmeted Hector."

Thus he cried ; and they ceased from the war, and instant were silent.
 Then, to both armies, thus spoke the magnanimous Hector :

"Hear from me, ye Trojans, and well-greaved sons of Achaia,
 "What Alexandros says, through whom this strife has arisen.
 "All the other Trojans he bids, and all the Achaians,
 "Now their beautiful arms to place on the bountiful champain,
 "While he himself in the midst, with Ares-beloved Menelaos, 90
 "Fights for Helen alone and the gold which with her was taken ;

"And whichever shall conquer and prove the stronger in battle,
 "Let him, taking both gold and wife, return to his dwelling,
 "But let the rest in friendship join and faithfullest treaties."

*Thus he spoke ; and either host subsided to silence.

Then, both armies addressed Menelaos, bold in the combat :

"Hear me now also ; for on me falls the weight of the trouble,
 "On my mind within, soon I think will be free from contention
 "Argives and Trojans ; for many a woe ye have suffered
 "Through the strife for me and the ill deed of Alexandros. 100
 "Let that one of us twain whom death and fate are awaiting
 "Die ; but let the rest of the host be freed from contention.
 "Bring ye therefore lambs, one white, one black in its colour,
 "For the Earth and the Sun ; we for Zeus will furnish another.
 "Bring ye too king Priam's force, that well he may sanction
 "This our treaty, for haughty are his sons and unfaithful ;
 "Lest one, offending Zeus, should the treaty break by transgression.
 "Ever of younger men the hearts and minds are unstable ;
 "But when an aged man is near, the past and the future
 "He beholds ; and thence the best will be done for both armies." 110

Thus he spoke, and the Greeks rejoiced, nor less did the Trojans,
 Hoping they might have pause from the sad and terrible warfare.
 Back to the ranks their horses they drew, and down they descended,
 And put off their arms ; and seated themselves on the champain
 Near each other ; the while small space remained 'twixt the nations.

Instantly Hector sent two heralds back to the city,
 Bidding them to bring the lambs, and call ancient Priam.
 And swift Talthubios was sent by king Agamemnon,
 To depart toward the hollow ships, and him he commanded
 With the lamb to return—he obeyed the noble Atreides. 120

And now Iris, the messenger, came to the white-armèd Helen,
 Like to her mother-in-law, the spouse of the son of Antenor,
 Whom the son of Antenor, the King Helicaon, had wedded,
 Laodikè by name, most fair of the daughters of Priam ;
 Helen she found in her palace ; a mighty web she was weaving,

Double in texture, as marble smooth, depicting the labours
 Of Troy's steed-tamers and the brass-mailed sons of Achaia,
 Which, in her cause, they had suffered both at the hands of the war-god.
 Her then, approaching, thus addressed the swift-footed Iris :

"Come hither, daughter dear, and behold the marvellous doings 130
 "Of Troy's steed-tamers and the brass-mailed sons of Achaia :
 "Who, but now, were in act to bring the many-teared warfare
 "On each other, the plain upon, baleful combat desiring ;
 "Now in silence they sit, and the war for a while is suspended,
 "Leaning upon their shields, with their long spears planted beside them ;
 "While Alexandros and Ares-beloved Menelaos
 "Shall, with long spears, in fight contend for the right to possess thee ;
 "And thou must the spouse be called of the conquering hero."

Thus while the goddess spoke, she sweet desire was infusing
 In Helen's mind of her first lord, and city, and parents. 140
 Instant her form she clothed with white and beautiful mantles,
 And from her chamber she went while her tender tear-drops were flowing ;
 Not alone, for attendants twain, on her footsteps, awaited—
 Aithrè, the child of Pittheus, and Klumenè, eyed like the heifer.
 Instantly, to the Skaian gates, undelaying they wended,
 Where were seated near Priam and Panthoos, also Thumoites,
 Lampos and Klutios, Hiketaon, a branch of the war-god,
 Oukalegon and Antenor, a pair both of excellent wisdom ;—
 These, the heads of the nation, sat at the Skaian portals,
 Ancients ceased from the toils of war, but eloquent speakers, 150
 Tree-cricket much they resembled, which, 'mid the shades of the woodland,
 Resting upon the bough, send forth sweet sounds in the stillness ;
 Such seemed the ancient leaders of Troy as they sat on the tower.
 They when, beauteous Helen, they saw, to the tower advancing,
 Softly thus, with wingèd words, addressed one another :

"'Tis not worthy of blame that the Trojans and well-greaved Achaians,
 "For a woman so fair, should long have been suffering sorrows ;
 "Certes she, to the dwellers in heaven, is equal in beauty.
 "But, although so fair she be, let her sail in the vessels,

"Lest she leave behind her a woe to us and our children." 160
 Thus they spoke :—Priam, Helen called with a gentle addressing :
 "Hither come, my daughter dear, and seat thee beside me,
 "That thou may'st see thy former lord, thy friends and relations ;—
 "It is not thy fault, but the fault of the dwellers in heaven,
 "Which has aroused against me the woeful war of the Grecians ;—
 "That to me thou may'st tell the name of yon hero prodigious.
 "Who is that Achaian man so brave and so mighty ?
 "Some there are, 'tis true, whose heads are higher than his stands ;
 "But so goodly a man mine eyes have never beholden,
 "Nor of so noble a presence ; he seems like a king in his glory." 170

Him then Helen answered with words, the fairest of women,
 "Much thou art by me revered, dear father, and dreaded ;
 "Would that an evil death had pleased me, rather than hither
 "I had followed thy son, and left my lord and my brethren,
 "And my dearest child, and my much loved troop of companions.
 "But thus it has not been, wherefore I in sorrows am melting.
 "But I will tell thee this, which thou askest searchingly from me ;
 "That is Atreus' son, the wide-ruling king, Agamemnon,
 "Good he is as a king, and a warrior mighty in battle ;
 "Brother-in-law, to me shameless, he were, if yet I possessed one." 180

Helen spoke ; the old man admired the king Agamemnon,
 And he cried : "O Atreus' son, O fortunate monarch,
 "Many, beneath thy rule, thou hold'st of the sons of Achaia.
 "Once 'twas mine to enter on Phrugia full of the vine-trees,
 "Phrugians, too, full many I saw, the skilful in horses,
 "Soldiers of Otreus and Mugdon, like the immortals,
 "Ranked in war they stood by the banks of Sangaris' river.
 "As an ally I was numbered with them on the day of the battle,
 "When to the combat the Amazons came, the equals of heroes ;
 "But not so many were they as the dark-eyed sons of Achaia." 190

Then again the old man inquired, as he looked on Odusseus,
 "Tell me now, daughter dear, what hero is that whom I now view ?
 "Shorter he is by the head than Atreus' son Agamemnon,

" But in his shoulders and in his breast he is broader.
 " He, indeed, his arms has laid on the bountiful champain,
 " While he, like to a ram, pervades the ranks of the army ;
 " Him to a mighty ram of thickest fleece I resemble,
 " Stalking through a numerous flock of sheep white as silver."

To him then Helenè, the daughter of Zeus, responded :

" That is Laertes' son, the mighty in wisdom, Odusseus, 200
 " Who was among Ithacensians reared in their rockiest island,
 " Well he knows each stratagem false and sapient counsel."

Then to Helen replying, spoke Antenor the prudent :

" Woman, most truly and well of him this account hast thou given.
 " For, heretofore, to our city came the godlike Odusseus,
 " Hither, about thee, sent with Ares-beloved Menelaos ;
 " I then, as their host, entertained them well in my palace ;
 " And I observed the genius of both, and their sapient counsels ;
 " When they were mingled with the full assembly of Trojans,
 " Standing Atreides by the shoulders broad was the taller, 210
 " But when both were sitting Odusseus was grander in presence.
 " And, when they their speeches wove to the council assembled,
 " Menelaos, his thoughts, set forth in rapidest accents ;
 " Few were his words, to the purpose ;—nought loved he lengthened oration,
 " Nor did he randomly talk although his age was the lesser ;
 " But when the wise Odusseus arose to address the assembly,
 " Still he stood with his eyes fast fixed on the ground before him,
 " And his sceptre he moved not at all, nor backward nor forward,
 " But he held it still like one unskilful in speaking ;
 " You might have said that an angry man and a fool was before you. 220
 " But when, out of his breast, his mighty voice he emitted,
 " And his words came softly down, like the snows of the winter,
 " Then no mortal man might dare to contend with Odusseus ;
 " Nor was Odusseus' outward form what then did amaze us."

Then Aias viewing, for the third time, ancient Priam

Spoke : " Who is that Achaian man so vast and so mighty,

" Tallest of all the Argive host by the head and broad shoulders ?

Then did the long-veiled Helen, the fairest of women, make answer :

- " That is Aias, the great, the defence of the sons of Achaia ;
 " Idomeneus 'mid the Cretans stands like a god in his presence ; 230
 " While around him the Cretan chiefs are thickly assembled ;
 " Him, has oft entertained, the Ares-beloved Menelaos,
 " Our own palace within, when he from Crete had come thither.
 " Many more I see of the bright-eyed sons of Achaia,
 " Whom full well I know, and by name could easily tell them ;
 " But one pair I cannot behold, commanders of nations,
 " Castor, queller of steeds, and Pollux, strong with the cestus,
 " Brothers half to me they are, for one mother did bear us.
 " Have they not hither come from Lakedaimon the pleasant,
 " Or having followed across, in the ocean-traversing vessels, 240
 " Do they unwilling remain to mix in the combat of heroes,
 " Fearing the shame and the mighty disgrace which are ever my portion ? "

Thus she spoke, nor knew that, 'neath bountiful earth, they were hidden,
 In Lakedaimon afar, in the much loved land of their country.—

Now through the city the heralds bore the truce-giving pledges,
 Lambs a pair, and gladdening wine, the fruit of the vineyard,
 In the skin of a goat ; Idaios, the reverend herald,
 Bore the shining vase of wine and the glittering goblet ;
 Standing to ancient Priam near, with these accents he urged him :

- " Rise, Laomedon's son, for the best of the nations await thee, 250
 " Trojans, tamers of steeds, and the brass-mailed sons of Achaia,
 " Down on the plain beneath to ratify faithfullest treaties ;
 " But Alexandros and Ares-beloved Menelaos,
 " Will with long spears in contest join for possession of Helen,
 " And both Helen herself and her wealth shall fall to the victor ;
 " But we the rest, having friendship sworn and faithfullest treaties,
 " Safe shall inhabit fertile Troy ; the Grecians re-viewing
 " Argos famed for steeds and Achaia for beautiful women."

Thus he spoke, and the old man quaked, yet bade the attendants
 Swiftly the horses to yoke, and they undelaying obeyed him. 260
 Then did Priam the chariot ascend, and drew the reins backward ;

And, to his side, Antenor went in the beautiful war-car,
They, through the Skaian gates, to the plain drove the swift-footed horses.

But when they came to the place where sat the Greeks and the Trojans,
Down from behind the car they came on the bountiful champain,
And between the Trojans and Greeks they stately proceeded.
Then immediately rose the king of men, Agamemnon,
And Odusseus the wise ; and then the excellent heralds
Brought the means for the oaths to the gods, and mingled the sweet wine
In the vase ; and water they poured on the hands of the monarchs ; 270
Then, the knife drew forth, the king of men Agamemnon,
Which was always hung near the mighty sheath of his falchion,
And from the heads of the lambs the hair he cut ; and, thereafter,
Them did the heralds divide 'mong the chiefs of the Trojans and Grecians ;
Then, with uplifted hands and loud voice, prayed Agamemnon :

“ Father Zeus, who from Ida rul'st, most glorious, greatest,
“ And thou Sun, who hearest all and all things beholdest,
“ And ye Rivers, and Earth, and ye who beneath, the departed
“ Punish, if any man hath sworn the thing that he ought not,
“ Be ye witnesses all of this our treaty most faithful ; 280
“ If Menelaos in combat shall slay the fair Alexandros,
“ He then shall Helen take away and all her possessions,
“ And we hence will return in our ocean-traversing vessels ;
“ But if Alexandros slay the yellow-haired Menelaos,
“ Then the Trojans' shall Helen be and all her possessions,
“ But they must pay to the Argives the mulct which is due for abduction,
“ Which may in memory be of the men who shall flourish hereafter.
“ But if the Trojan king and his sons refuse that repayment,
“ Should Alexandros fall 'neath the sword of brave Menelaos,
“ Then for that mulct myself will fight, with my army, remaining 290
“ Until I shall attain the wished for end of my warfare.”

Thus he spoke, and slew the lambs with his pitiless poniard ;
And on the ground he placed their limbs in the struggles of dying,
While their life failed ; for the knife took the strength from within them.
Then, from the vase, they poured the wine in the beautiful wine-cups,

And they prayed the while to the gods enduring for ever.

And thus one of the Greeks or Trojans did make supplication :

“ Zeus, most glorious, greatest, and all ye other immortals,
 “ Which of the nations shall first offend 'gainst this treaty most faithful,
 “ Let his brains on the ground be spilt like this wine from the goblet, 300
 “ And the brains of his children—his wife be the bride of another.”

Thus they spoke ; but their vows by Zeus lacked ratification.
 Then did Dardanos' son, king Priam, address the assembly :

“ Hear me, ye Trojans and well-greaved sons of Achaia ;
 “ I will now return to the breezy turrets of Ilion,
 “ Since I may not endure with mine eyes to behold the contention
 “ 'Twixt my son so dear and Ares-beloved Menelaos.
 “ Zeus doth know indeed, and the rest of the mighty immortals,
 “ Which of the twain is destined to die 'neath the arm of the other.”

Thus spoke the godlike king, then placed the lambs in the war-car. 310
 Then ascended himself, and tightened the reins for the journey ;
 By him Antenor ascended the beautiful war-car ;
 And returning, they wended along to the towers of Ilion.—

Then did Hector, Priam's son, and the noble Odusseus,
 Measure out a part of the plain for the coming contention,
 Then the lots they shook in the depths of a brazen helmet,
 As to which hero first should throw the brass-pointed jav'lin.
 And the while with uplifted hands the nations were praying ;
 And thus one of the Greeks or Trojans did make supplication :

“ Father Zeus, who from Ida rul'st, most glorious, greatest ; 320
 “ Whichsoe'er of these heroes twain has been the wrong-doer,
 “ Give to him, in death, to descend to the dark home of Hades,
 “ But let friendship remain to us and treaties most faithful.”

Thus they spoke ; then, shook the lots, bright-helmeted Hector,
 Looking backward the while ; out flew the swift lot for Paris.
 Then sat the hosts in their ranks, where each restrained in his war-car
 Horses swift of foot, and where lay his glittering armour.
 Then, indeed, on his shoulders placed his beautiful harness
 Godlike Alexandros, the lord of the beauteous-haired Helen.

First, on his shapely legs, he placed the beautiful war-greaves, 330
 Carefully fitting them on with well made buckles of silver ;
 In the next place the breastplate he took of his brother Lucaon,
 For it suited him well ; then the brass sword studded with silver,
 Over his shoulders he threw, and his buckler solid and ample ;
 Then, on his hero brow, he placed the well-finished helmet,
 With flowing horsehair adorned, and the crest nodded terribly o'er him ;
 Lastly he took a spear of strength just fitting his handling.
 In the same time and mode was equipped the fierce Menelaos.

When, 'mid either host, each separate hero was armèd,
 Forth they marched to the space between the Greeks and the Trojans, 340
 And on each other fiercely glared ;—awe seized the beholders,
 Trojans tamers of steeds, and the well-greaved sons of Achaia.
 Then near each other the heroes stood in the place that was measured,
 Shaking their spears, and each, against his foeman, in fury.
 And Alexandros darted first his long-shadowed jav'lin,
 And on the buckler it struck, of Atreides, equal on all sides,
 Nor prevailed it to break the brass, but the spear's point was blunted
 By the strong buckler ; then next attacked with his jav'lin
 Atreides Menelaos, but first made to Zeus supplication:

“ Zeus, O king, now give me revenge on the man who has wronged me, 350
 “ Evil Alexandros, and, by my hands, let him be conquered ;
 “ So that men of a future age may fear and abstain from
 “ Wronging a host, who them has received with the kindness of friendship.”

Thus he ; then backward he drew and flung the long-shadowed jav'lin,
 And the rounded buckler he struck of the offspring of Priam.
 Swift through the buckler went the point of the vehement jav'lin,
 And passed through, in its course, the bright, elaborate breastplate ;
 Then, near the loins, through the tunic, cut the spear in its progress,
 But Alexandros stooped and avoided dark fate and destruction ;
 Then did Atreides draw his great sword studded with silver, 360
 Up he raised it, and fierce he struck on the crest of the helmet—
 But, into three, yea, four parts crashed, fell the sword from his hand's grasp.

Then did Atreides exclaim, looking up to the wide-spreading heaven,

“ Father Zeus, than thou no god more pernicious has being ;
 “ Well I thought to avenge the wrongs I have suffered from Paris ;
 “ But my sword in my grasp is broken, also my jav’lin
 “ Flew from my hand in vain, nor struck the form of my foeman.”

Thus he spoke, and seized on the horse-hair crest of the helmet,
 And Alexandros he drew among the well-greaved Achaïans ;
 Him, the while, the embroidered thong, ’neath his smooth neck, was choking,
 Which, ’neath his chin, as a band, retained the beautiful helmet. 371
 And, ’mid the Greeks he had dragged him, and gained ineffable glory,
 But that, quickly perceived, the daughter of Zeus, Aphroditè ;
 Instant she broke the thong of the skin of the ox by force slaughtered ;
 Empty the helmet remained in the hand of the strong Menelaos,
 And it the hero threw ’mid the ranks of the well-greaved Achaïans,
 Whirling it backward in wrath, and his much loved comrades received it.
 Onward then he rushed again, all eager to slay him

With his brazen spear ; but, away snatched the youth, Aphroditè,
 Easily, like a goddess ; and in thick clouds did enshroud him. 380
 Then she bore him away to his perfumed, odorous chamber.
 And she went, for Helen, to seek ; and on her she lighted
 Standing upon a tower, with the Trojan damsels around her ;
 Then with her hand she shook her soft, nectareous garment ;
 And, in the form of an ancient woman, thus she addressed her,
 Who was a worker in wool, and when she dwelt in Lakedaimon
 Wrought for her the fairest wools, and greatly she loved her ;
 In the likeness of her, thus spoke Aphroditè, the goddess :

“ Hither come :—Alexandros now requests thy returning ;
 “ He himself in thy chamber abides by the well-carvèd couches, 390
 “ Splendid as ever in beauty and dress, nor wouldst thou believe him
 “ To have returned from heroic fight, but rather from dancing,
 “ Or as one who briefly rests while the dancers are pausing.”

Thus Aphroditè spoke, and moved her heart in her bosom ;
 And, when she marked the beautiful neck of the heavenly goddess,
 And her bosom of love, and the sparkling light of her eyeballs,
 In much amazement she stood, then spoke, and these were her accents :

"Goddess of ill, why dost thou desire, in this guise, to deceive me?
 "Wilt thou then drive me from hence to the well-inhabited cities
 "Either of Phrugia fair or the land of Meonia pleasant, 400
 "If there, one of the sons of men, thy favour, possesses?
 "Is it because Menelaos the noble Paris has conquered,
 "And desires, my hateful self, to lead to his palace;—
 "Is it for this thou art present here with thy fraudulent devices?
 "Dwell with him then thyself; renouncing the ways of immortals;
 "Nor, on thy feet divine, return to the peaks of Olumpos,
 "But evermore suffer woes for him, and observe his commandments,
 "Until he make thee his wife or, peradventure, his handmaid.
 "Thither I will go no more, for in me it were shameful
 "To prepare his couch; and the Trojan damsels behind me 410
 "All would deride my departure;—O! mine are infinite sorrows!"

Then to her thus in anger, spoke the divine Aphroditè:
 "Vex me not now, thou rash one, or else in mine ire I will leave thee,
 "And as much thy foe become as greatly I've loved thee;—
 "And, between the Trojans and Greeks, dire hatreds I'll scatter;
 "Thou the while shalt obtain from my hands an evil destruction."

Thus she spoke; and Helen feared, though sprung from Kroníon.
 Homeward she went, concealed in her veil all splendidly shining,
 Silent the Trojan damsels she passed, for the goddess concealed her.

When they came to the beautiful home where dwelt Alexandros, 420
 Swift her attendant maidens returned to the works of their duty;
 But, to the lofty chamber, ascended the fairest of women;
 Then a couch did bear Aphroditè, the lover of laughter,
 And full soon, Alexandros before, the deity placed it;
 There sat Helen the daughter of Zeus who swayeth the Egis,
 And, with averted eyes, she thus upbraided her consort;

"Thou from the war art returned; therein I wish thou hadst perished;
 "Slain by that mighty man who once bore the name of my husband.
 "Many a time thou hast boasted that thou wert greater in prowess,
 "Both with hand and spear, than Ares-beloved Menelaos; 430
 "Go now, challenge again the Ares-beloved Menelaos

“ Once more in battle to join ; yet e’en I forbid thy departure,
 “ And thy fighting again with the golden-haired Menelaos
 “ Rashly, lest thou full soon should’st fall ’neath the stroke of his jav’lin.”

Her then Paris answered, and with these words he addressed her :

“ Woman, assail me not with these thy bitter reproaches.
 “ Now, ’tis true, Menelaos has won, by the aid of Athenè ;
 “ I may another time ; for to me, too, gods are propitious.
 “ But let us seek our couch, returning again to our kindness ;
 “ For never yet did love, mine inmost mind, overshadow,
 “ No, not e’en when I bore thee off from fair Lakedaimon,
 “ Sailing swiftly away in the ocean-traversing vessels,
 “ And with thee, in Kranæ’s isle, first in union mingled ;
 “ As I love thee now, and love’s sweet desire overcomes me.”

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Speaking thus, toward the couch he went, and with him his consort,
 And on that well-carved couch they lay in love and in gladness.—

Fierce as the beast of the wild, through the crowd, then rushed Menelaos,
 So that he might descry Alexandros godlike in beauty.
 But nor the sons of Troy, nor auxiliars, famous in battle,
 Could Alexandros show to Ares-beloved Menelaos ;
 Nor would they for friendship have hidden him had they but seen him.
 That, like gloomy death, would have been most odious to them.—
 Then to the armies spoke the king of men Agamemnon :

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“ Hear me, ye Trojans and Dardans, hear ye allies, too ;
 “ Victory clearly belongs to Ares-beloved Menelaos ;
 “ You, therefore, Argive Helen and all her wealth, must surrender,
 “ And the mulct for adultery pay, as well is befitting,
 “ Which by the generations to come may be held in remembrance.”

Thus Agamemnon spoke, and the rest of the Grecians approved it.

BOOK IV.

THE COUNCIL OF THE GODS, THE BREACH OF THE TRUCE,
AND THE BEGINNING OF THE BATTLES.

NOW, round Zeus, the assembled gods were seated in council,
 On the pavement of gold, while, among them, glorious Hebe
 Poured forth the nectar, which they received in aureate goblets,
 And, while they drank, they fixed their gaze on the town of the Trojans.
 Then did Zeus endeavour make to irritate Herè,
 Speaking in malice with subtle heart-cutting accents :

“ Goddesses twain there are who help the bold Menelaos,
 “ Herè of Argos and Alalkomenéan Athenè ;
 “ They indeed, sitting apart, and from hence beholding the combat,
 “ Have been pleased ; but to Paris the mirth-loving Aphrodite 10
 “ Ever is near, and defends him well from the fates that assail him ;
 “ And she has saved him now when he deemed that death was upon him.
 “ Victory truly belongs to Ares-beloved Menelaos ;
 “ But let us now, consulting, decree the end of these actions :
 “ Shall we arouse the evil war and the terrible combat,
 “ Or shall we give, to the nations both, continual friendship ?
 “ If it please the mind of all the gods of Olumpus,
 “ Then let the city of Priam the king be peaceably dwelt in,
 “ And Argive Helenè be homeward borne by Atreides.”

Thus he spoke ; and Athenè and Herè murmured in anger ; 20
 Near to each other they sat devising ills 'gainst the Trojans.
 But Athenè in silence remained, nor a word did she utter,

Though she was wroth with father Zeus, and fierce anger possessed her :
 Herè retained not her wrath in her breast, but thus she addressed him ;

“ Harshest son of Kronos, what words are these thou hast spoken ?
 “ Dost thou then wish to render the toil I have borne unavailing ?
 “ My faint horses are weary with toil in assembling the nations,
 “ That I might bring on Priam woe, and woe to his children.
 “ Work thy will, but think not thou hast all the gods’ approbation.”

Her then, in mighty wrath, thus answered cloud-driving Kronion: 30
 “ Goddess of ill, what have Priam the king and the children of Priam
 “ Wrought of evil to thee, that thou, without ceasing, desirest
 “ From its foundations to turn the well-built city of Ilion ?
 “ Didst thou enter the gates within, and the far-spreading bulwarks,
 “ And devour king Priam alive and with him his children,
 “ And the rest of the Trojans all, thy wrath might be appeased.
 “ But now do what thou wilt, lest this contention, hereafter
 “ Cause, in days to come, animosities mighty between us.
 “ But I will tell thee a thing, and do thou in thy bosom retain it ;
 “ If, hereafter, I much shall wish to bring desolation 40
 “ On whatsoever city I will, whose dwellers thou lovest,
 “ Then mine ire thou shalt not delay, but suffer its progress ;
 “ For this city, to thee, by me is unwillingly granted.
 “ Since of all cities beneath the sun and the firmament starry,
 “ Where, throughout the earth, the sons of men are abiding,
 “ Most of all, in my heart, had sacred Ilion honour,
 “ And good Priam the king, and the people of spear-skilful Priam ;
 “ For with sacrifice due my altar ever was honoured,
 “ And libations and odours sweet ; such glory was given me.”

Him then answered again the large-eyed Herè majestic : 50
 “ I three cities possess which to me are gratefulest ever,
 “ Argos and Sparta and the wide-pathed town of Mukenè ;
 “ These thou mayst overthrow whene’er to thy heart they are hateful ;
 “ Nor for them will I contend, nor grudge at thy doings.
 “ And if indeed I envied thee them, and resisted their wasting,
 “ Yet could I not prevail, since thou art more potent than I am.

" But it needs must be that my toil be not found unavailing ;
 " For I too am divine, and my race, to thine own race, is equal.
 " For me, much to be honoured, begat the sapient Kronos,
 " And both by race divine and because of being thy consort 60
 " Honoured I am, but thou bearest rule over all the immortals ;
 " But let us now to each other yield in mutual kindness,
 " I to thee, thou to me ; while the rest of the deities follow,
 " Immortal ; do thou swiftly command to Pallas Athenè
 " To descend to the terrible war of the Greeks and the Trojans,
 " And to cause the Trojans, in spite of the lately sworn treaty,
 " War and woe to bring on the much-rejoicing Achaians."

Thus she spoke ; and the father of gods and mortals obeyed her ;
 And these wingèd words he spoke to Pallas Athenè :

" Swift, to the army, descend between the Greeks and the Trojans, 70
 " And impel Troy's sons, in spite of the lately sworn treaty,
 " War and woe to bring on the much uplifted Achaians."

Speaking thus, he excited the mind of the willing Athenè ;
 She, in headlong haste, flew down from the peaks of Olumpos.
 Like to some baleful star which the son of the sapient Kronos
 Sends forth, a warning to seamen, or else the vast host of the peoples ;
 Bright it shines, and from off it fly multitudinous sparkles ;
 Like to such a star, to the earth rushed Pallas Athenè,
 And she leapt down in the midst ; awe seized upon all the beholders,
 Trojans quellers of steeds and the well-greaved sons of Achaia. 80
 Thus one of either host did say, addressing his comrade :

" Either again come evil war and dreadful contention,
 " Or else Zeus doth friendship ordain to both of the nations,
 " Zeus, who the arbiter is as well of peace as of battle."

Thus did one to another speak 'mid the Greeks and the Trojans.
 Pallas the while, like a Trojan in form, passed in through the army,
 Like to Antenor's son, Laodocos, strong in the combat,
 Godlike Pandaros seeking the while, where'er she might find him.
 Soon she found the brave and famous son of Lucaon
 Standing still, while round him thronged the ranks of the heroes 90

Who had followed him from Aisepos' far distant river ;
 Standing to Pandaros near, with wingèd words she addressed him ;

" Wilt thou obey my word, O mighty son of Lucaon ?

" If thou wilt, a swift arrow send against Menelaos.

" Thanks and honour thus wilt thou gain from every Trojan,

" Most and last of all from the noble prince Alexandros ;

" Many a splendid gift from forth his hands would await thee

" Could he but see fierce Atreus' son, the bold Menelaos,

" Stretched on the woeful pyre by the stroke of thy fortunate arrow.

" Wherefore launch thou thy shaft against Menelaos the famous ; 100

" First to Lukian Apollon pray, the glorious archer,

" Vowing to him, of lambs, to present a hecatomb splendid,

" When thou returnest again to the sacred walls of Zeleia."

Thus spoke Pallas Athenè ; and swayed the fool's understanding.

Forth he drew his polished bow of the horns of the wild goat,

At whose breast he erst had aimed as he lurked in concealment,

While the goat was bounding on from fragment to fragment,

And on the breast he struck ;—the goat fell on the crags of the mountain.

Sixteen palms were its horns outstretched from the one to the other ;

And the worker in horn, with heedful skill, had arranged them, 110

And, when polished, to each, a golden apex, had added ;

This, when skilfully strung, he held as he stooped towards the greensward,

While his brave companions around with their bucklers concealed him,

Lest he first should be struck by the warlike sons of Achaia,

Ere he could hit Menelaos the bold, the chief of the Grecians.

Next he unfastened the quiver's lid ; and chose out an arrow

Winged, never shot before, the dire beginner of sorrows :

Swift to the bowstring true, the bitter arrow, he fitted,

And to Lukian Apollon he prayed, the glorious archer,

Vowing to him, of first-born lambs, a hecatomb splendid, 120

When he should safe have returned to the sacred walls of Zeleia ;

Then the notch of the arrow he pulled and the bowstring of ox-hide ;

Backward the string he drew to his breast and the steel to the bow-grasp.

Then, when he'd stretched the mighty bow till it seemed like a circle,

Twanged the bow, loud whizzed the string, and away leapt the arrow,
Eager, with sharpened point, to strike 'mid the opposite army.

But not of thee, Menelaos, the blessed gods were unmindful,
Immortal, and most mindful of all was Zeus' daughter the spoiler,*
Who, from the bitter shaft, defended thee, standing before thee.
She, from thy form, drove away the shaft, as oftentimes a mother
130 Drives, from her child, a fly away, while softly it slumbers.
Thither the shaft she sent where the belt of the chieftain was tightened
With the clasps of gold, and where the breast-plate was double ;—
On the well-fitted belt then fell the truculent arrow ;
And in its course drove through the belt all fairly adorned,
Right through the ornate breastplate it passed, and the girdle within it,
Which as a guard for his form he wore, a defence from the arrows,
Which protected him much, but through this, too, the shaft made a passage ;
And it slightly wounded the outer flesh of the hero ;
Swift the dark purple blood from the wound came gushingly flowing. 140

As when the ivory fair, with the brilliant purple, is tinted
By some Meonian maid to adorn the cheeks of the horses ;
In the chamber it lies, while many a knight is desiring
It to obtain, but it still remains for a monarch's adornment,
Ornamenting the steed and glorious making the driver ;
So, Menelaos, thy shapely thighs were stained with thy life-blood,
And thy legs were purple too, and thy beautiful ankles.—

Shuddering saw that sight, the king of men Agamemnon,
When he noted the blood from the wound come gushingly pouring :
Shuddered too at that sight the Ares-beloved Menelaos. 150
But when he saw the thong binding the barb, and the barb standing outward,
Back, to his mighty breast, his soul and his courage were gathered.
Heavily sighing, then thus spoke the king Agamemnon,
Clasping his brother's hand, while around them their comrades were mourning :

“ Dear my brother, I fear to thee this truce has been deady,
“ Since I placed thee alone to fight for the Greeks 'gainst the Trojans ;
“ And the Trojans have shot thee now, despising the treaty.

* An epithet of Minerva or Pallas.

" Yet not in vain our oaths have been, nor the blood of the young sheep,
 " And the libations of wine unmixed, and the clasping of right hands.
 " For if not already Olumpian Zeus has decreed it, 160
 " Surely he will not linger ; and Troy most deeply must suffer
 " With the heads of her sons, and their wives, and their offsprings'
 destruction.

" For full well I know and, in heart and mind, am persuaded,
 " That for sacred Troy draws near the day of perdition,
 " And the slaughter of Priam spear-skilled, and the people of Priam.
 " Zeus the son of Kronos, high-seated, inhabiting ether,
 " Even he shall o'er them shake the terrible Egis,
 " Wroth for this fraudulent deed ; these woes shall be surely accomplished :
 " But, for thee, my grief will be great, Menelaos, my brother,
 " If thou shalt, by death, fill up the fate of existence ; 170
 " I, the most blameful of men, shall return to the thirsted-for Argos.
 " For full soon the Achaians, their native land, will remember,
 " And we shall leave, a glory to Troy and the king of the Trojans,
 " Helen, thine Argive spouse, while thy bones the while are decaying
 " In the land of Troy, with our mighty work unaccomplished.
 " And thus one may say, of the race of the arrogant Trojans,
 " Stamping in scorn on the tomb of Menelaos the noble :—
 " ' Thus may still Agamemnon reap the fruits of his anger,
 " ' As he hither has led in vain the host of the Grecians ;
 " ' And has returned to his home in the much loved land of his country,
 " ' With his empty ships, and the loss of the brave Menelaos :' 181
 " Thus some Trojan may say : then for me let the wide earth be gaping."

But, in encouraging tone, thus spoke yellow-haired Menelaos :
 " Be of good cheer, and alarm not for me the host of Achaia ;
 " For in no vital part the sharp-pointed arrow has struck me,
 " Since outside, the embroidered belt, and then underneath it
 " Both the tunic and plated belt, have helped to defend me,
 " Which the men, the workers in brass, have for me fabricated."

Him then, responding, thus addressed the king Agamemnon :
 " May these thy words be true, O much beloved Menelaos. 190

" But let thy wound be cared for now by the skilful physician,
 " Who, by his healing drugs, may stay its terrible painings."

He Talthubios, then, the godlike herald, accosted :

" Talthubios, with thy swiftest speed, call hither Machaon,
 " Son of Asclepios, the most distinguished physician,
 " That he may see Menelaos bold, the chief of the Grecians,
 " Whom some skilful archer of Troy has struck with an arrow,
 " Or of the Lukian band ; to him glory, grief to Achaia."—

Thus spoke the king ; and the herald swift obeyed his commandment,
 And he departed to pass through the host of the brass-mailed Achaians, 200
 Seeking the hero Machaon ; nor was it long ere he found him
 Standing, while round him thronged the ranks of his shield-bearing heroes,
 Strong in arms who had followed him from horse-nourishing Trika.
 Standing near the physician,—with winged words, he addressed him :

" Come, Asclepios' son, thou art called by the king Agamemnon,
 " That thou may'st see Menelaos the bold, the offspring of Atreus,
 " Whom some skilful archer of Troy has struck with an arrow,
 " Or of the Lukian band, to him glory, grief to Achaia."

Thus he spoke, and stirred the soul in his bosom within him ;
 Swiftly they went through the crowd of the wide-spreading host of Achaia. 210
 But when they came where stood the yellow-haired Menelaos
 Wounded, while round him thickly thronged the best of the Grecians,
 And in the midst he stood, a man with a deity's presence ;
 Swift, from the close-fitting belt, he drew the pitiless arrow,
 And as he drew it forth he backward bended the sharp barbs ;
 Then he loosed the embroidered belt, and then, underneath it
 Both the tunic and plated belt, by the workers in brass, made.
 And when he saw the spot which the bitter arrow had stricken,
 Instant he sucked the blood, and sprinkled medicaments soothing
 Which to his father, Cheiron had given, as a token of friendship. 220

But while thus they were busied around the bold Menelaos,
 Forward moved to the war the bucklered ranks of the Trojans :
 Then they resumed their weapons once more, and remembered the battle.
 Then not at all like a slumberer seemed the great Agamemnon,

Nor did he fear the coming war, nor shrink from the combat ;
But most eager he was to rush to the glorious battle.

He dismissed his steeds and his car with brazen adornings ;
And behind him his charioteer held the swift-panting horses,
Eurumedon the son of Ptolemy Piräidéan.

And him he commanded to keep the chariot near him, 230
Lest fatigue should come o'er his limbs as the great host he ordered ;
And, on foot, he traversed through the ranks of the heroes ;
And when he saw the swift-horsed Greeks speeding on to the battle,
Then standing near, with encouraging words he addressed them :

“ Argives, nothing remit from your ancient strenuous valour,
“ Father Zeus will never be the protector of liars ;
“ But of those men who first the late made treaty have broken,
“ Surely of them the tender flesh shall be torn by the vultures ;
“ And we shall seize their wives beloved, and tenderest children,
“ And in our ships bear them off, when Troy we have giv'n to destruction.” 240

But if any shrinking he found from the terrible warfare,
These, with wrathful words, the king Agamemnon upbraided :

“ Ye Argive archers, cowards, are ye not ashamed ?
“ Why do ye thus in astonishment stand, like the fearfullest wild deer ?
“ Which, when weary they are, having traversed the wide-spreading champain,
“ Stand and gaze and, within their hearts, no courage remaineth ;
“ Thus ye seem in amazement to stand, nor prepare for the battle.
“ Do ye intend to await the Trojans swiftly advancing,
“ Where the well-pooped ships by the hoary ocean are standing,
“ That ye may see if protection ye'll gain from the hand of Kroníon ?” 250

Thus, commanding, he wended along through the ranks of the army ;
And to the Cretans he came as he passed through the throng of the heroes.
They, round Idomeneus the warlike, stood in their armour ;
Idomeneus, in strength like a boar, led the van of the conflict,
Meriones in the rear urged on the last ranks of the phalanx.
At the sight of these, rejoiced the king Agamemnon,
And soon, Idomeneus with gracious words, he saluted :

“ Idomeneus, I honour thee much 'mid the swift-coursered Grecians,

" Both in deeds of war, and in whatsoever thou doest,
 " As in the feast, when the best of the Greeks the wine are commingling
 " Darkly purple, and such as flows to the honour of heroes ; 261
 " Then, indeed, the rest of the long-haired sons of Achaia
 " Drink according to rule, but full, all the while, is thy goblet,
 " Full as mine own, and thou drinkest when thy fancy impels thee.
 " But haste thee now to the war as strong as, before, thou hast boasted."

Then thus Idomeneus, the chief of the Cretans, responded :

" Atreides, to thee I will be a faithful companion,
 " As before I have promised, and have my promise confirmèd ;
 " But do thou urge on the rest of the long-haired sons of Achaia,
 " That we may suddenly fight ;—since the Trojans have broken the treaty ;—
 " On them death and avenging woes will surely be waiting, 271
 " Since they have first transgressed the plighted terms of the contract."

Thus he spoke, and Atreides passed, and in heart was delighted.

Next the Aiantes he found as he went through the throng of the heroes ;
 Fully armed they stood ; and around was a cloud of foot soldiers.
 As from some peak a goat-herd sees a cloud in its rising,
 Surging over the sea 'neath the potent blast of the west wind,
 And to him, as he sees it afar, like to pitch is its blackness,
 As o'er the ocean it looms and brings on the rush of the whirlwind ;
 At that sight appalled he drives his flock to a cavern ; 280
 So the Aiantes around, of young men swift to the combat,
 Closely moved to the hostile war the mighty phalánxes*
 Dark, and bristling thick with blended bucklers and jav'lins,
 Then, them beholding, rejoiced the king Agamemnon,
 And, accosting them both, with wingèd words he addressed them :

" Aiantes, leaders of the brass-mailed sons of Achaia,
 " You I exhort not, for nought it needs, to encourage the soldiers,
 " For ye yourselves have incited your troops right strongly to battle.
 " Would, O father Zeus, Athenè too, and Apollon,
 " That such souls as yours were in every breast of Achaia ; 290

* The translator has ventured to place the accent of this word on the penultimate syllable, in order that the sound may more nearly resemble that of the Greek "φαλάγγες."

" Then full soon should bend the town of Priam the monarch,
 " Seized by our conquering hands, and o'erwhelmed in utter destruction."

Thus as he spoke he left them there and to others proceeded ;
 And to Nestor came, the smooth rhetorician of Pulos,
 Placing his comrades in order due, and exciting to combat,
 Round Pelagon the mighty, and Chromios too, and Alastor,
 Haimon too, the chief, and Bion shepherd of nations.
 First the horsemen he ranked with their rapid steeds and their war-cars,
 Then the foot he placed in the rear, both many and mighty,
 That they might be the bulwarks of war ; but the bad in the centre ; 300
 Whether they would or no, they were thus compelled to the battle.
 First he instructed the charioteers ; and to them gave commandment,
 Well to restrain their steeds, nor to be confused in the combat,
 " Nor let any, trusting in skill and strength as a horseman,
 " Eager be in the front, alone, to contend with the Trojans,
 " But let him keep his horses in hand, lest he weaken his comrades ;
 " And should a man from his chariot thrown approach to another,
 " Back be he forced with extended spear : for this will be better.
 " Thus by the chieftains of old both walls and cities were levelled,
 " While they kept this mind and heart in their bosoms heroic." 310

Thus the old man excited his bands, skilled of yore in the battle ;
 And, him beholding, rejoiced the king Agamemnon,
 And accosting him, thus with wingèd words he addressed him :

" Would, old man, that thy strength were as great as the soul in thy bosom,
 " And that thy knees were firm as of old, and thy prowess as mighty.
 " But old age, which is common to all, now weakens thy members ;
 " Would that some other man might be old, thou, rejuvenescent."

Him then answered again Gerenian Nestor the horseman :
 " Much could I wish, O Atreides, that I were now as I once was,
 " When Ereuthalion's noble form succumbed to my prowess ; 320
 " But the gods never, all things at once, bestow upon mortals ;
 " Then in my youth I was, but now old age doth possess me.
 " But, though old, 'mid the horsemen I'll stand, and still will exhort them,
 " With my advising words ; for this is the part of the aged.

" Other men must cast the spear who are younger than I am,

" Being later born, and confident yet in their prowess."

Thus he spoke, and Atreides passed, and in heart was rejoicing.

Next to these Menestheus he found, a queller of horses,

Standing ; while round him thronged the Athenians skilful in combat ;

And near him, as his neighbour, stood the sagacious Odusseus ;

330

Near them standing too were the strong Kephallenian heroes ;

For, not yet, to these had reached the shout of the battle,

Since but recently moved to war each strenuous phalanx

Of the steed-quellers of Troy and the Greeks ; these therefore were waiting

Till some other mass of the Greeks should advance toward the Trojans,

And begin the fatal works of the terrible conflict.

These, since their waiting he saw, the king Agamemnon upbraided,

And accosting them, thus with wingèd words he addressed them :

" O son of Peteus, a king by Zeus ever cherished,

" And thou, O skilled in the evil wiles, most subtle of mortals,

340

" Why do ye trembling abstain from war, and wait for your comrades ?

" You it had fitted well to advance with the first of the heroes,

" And in the foremost ranks to fight in the heat of the battle.

" Ye, among the first, to my feasts are ever invited,

" When the Greeks the banquet prepare for the best of the heroes ;

" Then ye love eating the roasted meats, and to quaff in the goblets

" Wine like honey sweet, till hunger and thirst are appeasèd.

" Now it would seem to please you if columns ten of the Grecians

" Were to fight, in the front of you, with the steel unrelenting."

Him then sternly beholding, replied the sagacious Odusseus :

350

" Atreides, what words are these which, thy mouth, are escaping ?

" How canst thou say that we shrink from war ? whene'er we Achaians,

" 'Gainst the Trojans tamers of steeds, rouse the terrible conflict,

" Thou shalt see that day, if thou do but care to behold us,

" The loved sire of Telemachos mix with the first of the Trojans

" Tamers of steeds ; but these thy words are as vain as the wild winds."

Smiling upon him, then replied the king Agamemnon,

When he perceived his wrath, and with different words he addressed him :

" Noble son of Laertes, thou most sagacious Odusseus,
 " Think not that I too strongly have spoken, exhorting to battle. 360
 " For full well I know thy mind, in thy bosom within thee,
 " Counsels well; and what thou think'st I also am thinking.
 " Wherefore let us, at a future day, adjust our contention ;
 " And if aught hath been spoken of wrong, may the gods make it harmless."

Speaking thus, he left those chiefs and proceeded to others.
 And he came to Tudeus' son, the fierce Diomedes,
 Standing his horses among, and the close-set ranks of his war-cars ;
 And, by his side, stood Kapaneus' offspring, Sthenelos mighty.
 Him, then beholding, the king Agamemnon upbraided ;
 And accosting them both, with wingèd words he addressed them : 370

" O me ! son of Tudeus, the warlike queller of horses,
 " Why dost thou fear, and gazest still through the ranks of the army ?
 " Not, in Tudeus, ever was found a like hesitation,
 " But he was prompt, his dear friends before, to contend with the foemen :
 " Thus they have said who his toils beheld ; for I never beheld them,
 " But men say that he far surpassed the rest of the heroes ;
 " Certainly he, without warlike means, once entered Mukeuè
 " As a guest, and with him came warlike Poluneikes,
 " Rousing the people to war 'gainst the sacred bulwarks of Thebè.
 " Much they the Greeks besought to give them noble companions. 380
 " And they were willing to give, and agreed to that which was asked for ;
 " But unpropitious was Zeus, and showed unfortunate tokens.
 " When they, therefore, departed, and on their journey had wended,
 " To Asópos they came, with reeds and grasses abounding ;
 " Thence to Thebes the Grecians sent as ambassador Tudeus ;
 " Onward he went, and found full many offsprings of Cadmos
 " Feasting beneath the roof of the palace Eteocleian.
 " Nought, though a stranger he was, then feared the horse-urger Tudeus,
 " Though alone he stood 'mid a host of the children of Cadmos ;
 " But to contention he challenged them all, and o'er all was the victor, 390
 " For he was mightily helped by the power of Pallas Athenè.
 " Wroth were the sons of Cadmos then, the spurrers of horses ;

" And, on his returning way, in ambush, lay hidden
 " Youthful warriors fifty full, and two were their leaders,
 " Maion the son of Haimon, in prowess like the immortals,
 " And great Autophon's heir, the stout in fight Lukophontes.
 " Tudeus, upon them all, inflicted death ignominious ;
 " All he slew, save one, and him to return he permitted ;
 " Maion he sent away, as by signs from above he was bidden.
 " Such was Aitolian Tudeus ; but he a son has begotten
 " Worse than himself in warlike fight, but better in council."—

400

Thus he spoke ; but no answer returned the strong Diomedes,
 For the rebuke he respected of most august Agamemnon.

But the son of glorious Kapaneus hasted to answer ;
 " Say not that which is false, well knowing true sentence to utter,
 " Atreides ;—we boast ourselves better far than our parents ;
 " For our arms subdued the city of Thebes, seven-gated,
 " Leading fewer troops 'gainst the bulwark sacred to Ares,
 " Trusting well to the signs of the gods and the aid of Kroníon ;
 " But our fathers gained the fatal reward of their rashness.
 " Wherefore quote not our fathers to me, as of equal distinction."

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Him then, sternly beholding, addressed the strong Diomedes :
 " Silence keep, my friend, and obey the word I am saying.
 " I blame not Agamemnon, the mighty shepherd of nations,
 " Stirring up to the fight the well-greaved sons of Achaia ;
 " For he will mighty glory obtain if ever the Grecians
 " Conquer the Trojans and take the sacred city of Ilion ;
 " Mighty, too, will be his woe if the Grecians are conquered.
 " But let us henceforth think alone of our strenuous valour."

Thus as he spoke, from his war-car he leapt all-armed, on the champain ;
 Dire, on the breast of the chief, his brazen armour resounded ;
 As he rushed to the war, e'en the brave might have feared to behold him.

421

As oft-times on the sounding shore, the wave of the ocean
 Rushes along, heaped up by the potent breath of the west wind,
 Far on the deep at first it towers, but shortly thereafter
 Dashing upon the shore it mightily roars, by the forelands

Swelling in heaps as it surges along, up-flinging the sea-spray ;
 So in masses moved along the hosts of Achaia
 Ever on to the war ; while, his people, each of the leaders
 Ordered upon their march, but they went in the uttermost silence, 430
 (Nor wouldst thou have thought that the host had voices within them,)
 In such stillness their chiefs they obeyed ; and, while onward they wended,
 Glittered the various armour with which they were clad, in their marching.
 But the Trojans, like sheep to some wealthy shepherd belonging,
 Which in mighty numbers stand and the white milk are yielding,
 And incessantly bleat as they hear the cry of the young lambs,
 Kept up a wild and irregular shout through the width of their army.
 Not of all was a single cry, nor united their language,
 But confused were their tongues as of men diversely assembled.
 These were by Ares impelled to the war, those by blue-eyed Athenè, 440
 Terror, too, and Fear, and Discord ceaselessly raging,
 Discord, of man-destroying Ares, the companion and sister,
 Little at first, she lifts herself up, but shortly thereafter
 Fixes her head in the heavens above, while on earth she is striding.
 She in the midst of both the hosts hurled common destruction,
 Stalking amid the crowd, and increasing the groans of the slaughtered.—

But, when the hosts advancing met in the midst of the champain,
 Then together were dashed shields, spears, and the strength of the heroes
 Armed in brazen mail, while ever each boss-bearing buckler
 One 'gainst the other clashed, and loud was the roar of the tumult. 450
 Then together arose the wail and the boast of the heroes
 Slaying and being slain, while the ground with the red blood was flowing.
 Like as the wintry torrents run down from the sides of the mountains
 And, in some narrow vale, their furious waters, commingle,
 Borne from their mighty sources to meet in the depths of the whirlpool,
 While on the mountains afar their roaring is heard by the shepherd ;
 So of the mingled hosts uprose the shouts and the wailings.

Antilochos was the first who, a Trojan warrior, slaughtered,
 Bold in the foremost ranks Echepolos, son of Thalasis,
 Him he struck on the crest of his helm with horsehair adorned, 460

And in the forehead he fixed the spear, which the bone penetrated
 With its brazen point ; on his eyes fell the mantle of darkness ;
 And he fell like a tower in the midst of the terrible combat.
 King Elephenor seized his foot as he fell on the war-plain,
 Son of Chalcodon, and the prince of the noble Abantes ;
 Eager the corse from the range of the darts he drew, that more swiftly
 He might despoil its arms, but his deed was of briefest duration.
 For noble-minded Agenor espied him dragging the carcass,
 And in his side, which, while he stooped, was unfenced by his buckler,
 Wounded him with his brass-pointed spear, and loosened his members: 470
 Thus from him departed his life, then dire was the combat
 O'er his corse, both of Trojans and Greeks ; who, fierce as the wolves are,
 Mutual rushed on each other, and chieftains by chieftains were slaughtered.

Next, the son of Anthemion, slew Telamonian Aias,
 Young and blooming in youth Simoeisios, whom erst his mother,
 Down from Ida descending, bore by the banks of Simöis,
 When with her parents she came to tend the herds of the cattle ;
 Wherefore he was Simoeisios called ; but he ne'er, to his parents
 Made return for their fostering care, for his life was the briefest,
 Falling beneath the spear of the great, magnanimous Aias, 480
 Who, as he onward marched, in his right breast planted the jav'lin,
 And the brazen spear behind him came through his shoulder ;
 Instant he fell on the dusty ground like a shadowy poplar,
 Which in the grassy glade has sprung of some wide-spreading meadow,
 Smooth in its bark, and whose boughs have grown to the uttermost summit,
 Which some chariot-maker has felled with the glittering iron,
 That he might form the bound of the wheel for a beautiful war-car,
 It then, withering all, is laid by the banks of the river :—
 Thus was Simoeisios spoiled by magnanimous Aias ;—
 Antiphos then, king Priam's son, clad in glittering armour, 490
 Aias strove to strike, through the crowd, with his sharp-pointed jav'lin.
 Him he missed, but Leucos he hit, a brave friend of Odusseus,
 In the groin, as stooping he dragged, towards the Grecians, the carcass ;
 Swift he fell that carcass near, and it fell from his hand-grasp.

Much was Odusseus wroth in mind for his slaughtered companion :
 And through the foremost ranks he went in his glittering armour.
 Still he stood, when near he came, and his bright spear he darted,
 Heedfully gazing around ; then back shrank the ranks of the Trojans
 As the hero threw ; for he launched no dart unavailing,
 Democöon he struck, the illicit offspring of Priam, 500
 Who from Abudos came, borne on by his swift-footed horses ;
 Him did the wise Odusseus, in wrath for the loss of his comrade,
 Strike with the spear on one temple, and through to the other it pierced him
 With its brazen point ; then death veiled his eyes with its darkness ;
 Loud was the sound of his fall and clanged his armour upon him ;
 Back receded the first in the fight, e'en glorious Hector.
 Loud the Argives shouted, and stripped the dead of their armour,
 And they forward rushed afar ; then wroth was Apollon
 Gazing forth from Troy, and with shouts he exhorted the Trojans :

“ On, ye Trojans tamers of steeds, yield not in the conflict 510
 “ To the Argive host ; their flesh is nor stony nor iron,
 “ That it unharmed may bear the flesh-tearing brass of your jav'lines.
 “ Nor does the bright-haired Thetis' son, the raging Achilleus,
 “ Combat now, but among the ships he nurses his anger.”

Thus, from the city, cried the terrible sun-god Apollon,
 And the most glorious daughter of Zeus, Pallas Tritogeneia,
 Wending amid the crowd, roused all that were faint to the battle.

Then Amarunkeides Dioces' fate overtook him ;
 Stricken he was with a rugged stone on the place of the ankle
 Of his dexter leg ; which the chief of the Thracian heroes, 520
 Peiros the son of Imbras, threw, who had journeyed from Ainos.
 Both the sinews and bone, by the pitiless stone's shock, were broken ;
 He in the dust fell backwards down stretching out to his comrades
 Both his hands the while his soul, from his breast, he was breathing ;
 Peiros then, who had struck him down, rushed fiercely upon him ;
 And through the navel thrust his spear ; in an instant his entrails
 Forth gushed out on the ground ; and death sealed his eyes with its darkness.

Him did Aitolian Thoas, as he rushed on, pierce with his jav'lin

In his bosom deep, and his lungs, by the spear, were transfixed ;
Close to him, as he fell, came Thoas and tore the fierce jav'lin 530
Forth from his breast, and swift he drew his sharp-edgèd falchion
And in the midst of his belly he struck, and destroyed his existence.
But his arms he could not seize, for his comrades around him,
Thracians shaggy-fronted, with their long spears, stood thick about him,
Who, though Thoas was great and strong and famous in battle,
Drove him before them ;—he, yielding ground, was borne backward.
Side by side thus stretched in the dust were two noble opponents :
One the chieftain of Thrace, and one of the brass-mailed Epeians,
And full many heroes were laid by the side of their chieftains.

Then that man would not have blamed the deeds of the warfare 540
Who, unscathed by darts, and by sharp swords not to be wounded,
Should through the midst have roved, while led by Pallas Athenè,
Holding his hand, and turning away the rush of the weapons.
For full many Trojans and Greeks, in that day's dreadful combat,
Prone in the dust were stretched by the wrathful hands of their foemen.

BOOK V.

THE ACTS OF DIOMEDES.

THEN on Tudeus' son, Diomedes, Pallas Athenè
Boldness and force bestowed, that he among the Achaïans
Might conspicuous be, and win illustrious glory.
So, on his helmet and shield, incessant flashes she kindled,
Like to that Autumnal star, most splendidly shining,
When it arises at eve fresh bathed in the waters of ocean ;
Such was the blaze she wrought round the shoulders and head of the hero ;
And she impelled him full in the midst where the mighty were thronging.

Wealthy and blameless, a man there was, in the town of the Trojans
Priest of Hephaistos ; two sons had he for his offspring, 10
Phegeus and Idaios, both well skilled in the battle ;
They in the front, their comrades before, rushed to meet Diomedes ;
They, with their war-car, came, while he on foot was attacking.
Then, when near they came against each other advancing,
Phegeus first, at Tudeides, cast his long-shadowed jav'lin,
O'er the left shoulder of Tudeus' son flew the point of the long spear,
Nor did it strike him at all ; then next, launched the brass-pointed jav'lin,
Tudeides, nor forth from his hand flew the dart unavailing,
Him, in the midst of his breast it struck, and cast down from the war-car.
Leapt down Idaios, the beautiful chariot leaving, 20
Nor did he dare to defend the slaughtered corse of his brother :
Nor even so to escape black death, could his haste have availed.
But that Hephaistos snatched him away concealèd in darkness,

Lest that the ancient man, his priest, should be utterly woeful.
 Then, their horses seized, the son of magnanimous Tudeus,
 And, to his comrades, gave to lead to the ships of the Grecians.
 When the magnanimous Trojans saw the offspring of Dares,
 One escaping from fight, and the other slain by his war-car,
 In each bosom the soul was moved ; then blue-eyed Athenè,
 Taking his hand, with these words addressed the impetuous Ares : 30

“ Ares, Ares, plague of mortals, bloodstained, destroyer of bulwarks,
 “ Can we not now permit the Trojans to war with the Grecians,
 “ And let each obtain the glory which Zeus may provide them,
 “ While we both retire and escape the wrath of Kronion ? ”

Speaking thus, from the battle she led the vehement Ares ;
 And she caused him to sit on the bank of the grassy Scamandros.
 Then did the Greeks put the Trojans to flight ; and every leader
 Slew his man, but first, the king of men Agamemnon,
 Hodios great, from his war-car threw, the Halizonian leader ;
 For, as he turned to flight, in his back the king plunged the sharp jav'lin 40
 Just his shoulders between, and out at his bosom he drove it ;
 Loud was the crash of his fall and the clang of his armour upon him.—

Idomeneus slew Phaistos then, the offspring of Mëon,
 Who to the war had come from the fertile region of Tarnè ;
 Him did Idomeneus, famed for the spear, with his long-shadowed jav'lin,
 Strike, as his war-car he climbed, and through the right shoulder he
 pierced him,

Back from the car he fell, and death's hideous darkness came o'er him.
 Then did Idomeneus' comrades spoil the corse of the vanquished.

Next was Strophios' son, Scamandrios, skilful in hunting,
 Slain by the piercing spear of Atreus' son, Menelaos, 50
 Excellent as a hunter was he ; for Artemis taught him
 Every creature to slay which the wood or the mountains supporteth.
 Artemis, who in arrows delights, then aided him nothing,
 Nor his skill in the distant dart which erst he had learnèd ;
 For then Atreus' son, the spear-renowned Menelaos,
 As he was flying from him afar, pierced his back with the jav'lin,

Just his shoulders between, and forth through his bosom he drove it.
Headlong he fell, and loud was the clang of his armour upon him.

Merion then Pheréclos slew, the son of the artist
Harmonides, who knew, with his hands, all fabrics to fashion, 60
For he was greatly beloved by the goddess, Pallas Athenè,
He 'twas who for Alexandros had built the well-balanced vessels,
Sources of ill, which, misery, brought to every Trojan,
And not less to him, for he knew not the dictates of heaven :
Him did Meriones, when near him he came in pursuing,
Strike through the right-hand hip with the spear, which outward before him
Near the bladder came 'neath the bone, with its terrible sharpness,
Shrieking he fell on his knees, and the darkness of death hovered round him.

Pedaïos was by Meges slain, the son of Antenor,
Who, though illicit, was heedfully reared by the lovely Theáno, 70
E'en as her lawful children dear ; for this pleased her husband ;
Him did Meges, spear-renowned, as near him he hastened,
Strike in the head at his helmet's back with the sharp-pointed jav'lin.
Through, to his teeth, beneath his tongue, cut the pitiless brass spear ;
Back in the dust he fell and bit the cold brass in his death pang.—

Eurupulos, Euaimon's son, slew the noble Hupsenor,
Great Dolopion's son, the priest of the river Scamandros,
Who not less in honour was held than a god by the people ;
Him did Eurupulos, the glorious son of Euaimon,
As from before him he fled, in mid course, strike on the shoulder 80
Smiting him with the sword ; and his powerful hand he dis severed ;
Down fell the bleeding hand on the plain ; and his eyes, at that instant,
Seized upon were by purple death and destiny cruel.—
Such was the toil of the hosts involved in terrible conflict.—

But thou would'st not have known which host was owned by Tudeides,
Whether for the Trojans he fought or for the Achaians ;
For through the plain he rushed like the flood of a river o'erflowing
Swollen with wintry rains which swift sweeps the mounds from before it ;
And whose assault to withstand the opposing mounds are all helpless,
Useless alike are the fences to save the ever-rich cornfields, 90

As it suddenly comes when the showers of Zeus are o'erwhelming,
And far before it the goodly works of the young men are scattered ;
Thus, by Tudeus' son, were driven the crowded phalánxes
Of the Trojan host, nor, though numerous, could they repel him.

Soon as he was perceived by the glorious son of Lucäon,
Rushing the field along, and driving the cohorts before him,
Instant he drew the crooked horns of his bow 'gainst Tudeides,
And he smote him, as on he rushed, with a shaft in his shoulder,
Where his breast-plate was hollow ; right through passed the point of the arrow
Bitter in wrath, and his shining mail was stained with the red blood ; 100
Then did loudly boast the glorious son of Lucäon :

" Rush on, ye Trojans magnanimous, urgers of horses ;
" For I have stricken the best of the Greeks, and well am persuaded
" That he cannot long endure the fierce-biting arrow,
" If indeed Apollon the king from Lukia sent me."

Thus cried he, boasting ; but the swift arrow slew not Tudeides,
And retreating awhile where the war-cars and horses were standing,
Still he stood, and to Sthenelos spoke, strong Kapaneus' offspring :
" Kind son of Kapaneus, now swiftly descend from the war-car,
" That thou the bitter arrow may'st draw which is fixed in my shoulder." 110

Thus he said ; and Sthenelos leapt to the earth from the war-car ;
Near him he stood, and forth he drew the sharp dart from his shoulder ;
Swiftly the blood gushed forth through the ringèd mail of his tunic.
Then did the great Diomedes pray, the valiant in battle :

" Hear me, unconquered daughter of Zeus who swayeth the Egis,
" And, if ever thy favour was giv'n to me or my father,
" In the warlike strife, now succour me, Pallas Athenè,
" Give me to reach with my spear and to slay the man who has hurt me,
" Who took me unawares in the strife, and now boastingly vaunteth,
" Saying that I no longer shall gaze on the sun in its brightness." 120

Thus spake he praying ; and was heard by Pallas Athenè,—
Swift his limbs, to be light, she made, his hands and feet strength'ning,
And, while she near him stood, with wingèd words, she addressed him :

" Be thou valiant now to fight with the host of the Trojans ;

" For, in thy bosom, I have infused the strength of thy father,
 " Fearless, such as possessed the shield-shaking Tudeus the horseman ;
 " And from thine eyes the darkness I've ta'en which erst has possessed them
 " That you may well perceive in fight both men and immortals.
 " Wherefore if any god shall hither come to attempt thee,
 " Do not thou with the other gods commingle in battle ; 130
 " But, if the daughter of Zeus, the goddess fair Aphroditè,
 " Come to the war, with the sharp-pointed brass be it thy part to wound her."

Thus having spoken, departed thence the blue-eyed Athenè.
 Instantly Tudeides rushed on 'mid the foremost in battle,
 And, though before he was ardent in mind to contend with the Trojans,
 Now a threefold strength possessed him, like as a lion
 Which in the field a shepherd has struck 'mid the sheep of the thick fleece,
 As he o'erleapt the fold, but has not prevailed to destroy him,
 But has only aroused his might, nor more has repelled him,
 But has escaped to the fold, while the terrified sheep are deserted ; 140
 They in heaps upon heaps, o'er one another are slaughtered,
 And he, in vehement ire, leaps forth from the depth of the sheep-fold ;
 Fiercely thus 'mid the Trojans flew the strong Diomedes.

Then slew he Astunöös, and Hupeiron shepherd of nations,
 One in the breast he struck with the brazen point of his jav'lin,
 One on the collar bone, with the sway of his terrible falchion ;
 Sheer from the neck and back, with the stroke, he the shoulder divided.
 Them he left ; and pursued Abantes and Polueidos,
 Sons of Eurudamas the ancient teller of visions ;
 But ere they came to the war, the sage no visions consulted ; 150
 Both were slain and their armour spoiled by the strong Diomedes.
 Then after Xanthos he rushed, and Thöon the children of Phainops,
 Born to him both in his age ; for by drear old age he was burdened,
 Nor to him was another son born to inherit his riches.
 Both of them he smote, and of their dear life he deprived them ;
 And, to their father, woe he left and desolate mourning,
 When he no more might receive his sons safe back from the combat ;
 Soon the collateral heirs the inheritance parted among them.

Next he slew two sons of Priamos Dardanidéan,
 Who in a single chariot rode, Chromios and Echemon. 160
 Like as a lion, the herds among, tears the neck of a heifer,
 Or of an ox, as they browse on the shrubland surrounding the pasture :
 Thus both Tudeides struck down from the height of their war-car,
 Sorely against their will, and despoiled their beautiful armour ;
 And to his comrades their horses he gave, to lead to the shipping.

Him when Aineias saw, as he scattered the ranks of the heroes,
 Swift he went through the fight and the rushing sound of the jav'lins,
 Seeking the godlike chieftain Pandaros, if he might find him.
 Soon he found Lucäon's son, the strong and the famous ;
 And when near him he stood, with words like these he addressed him :— 170

“ Pandaros, where is thy bow and where are thy fleet wingèd arrows ?
 “ And thy archer fame ? in which none here is thine equal,
 “ Nor e'en in Lukia does any man boast to excel thee ;
 “ Come, 'gainst yon hero an arrow send, thy hands first upraising
 “ Toward the throne of Zeus, whoe'er he may be who is wreaking
 “ Vengeance upon the Trojans and loosing the knees of our heroes.—
 “ Unless he some deity prove who is wroth with the Trojans
 “ For sacrifice unpaid ; since dread is the ire of immortals.”

Him then answered again the glorious son of Lucäon :—
 “ Aineias, leader of the brass-mailed host of the Trojans, 180
 “ I, yon hero, believe to be the mighty Tudeides,
 “ Knowing him well by his shield and the form of his high-crested helmet,
 “ And by his horses ; if he's more than mortal, I know not.
 “ But if he be, as I think, the magnanimous offspring of Tudeus,
 “ Surely he rages not thus without some god, some one near him
 “ Of the immortals stands, with his shoulders wreathed in a thick cloud,
 “ Who from him still turns away the swift flying arrow ;
 “ For already a shaft I have sent which struck on his shoulder,
 “ And piercèd right through the hollow side of his breast-plate,
 “ And full well I deemed to Aidoneus' hall I had sent him ; 190
 “ Yet did I slay him not ; for some god with me is displeasèd.
 “ And no horses have I, nor chariot, which I might mount in ;

" Yet eleven war-cars stand in the halls of Lucäon,
 " Beautiful, new, of newest form, and their coverings, round them,
 " Full in folds, and near to each two double-yoked horses
 " Stand and consume the while the whitest oats and the barley.
 " Much did counsel me, the ancient chieftain, Lucäon,
 " Ere I came away, in his palace deftly adorned,
 " Much he bade me ascend the car, and, borne by the horses,
 " Onward to lead the Trojan bands in the strenuous conflicts. 200
 " But I obeyed not his voice, though better for me were obedience,
 " Sparing the horses lest for them due forage were wanting,
 " When the Trojans were shut in their walls, for their wonted free pasture,
 " So I left them behind, and on foot, to Ilion, I've wended,
 " Putting my trust in my bow ; which was but to profit me little.
 " Two of the best of the Greeks already I've hit with mine arrows,
 " Tudeides and Atreides ; and from both of the heroes
 " Have I drawn visible blood with my shafts ; not to kill, but incense them.
 " Certainly, in an evil hour, did I reach down the curved bow,
 " In that day when I marched to the pleasant city of Ilion 210
 " Leading the Trojans on, bringing gladness to Hector the noble :
 " But should it e'er be mine to return to the land of my country,
 " And with these eyes to see my wife and my lofty-roofed palace,
 " Then may some warrior strange cut off my head from my shoulders,
 " If, in the shining fire, I thrust not this bow when 'tis broken
 " By my indignant hands ; for to me its assistance is worthless."

Then to him did Aineias reply, the chief of the Trojans :—
 " Say not so, nor shall by thy hands the good bow be broken,
 " Ere we on yonder hero charge with our horses and war-car,
 " And with our arms against him come and make proof of his powers. 220
 " Swiftly now my chariot ascend, that by thee may be noted
 " What the Trojan horses are, broken well to the battle,
 " Swiftly hither and thither to rush, or as swiftly retreating ;
 " They to the city will bear us safe away from the combat,
 " If that Zeus the glory give to the mighty Tudeides,
 " Come, do thou take the scourge and the reins with ornaments shining

“ While I myself the war-car ascend and engage in the combat.
 “ Or do thou with Tudeides fight while I drive the fleet horses.”

Him then thus answered the glorious son of Lucäon :—

“ Do thou, Aineias, take the reins and rule thine own horses ; 230
 “ Better by far will the war-car be drawn 'neath the driver accustomed,
 “ If it be our lot to fly from the fierce Diomedes ;
 “ Lest they in fear should wildly rush, nor truly be willing
 “ Us to bear from the war away if they hear not thine accents ;
 “ And the son of magnanimous Tudeus, having attacked us,
 “ Shall slay us both, perchance, and bear off the round-footed horses ;
 “ Then do thou thyself drive on thy steeds and thy war-car,
 “ And be it mine to receive his force on the point of my sharp spear.”

Thus having spoken, the glittering car they ascended,
 And 'gainst Tudeides amain they urged the swift-footed horses ; 240
 Them did Sthenelos mark, the famed Kapaneian offspring ;
 Instantly then, these wingèd words, he spoke to Tudeides :—

“ Tudeus' son, Diomedes, to me most dear of Achaians,
 “ I two heroes espy who are hasting to meet thee in battle,
 “ And are possessed of unmeasured strength, one the excellent bowman
 “ Pandaros, he who glories in being the son of Lucäon ;
 “ And Aineias, the son of the mighty-hearted Anchises,
 “ Who for his mother boasts the goddess fair Aphroditè :
 “ Come then, in our war-car retreat, nor thus from me straying
 “ Rage through the foremost ranks, lest thou be of thy dear life deprived.” 250

Him then, with countenance stern, addressed the strong Diomedes :
 “ Counsel me not to flight, for to that thou wilt never persuade me ;
 “ I was not born to shrink afar from the heat of the combat,
 “ Nor to tremble in war ; for as yet my strength is unaltered.
 “ Loath am I the car to ascend, but just as I now stand
 “ I will meet yon pair ; for Athenè forbids me to tremble.
 “ But they both shall never be borne by their swift-footed horses
 “ From my hand, if either, indeed, of the twain shall escape me.
 “ And I tell thee a thing, and do thou in thy bosom retain it,—
 “ If to me Athenè the wise shall proffer the glory 260

" To o'ercome them both, do thou, our swift-footed horses
 " Here detain, having fastened the reins to the rail of the war-car ;
 " And be thou mindful to rush on the glorious steeds of Aineias,
 " And from the Trojans to bring them afar 'mid the well-greaved Achaians ;
 " For of that race they are which, by Zeus the widely-resounding,
 " Were presented to Tros as the price of his son Ganumedes ;
 " Wherefore the best of horses they are which the moon and the sun see.
 " And this race was stol'n by Anchises, monarch of heroes,
 " Who, by stealth, to Laomedon's steeds, his mares introducing,
 " Caused, at his palace, six to be born of these excellent coursers ; 270
 " Four of these he retained and fostered with care at the manger,
 " And those two to Aineias he gave, well-skilled in the warfare ;
 " And, if on them we can seize, we shall gain illustrious glory."

Such were the words these chieftains spoke with each other conversing :
 Soon the Trojan pair came near, urging on their swift horses,
 And, to Tudeides, spoke the glorious son of Lucäon :

" Brave and warlike chief, thou son of illustrious Tudeus,
 " Since that my swift and bitter shaft has failed to destroy thee,
 " Now will I try the spear, if that may avail to thy conquest."

Thus he spoke, and poised and threw his long shadowed jav'lin, 280
 And on the shield of Tudeides he struck ; and the point of the brass spear,
 Driving through the shield, attained the breast-plate beneath it.
 Then right loudly did shout the glorious son of Lucäon :—

" Stricken thou art in the flank all through, nor can I believe thee,
 " Long to endure the blow ; mighty glory to me thou hast given."

Him, then undismayed, thus answered the strong Diomedes :
 " Missed me thou hast, not hit ; nor do I believe that you heroes
 " Will from this strife desist ere the blood of one of you fallen
 " Shall appease the mighty Ares, the invincible war-god."

Thus as he spoke, he hurled his spear, which Athenè directed, 290
 'Twixt the nose and eye and through the white teeth it rushed downward,
 And, through the point of his tongue, fierce cut the weapon unstaying,
 And, at his chin, beneath issued forth the point of the brass spear ;
 Down from the war-car he fell ; loud clanged his armour upon him,

Beautiful, various gleaming ; perturbed were the swift-footed horses,
 While from him both life and strength were loosened for ever.
 But Aineias rushed on with his buckler and long-reaching jav'lin,
 Fearing lest the corse should be ta'en by the sons of Achaia.
 Round it he stalked, in confident strength, with the mien of a lion,
 And, before him, his spear he held, and the round of his buckler, 300
 Eager to slay the man whoe'er should dare to attack him,
 Terribly shouting the while ; but a stone, uplifted Tudeides,
 In his hand, a mighty weight, which two men might not lift
 Such as men are now ; he alone right easily shook it.
 With it Aineias he struck on the hip at the part where the strong thigh
 Is in the hip inserted ; the part whose name is the socket ;
 And the socket it broke, and both the tendons around it ;
 Torn by the rough stone was the skin ; and the hero Aineias
 Falling upon his knees, propped up his form with his strong hand,
 Leaning on earth, while around his eyes night's darkness was glooming. 310
 Soon then Aineias, king of men, had met his destruction,
 But that him swiftly regarded the daughter of Zeus, Aphroditè,
 Who with Anchises did wed as he tended the herds of the oxen ;
 Round the frame of her son so dear, her white arms she extended :
 And to protect his form she spread the folds of her bright veil,
 For a defence from the darts, lest one of the swift-coursered Grecians,
 Striking within his breast the brass, of his life should deprive him.
 Thus her own dear son, Aphroditè bore from the battle.
 Nor was Kapaneus' son of that commandment forgetful
 Which, before the fight, he received from the brave Diomedes. 320
 But he restrained, from the tumult afar, his round-footed horses,
 Fixing the reins to the rail which arose in front of the war-car,
 Then rushing onward, he led the beautiful steeds of Aineias
 With the flowing manes, 'mid the well-greaved sons of Achaia,
 And he gave them to Dëipulos, his cherished companion,—
 Whom most of all his comrades he loved, for their minds were accordant,—
 To lead away to the hollow ships ; while Sthenelos hasting,
 His own war-car ascended, and seized the reins ornamented ;

And he impelled the strong-hoofed steeds to seek for Tudeides ;
 He, the while, fair Aphroditè pursued with the pitiless jav'lin, 330
 Knowing that she was a goddess weak, unlike those immortals
 Who, with commanding power, interfere in the battles of heroes,
 Not like Athenè, or the city-destroying Enúo.*

When, after seeking far through the mighty crowd, he had found her,
 Then stretched out his spear the son of magnanimous Tudeus,
 And just touched her delicate hand with the sharp-pointed weapon,
 Through the skin it passed, and through that veil which the Graces
 Wove themselves, ambrosial woof, and her fair palm it wounded ;
 Swift from the wound poured forth the immortal blood of the goddess,
 Ichor, such blood as fills the veins of the blessèd immortals ; 340
 Who consume not the food of men, nor, the dark-coloured wine, drink ;
 Wherefore bloodless they are, and bear the name of immortals.
 Shrill, at the stroke, she shrieked, and dropped the form of her offspring ;
 Whom in his hands snatched up the might of Phoibos Apollon
 In a darkling cloud, lest one of the swift-coursèred Grecians
 Striking within his bosom the brass, of life should deprive him.
 Then to her loudly cried Diomedes brave in the conflict :

“ Hence, O daughter of Zeus, depart from the war and the battle ;
 “ Is't not enough for thee to deceive the weakness of women ?
 “ But if thou still wilt meddle with war, full soon it will happen 350
 “ That thou wilt dread its very name whene'er thou shalt hear it.”

Thus he spoke ; she departed in grief, for greatly she suffered.
 Swift-footed Iris, taking her hand, led her forth from the combat,
 Much distressed with her pain, for her beautiful skin was grown livid.
 Then, in the left of the battle, she found the impetuous Ares,
 Sitting ; the while in darkness were hid his spear and fleet horses ;
 Then on her knees she fell at the feet of her much-beloved brother,
 And requested him greatly to lend his gold-frontleted coursers :

“ Help me now, my brother dear, and lend me thy horses,
 “ That I may wend to Olumpos' peak, the home of immortals ; 360
 “ Great is the pain of the wound on me by a mortal inflicted,

* Enúo—the Bellona of the Latin mythology.

"Tudeides, who would not shun great Zeus in the combat."

Thus she spoke ; and Ares lent the gold-frontleted horses ;
 She to the car ascended swift, in her spirit tormented,
 By her Iris ascended the car and laid hold on the bright reins,
 Then with the scourge she impelled the steeds, that fled willingly upward,
 Instant they came to the seat of the gods, the lofty Olumpus ;
 Then, from their course, restrained the steeds, the fleet-footed Iris,
 And from the car she loosed them and gave ambrosial forage.
 Then at her mother's feet fell down the divine Aphroditè,
 Who was Dióne named ; she clasped in her arms her fair daughter,
 Soothing her with her hand, then spoke, and these were her accents :

370

"Who to thee, daughter dear, of the gods who inhabit the heaven
 "Rashly hath done this harm, as if thou in some wrong wert detected?"

Then to her answer made the smile-loving Aphroditè ;
 "Tudeus' son hath wounded me thus, the bold Diomedes,
 "For that I rescued my son so dear from the danger of battle,
 "Aineias, who than all things more by me is belovèd.
 "Now no more glows the dreadful strife 'twixt the Greeks and the Trojans,
 "But the fierce Danaoi will fight with the very immortals."

380

Then made answer to her Dióne, the beautiful goddess :
 "Patient be, my child, and endure although thou art angry.
 "Much do we who dwell in the lofty homes of Olumpus
 "Suffer from men, when we with dire woes afflict one another.
 "Ares was forced to endure, when Otos and strong Ephialtes,
 "Sons of Aloeus, him bound in their terrible fetters.
 "Thirty and three long months he lay in their brazen prison ;
 "And, perchance, then Ares had died, the insatiate war-god,
 "But that his mother-in-law thrice beautiful Eeriboia
 "Told to Hermeias his woe ; him Hermeias stole from the prison
 "Almost spent, for the bitter chain had well-nigh subdued him.
 "Herè suffered too when the mighty Amphitruon's offspring
 "Struck her right breast with the bitter point of a three-barbèd arrow,
 "Then indeed the goddess was seized by unbearable anguish.
 "Suffered among the rest, vast Aidoneus the swift-flying arrow,

390

" When that man, the son of Zeus who swayeth the Egis,
 " At the gate of the realms of the dead, with his shaft worked him anguish ;—
 " (Swift he sought the palace of Zeus and the lofty Olumpus,
 " Grieving in heart and with torments wrung, for the pitiless arrow
 " In his mighty shoulder was fixed, and his soul was tormenting ; 400
 " Him did Païéon cure, his pain-quelling medicines sprinkling,
 " For no mortal was he that his life by death might be quenched ;)—
 " Rash and audacious, who shrank not from impious actions,
 " Who, with his bow, afflicted the gods who inhabit Olumpus.
 " But this man was urged by the goddess blue-eyed Athenè :
 " Mad that he is, nor knows, in his mind, the offspring of Tudeus,
 " That he never liveth long who fights the immortals,
 " Nor do his children, his knees around, salute him as father,
 " When he returns from the war and the scenes of the terrible conflict.
 " Then let Tudeides, although he is mighty in battle, 410
 " Take good heed lest a stronger than he one day come against him ;
 " And lest Aigialeia the wise, the child of Adrastus,
 " Wailing in wildest woe should arouse from sleep her domestics,
 " Much desiring to see her lord, the best of the Grecians,—
 " The majestic dame of the tamer of steeds, Diomedes."

Thus she spoke and wiped away the fast-flowing ichor ;
 Healed at once was the hand and the stinging torments appeased.
 Then, while they looked on the pair, both Herè and Pallas Athenè
 With despiteful words began to give Zeus provocation ;
 And thus her speech commenced the goddess, blue-eyed Athenè : 420

" Father Zeus, why shouldst thou be wroth with what I am saying ?
 " Certainly Kupris persuading has been some girl of Achaia
 " For her lord a Trojan to seek, for she doats on the Trojans,
 " And while the shoulder she patted of one of the fair-veiled Achaians,
 " She, with the tongue of the golden clasp, has torn her fair fingers."

Thus she spoke ; then smiled the sire of men and immortals,
 Golden Aphroditè he called, and thus he addressed her :

" Not to thee, my child, are given the deeds of the battle ;
 " Thou must rather preside o'er the sweet proceedings of marriage ;

“ Leave then the war to the rapid Ares and Pallas Athenè.”

430

Such was the converse which these deities held with each other.

But, the while, on Aineias rushed the fierce Diomedes,
Though he knew that he lay 'neath the hands of protecting Apollon ;
But he feared not that mighty god, but ever rushed onward,
That he might slay Aineias and strip off his beautiful armour.
Thrice with fury he charged in his wild desire to destroy him,
Thrice, his shining shield, fierce struck the hand of Apollon ;
Once again he came on amain, like a god in his anger,
But, with a dreadful voice, thus spake far-darting Apollon :

“ Tudeus' son, bethink thee, retreat, nor against the immortals

440

“ Deem that thou canst prevail, for different far is the nature

“ Of the men who tread the earth and the mighty immortals.”

Thus he spoke, and Tudeus' son for a brief space retreated,
That he might shun the wrath of the distant-darting Apollon ;
Then did Apollon Aineias bear afar from the conflict,
And, in his temple high in sacred Pergamos, placed him ;
There did both Leto and Artemis lover of arrows,
Cure him amid the spacious fane, and to beauty restore him.
Then a phantom made, the silver-bow-god, Apollon,
Like to Aineias in form and shape and alike in his armour ;
And this semblance around, the Trojans and noble Achaians
Smote on each other's breasts the orbèd bucklers of bull's hide
And the lighter shields, as they strove in the vehement conflict.
Then did Phoibos Apollon speak to impetuous Ares :

450

“ Ares, bane of men, bloodstained, destroyer of bulwarks,
“ Canst thou not, with thy might, yon hero chase from the battle,
“ Tudeides, he who would dare great Zeus to the combat ?
“ First on the wrist he has dared to wound the queen Aphroditè,
“ And now against e'en me has he rushed, like a god in his fury.”

Thus having spoken, again he sat in Pergamos lofty ;
While pernicious Ares urged on the ranks of the Trojans,
In form like Acamas the swift-footed lord of the Thracians ;
Thus he spoke to Priam's sons, by Zeus ever cherished :

460

" O sons of Priamos, the king by Zeus ever cherished,
 " How long your people to slay, will ye suffer the sons of Achaia?
 " Will ye permit their advance to the well-built gates of the city?
 " Fallen is a hero whom we equally honoured with Hector,—
 " Aineias the son of the mighty-hearted Anchises ;
 " Come, let us our brave comrade save from the tumult of battle."

Speaking thus, he the spirit aroused and the strength of each hero. 470
 Then did Sarpedon upbraid the glorious Hector :

" Hector, where is that valour gone which once thou possessedst?
 " Thou heretofore hast boasted to keep the town of the Trojans
 " Solely, without allies, by the aid of thy kin and thy brethren ;
 " But, as I gaze through the battle, unseen are thy brethren and kinsmen,
 " And they are trembling all like dogs when a lion is near them ;
 " But we auxiliars, this day, are sustaining the conflict.
 " I myself, an auxiliar chief, have come from a distance,
 " From far off Lukia, by the banks of the eddying Xanthos,
 " Where I have left my much-loved wife and my son in his childhood, 480
 " And my possessions great, the envy of all who are needy ;
 " Yet being thus, I, my people exhort, and am willing, in person,
 " With this chief to contend ; though to me it signifies nothing
 " Whatsoe'er of spoil is ta'en by the host of Achaia.
 " But thou standest still ; nor e'en commandest to others
 " To resist the Achaian host, our consorts defending.
 " Then give heed lest thou and thine, as if in a wide net
 " Taken, now become a prey in the hands of the foemen ;
 " And they quickly destroy the well-peopled town of the Trojans.
 " These things, night and day, should be thy theme of reflection, 490
 " That thou mayst prevail on the chiefs thou hast called from a distance
 " Willingly with the foe to contend, and abstain from reproaches."

Thus spoke Sarpedon, and his words stung the bosom of Hector :
 Instantly down to the earth, all armed, from his war-car he bounded ;
 Shaking his spears, through the army he went, and exhorted to battle ;
 And with his words he aroused again the terrible conflict,
 Then did the Trojans turn from flight and face the Achaians,

While the Argives compacted, remained, nor dreaded the combat.
 As when the wind bears off the chaff from the threshing-floor sacred,
 When men are winnowing corn, and when the yellow Demeter,* 500
 Separates, 'neath the rustling wind, the corn from the vile chaff,
 As then the heaps of chaff are whitened, so the Achæians
 White became with the dust, which now, in the midst of the army,
 Rose to the brazen heaven from the hoofs of the swift-footed horses,
 As they returned to the war ; while the charioteers turned them backward.
 Straight they advanced their mighty bands ; while Ares o'er the battle
 Poured thick darkness around, affording aid to the Trojans,
 Ranging throughout the host : and well he obeyed the directions
 Which by the god of the golden sword were giv'n, who commanded
 Him to arouse the Trojans' hearts, when he saw that Athenè 510
 From the field was departing, who gave great aid to the Grecians ;
 Then did Apollon, Aineias send from the costly recesses
 Of his fane, and strength he gave to that shepherd of nations.

Then did Aineias stand in the midst of his comrades rejoicing
 That again they saw him alive and sound in the battle,
 And possessing his wonted strength, but they questioned him nothing ;
 For that toil possessed them all which was roused by Apollon,
 Ares the bane of men, and Eris ceaselessly raging.
 Then the Aiantes twain, and Odusseus, and Diomedes,
 Fiercely exhorted the Greeks to war ; nor did the three heroes 520
 Either fear, in their hearts, the force or the cry of the Trojans.
 Still they remained as the gathered clouds which the mighty Kronion
 In some calm day heaps up high on the peaks of the mountains,
 Motionless, when the furious might of Boreas sleepeth,
 And the rest of the rushing winds have sunk into slumber,
 Which, when they blow, are wont to drive the shadowy vapours,
 Scattering them o'er the heavens afar with the breath of their shrillness.
 Motionless thus the Greeks remained, nor shrank from the conflict.
 Then, through the host, Atreides went, and loud he commanded :

" Now be men, my friends, and take inexhaustible courage, 530

* The Ceres of the Latins.

“Fearing each other’s blame as ye mix in the strenuous conflict ;
“They, who fear the disgrace of flight, right seldom are slaughtered ;
“But the retreating cowards gain nor glory nor succour.”

Thus as he spoke, his spear he flung ; and it piercèd a chieftain,
Deicöon was his name, a friend of great-hearted Aineias,
Son of Pergasos he, whom the Trojans equally honoured
With the sons of Priam, for he was most prompt for the battle ;
Him, on his buckler, struck with the spear, the king Agamemnon ;
It availed not the lance to stay, which pierced through and through it,
And to the groin through the belt it flew, transfixing the hero. 540
Loud was the sound of his fall and the clang of his armour upon him.

Then did Aineias also slay two chiefs of the Grecians,
Orsilochos and Krethon, called the sons of Diocles,
In well-built Pherè their ancient sire had his dwelling,
Rich was he in goods, and his race was sprung from the river
Alpheios, which widely flows through the region of Pulos.
He begat Orsilochos, the chief o’er many a hero ;
Orsilochos begat the mighty minded Diocles ;
And to Diocles were born at a birth two twin-brothers famous,
Orsilochos and Krethon, skilled in all methods of warfare. 550
They, in the bloom of their youth, came on, in the dark coloured vessels
With the Argive chiefs to Ilion, famed for its horses,
Seeking from Atreus’ sons Agamemnon and Menelaos
Honour, but there their deadly fate did veil them for ever.

As two young lions among the tops of the mountains
Nourished have been by their dam in the deep abodes of the wild wood ;
And have carried away the well-fattened sheep and the oxen,
Plundering greedy the folds of men, until that those fierce ones
By the hands of men were slain with the sharp-pointed javelin,—
Thus those twain, subdued beneath the hands of Aineias, 560
Fell to the earth like two lofty pines struck down by the woodman.
Pitied them as they fell Menelaos bold in the conflict ;
And, to the front of the fight, he rushed in his glittering armour,
Shaking his spear ; while Ares excited his heart for the battle,

Hoping that he might fall beneath the hands of Aineias.—

Him Antilochos saw, the son of magnanimous Nestor,
And to the front he went, for he feared for the shepherd of nations,
Lest he should suffer death and make vain the toils of the Grecians ;
Then that twain their hands and spears held ready for combat,
Sharp were the spears and eager the chiefs to engage in the battle. 570
But Aineias awaited them not, though prompt for the combat,
When he saw the heroes twain standing close to each other.
Then they the carcasses drew amid the host of the Grecians,
And those wretched corpses they left in the hands of their comrades,
While they returned again to fight in the front of the battle.

Then, Palaimenes, they slew, the equal of Ares,
Chief of the noble Paphlagonians, bearers of bucklers.
Him did Atreus' son, the spear-renowned Menelaos,
Wound on the collar-bone, as he stood, with the point of his jav'lin.
Antilochos struck Medon brave who guided his war-car, 580
Valiant Atumniades (while he turned back the round-footed horses),
With a stone, his elbow near, then down, from his hand-grasp,
Fell the reins with ivory white, in the dust of the champain.
Then, with the sword, Antilochos smote him full on the temples ;
And he, gasping, fell amain from the beautiful war-car,
Headlong the dust among on the front of his head and his shoulders.
There was he fixed for a while, for deep was the sand where he lighted,
Till the bounds of his steeds struck him down in the dust of the battle.
Them did Antilochos lead amid the host of the Grecians.
These, through the ranks, did Hector see, and came rushing upon them, 590
Shouting aloud, and with him came the troops of the Trojans,
With them came the fierce Ares and terrific Enúo ;
She bringing with her along the tumult dire of the battle ;
Ares the while an enormous spear in his hand-grasp was shaking ;
And sometimes before Hector he went and sometimes behind him.

Shuddered, beholding the god, Diomedes, bold in the conflict,
Like to some hapless man who, passing a far-stretching champain,
Stands on the brink of some mighty stream as it rushes to ocean,

And recoils from the sight of the foam and the sound of its roaring ;
 Thus did Tudeides recoil from Ares, and thus spoke to the army : 600

“ Friends, it is not strange that at noble Hector we wonder,
 “ And account him a spearman good and a valiant soldier,
 “ For to him still some god is near from harm to defend him,
 “ And now by him Ares stands in the form of a mortal.
 “ Wherefore let us retreat, with our faces turned to the Trojans,
 “ Nor with the gods be we rash enough to join in the conflict.”

Thus he spoke ; and with speed the Trojans hurried upon them.
 Then two chieftains, skilled in fight, were slaughtered by Hector,
 As in one car they rode, Anchialos, also Menestheus.
 Pitied them as they fell the great Telamonian Aias ; 610
 Near to the foe he stood and darted his glittering jav'lin,
 And Amphion, Selagos' son he struck, who in Paisos,
 Rich in goods and in corn, had birth ; whom fate had conducted
 To the aid of Priam to march, and the children of Priam ;
 He through the belt was struck by the great Telamonian Aias,
 And, low down in the groin, was fixed the long-shadowed jav'lin ;
 Loud was the sound of his fall ; on rushed illustrious Aias
 Eager to spoil his arms ; but the Trojans showered upon him
 Sharp and glittering spears ; full many were caught by his buckler.
 He then, setting his heel on the dead, drew forth the brass jav'lin, 620
 But he could not avail to strip the beautiful armour
 From the corse ; for hindered he was by the darts of the foemen ;
 For he feared the gathering fierce of the high-minded Trojans
 Who, both many and brave, with their spears in their hands, came upon him,
 And, although he was huge in bulk, and mighty, and famous,
 Drove him before them ; and, by force compelled, he retreated.

Thus did both armies toil on in the strenuous conflict.
 Then did violent fate, Tlepolemos, son of Heracles,
 A brave man and a strong, prompt to fight with the godlike Sarpedon.
 And when near they came, against each other advancing, 630
 Son and grandson both of Zeus, who driveth the storm-cloud,
 First spoke Tlepolemos, and these were the words which he uttered :

"What need is there for thee, the adviser of Lukia's people,
 "Sarpedon, to tremble here unskilled in the battle?
 "Liars call thee the son of Zeus who swayeth the Egis,
 "But thou art far from possessing the might of those eminent heroes
 "Who derive their race from Zeus 'mong the earliest mortals;
 "But what a man was my father, called the famous Heracles,
 "Strong in battle, and with a heart-like the heart of a lion!
 "Who once came hither for the cause of Laomedon's coursers,
 "And with six ships alone, and their little burden of heroes,
 "Laid in dust the Trojan town and its thoroughfares emptied.
 "Thou hast the mind of a coward, thy people are dying around thee,
 "Nor could thy force the Trojans aid e'en if thou wert a brave man;
 "Go then, conquered by me, and pass through the portals of Hades."

640

Him did Sarpedon the chief of the Lukians answer:
 "Tlepolemos, thy sire did, sacred Ilion, conquer,
 "Through the fault of its king Laomedon, famous in story,
 "Who, with evil deeds, requited his noble deservings,
 "And denied him the coursers for which he had come from a distance.
 "But I tell thee, here black death and fate will await thee;
 "And that thou, succumbing beneath the stroke of my jav'lin,
 "Wilt give glory to me, but thy soul to the steed-famed Aidoneus."

650

Thus spoke Sarpedon; and Tlepolemos lifted his ash spear,
 And in one instant both jav'lins flew from the hands of the heroes;
 Then Sarpedon's spear in the midst of the neck was infixèd,
 And its painful point passed through and appeared on the far side;
 And the night of Erebus fell on his eyelids for ever.
 Tlepolemos, with his long spear, struck the left thigh of Sarpedon,
 And its forceful point rushed on till the deep bone was stricken;
 But his father Zeus, the fate impending, averted.

660

Then was Sarpedon borne away by his glorious comrades
 Forth from the fight, tormented sore by the point of the long spear,
 Which with him they dragged, nor noted at all, his companions,
 In their haste, that the spear was fixed in the thigh of the hero,
 Nor did they think to draw it forth, so great was their hurry.

But, on the other side, the well-greaved sons of Achaia
 Drew Tlepolemos' corse from the war ; then noble Odusseus
 Marked what was done, in his daring mind, and his soul was perturbed ;
 And full deeply, his heart within, the hero considered 670
 Whether to follow the son of Zeus the loudly-resounding,
 Or to destroy the lives of many a Lukian chieftain.
 But it was not the fate of the mighty-hearted Odusseus
 The strong son of Zeus to slay with the sharp-pointed jav'lin ;
 And toward the Lukian host his mind was turned by Athenè.
 Then he Koiranos slew, then Kromios, also Alastor,
 Alkandros, and bold Halios, Prutanis and Nöemon.
 Many a Lukian more had been slain by the noble Odusseus,
 But that his deeds were marked by the brilliant-helmeted Hector.
 He, through the foremost ranks, went on in his glittering brass-mail, 680
 Bringing fear to the Greeks ; but Sarpedon was glad to behold him,
 And that son of Zeus thus spoke in sorrowful accents :

" Let me not, son of Priam, lie as a prey for the Grecians ;
 " But defend my form until my life shall forsake me
 " In your city's walls ; for now it is ever denied me,
 " Wending back to my home, in the much-loved land of my country,
 " To rejoice the dear heart of my spouse and my innocent offspring."

Thus he spoke ; nor answered the brilliant-helmeted Hector,
 But, to the front, in fury he rushed, most deeply desiring
 Back the Argives to turn and slay full many a hero. 690
 Then did his noble comrades bear Sarpedon the godlike
 To the fair beech which was sacred to Zeus who swayeth the Egis,
 And Pelagon the brave, who to him was a much-loved companion,
 Drew from his sinewy thigh the point of the ash-shafted jav'lin :
 Sense forsook him the while, and darkness was poured o'er his eyelids ;
 But he recovered breath again, for the blast of the North wind
 Bore him refreshing air the while for life he was gasping.

But the Greeks, though by Ares attacked, and the brass-helmèd Hector,
 Neither turned themselves back to seek their dark-coloured vessels,
 Nor were backward forced from the fight ; though they ever retreated 700

Since they had heard that Ares fought on the side of the Trojans.

Who then was the first and who the last of the heroes,
 Who, by brazen Ares, were slain, and the bright-helmèd Hector ?
 First godlike Teuthras, then Orestes urger of horses,
 Then Trechos the Aitolian spearman, then Oïnomáos,
 Helenos son of Oinops, and Oresbios brilliantly-belted,
 Who lived in Hulè, among his mighty possessions,
 Near to the river Kephissos ; and by him many another
 Of the Boiotians, and great was the wealth of their subjects. 710
 But when thus perceived the goddess white-armèd Herè
 These Argives slaughtered amid the strenuous conflict,
 She with wingèd words 'gan speak to Pallas Athenè :

“ Goddess, invincible daughter of Zeus who swayeth the Egis,
 “ Certainly all in vain have we foretold Menelaos
 “ That he shall safely return from the well-built Ilion ruined,
 “ If thus we suffer the baleful Ares to rage in the battle.
 “ But let us now give our minds to the thought of the strenuous combat.”

Thus she spoke ; and obeyed the goddess blue-eyed Athenè.
 Then made ready, in haste, the golden-frontleted horses,
 Herè, the goddess majestic, the daughter of mightiest Kronos ; 720
 Then did Hebè in haste put the curvèd wheels to the war-car,
 Brazen, having eight spokes, these she placed on the axle of iron ;
 Immortal was their golden round, and over the edges
 Fitted were the brazen bands of wonderful beauty :
 Round were the naves of the wheels, and on both sides they were silver,
 And the seat was held up by silver bands and by golden ;
 Double too were the rims from which the reins were suspended ;
 Forth protruded the silver pole, and she, to its ending,
 Bound the beautiful golden yoke, and the thongs gold-adornèd ;
 Then, beneath the yoke, were led by the white-armèd Herè 730
 Her swift-footed horses twain, while she burned for the battle.

Meanwhile Athenè the daughter of Zeus who swayeth the Egis,
 Laid down her veil of white on the floor of the house of Kroníon ;
 Beautiful was the veil, for she, with her own hands, had worked it ;

Next she endued the mail of Zeus who driveth the storm-cloud,
 Clothing herself with arms ere she entered the tear-causing battle.
 Over her shoulders then she threw the many-fringed Egis,
 Terrible to the sight, which aye wore Fear as a garland,
 And in it dwelt Contention, and Strength, and Flight cold with terror,
 And the head of the Gorgon dire, the terrible monster, 740
 Dreadful, tremendous, his sign who swayeth the Egis.
 Next on her head she placed the studded, four-crested helmet,
 Formed of gold, and enough for the troops of a hundred cities.
 Then, with her glowing feet, she swiftly the chariot ascended,
 Seizing her heavy spear, vast, strong, with which she o'ercometh
 All the heroic array, when she in her greatness is wrathful.
 Here seized the scourge and swiftly urged onward the horses.
 Loud, of their own accord, resounded the heavenly portals,
 Which were kept by the circling Hours, to whose charge were committed
 Both the gates of the mighty heaven and also Olumpos ; 750
 Theirs it was to unfold the thick cloud or else to retain it.
 Through these gates they urged at speed the hurrying horses ;
 Sitting apart from the rest of the gods, they came to Kronion
 Lone, on the highest peak of the many-ridgèd Olumpos.
 Then, her horses stayed, the goddess white-armed Herè,
 And to high Zeus she made her request, and thus she addressed him :
 " Art thou not wroth, O Zeus, with Ares for his furious actions,
 " Slaying so many and brave of the warlike sons of Achaia,
 " Rash, and against the right ?—to me grief, but much are delighted,
 " Quietly looking on, both Kupris and darting Apollon, 760
 " Urging his madness on, who, to no laws, renders obedience.
 " Father Zeus, with me wilt thou be wroth, if the insolent Ares
 " I, having grievously stricken him, drive in woe from the battle ?"
 Then in turn responded Zeus who driveth the storm-cloud :
 " Swiftly against him send the spoil-delighting Athenè,
 " Who is accustomed to visit him well with terrible torments."
 Thus he spoke, nor disobeyed the white-armed Herè.
 To her steeds she applied the scourge, and they willingly hasted,

Flying along on their way 'twixt the earth and the star-studded heaven.
 Far as a man can see, with his eyes, of the airy horizon, 770
 When, on a hill, he sits to gaze o'er the wine-coloured ocean,
 So far, at every bound, went the loud-clanging steeds of the goddess.
 But when to Troy they came, and the banks of the fast-flowing rivers,
 Where Simöis his waters joins with the waves of Scamandros,
 There her horses stayed, the goddess white-armed Herè,
 And, from the car, she loosed them, and poured deep darkness around them,
 While Simöis made spring the ambrosial food of the coursers.

On the goddesses went, like timid doves in appearance,
 Burning with zeal their aid to bring to the sons of Achaia.
 But when they came to the place where stood the most and the bravest, 780
 Thronging around the force of the tamer of steeds Diomedes,
 Fierce as lions which rawly feed on the flesh of their victims,
 Or to wildest boars whose fury and strength are enormous ;
 Standing then, cried aloud, the goddess white-armed Herè,
 Like in form to the brazen-voiced magnanimous Stentor,
 Who could shout with fifty times the voice of another :

“ Shame on ye, Grecians, disgraced, though fair in appearance ;—
 “ While his aid to the war was lent by the noble Achilles,
 “ Never the Trojans dared to come forth from the Dardan portals,
 “ For they knew and feared the might of his terrible jav'lin ; 790
 “ Now, from the city afar, by the hollow ships they are fighting.”

Speaking thus, she the spirit aroused of every hero.
 But to Tudeides went the goddess blue-eyed Athenè ;
 And the chief she found, by the side of his horses and war-car,
 Cooling the wound which Pandaros gave with his swift-flying arrow,—
 For the sweat tormented him much 'neath the wide-spreading shield-belt,
 Which supported his buckler round,—he was pained, and his strong hand
 Weariness owned ; and, lifting the belt, the black gore he was wiping.
 Touched the goddess the horses' yoke, and thus she addressed him :

“ Certainly Tudeus' son is much unlike to his father ; 800
 “ Small was Tudeus in outward form, but great as a warrior ;
 “ And when I forbade him to war and rush to the combat,

" When he alone, as ambassador, went to the sons of the Thebans,
 " Singly he stood in the halls of the numerous offspring of Cadmos;
 " And I bade him feast in peace in the midst of their palace.
 " He then, holding a strenuous mind, as erst in the battle,
 " Challenged the sons of Cadmos all, and easily vanquished;
 " So much was he aided then by my mighty assistance.
 " And ever near to thee I stand, and from danger protect thee,
 " And I bade thee, with willing mind, to fight 'gainst the Trojans; 810
 " But either wearisome toil thy strenuous limbs hath disabled,
 " Or else heartless fear hath possessed thee; never hereafter
 " Must thou be called the son of the warlike-spirited Tudeus."

Her then responding, thus addressed the strong Diomedes:
 " Goddess, I know thee, the daughter of Zeus who swayeth the Egis,
 " Therefore with willing mind I'll speak nor seek for concealment;
 " Neither heartless fear nor slothfulness now has possessed me,
 " But in all things have I obeyed the command that thou gavest.
 " Thou didst forbid me to fight with all the blessed immortals;
 " But, if in battle were seen the daughter of Zeus, Aphroditè, 820
 " Her I was to wound with the stroke of my sharp-pointed jav'lin.
 " Wherefore I now, myself, retreat, and have bidden the others
 " Of the Argive race thus far to recede from the battle,
 " For I see that Ares himself now swayeth the conflict."

Then to him replied the blue-eyed goddess Athenè:
 " O son of Tudeus, by my mind greatly beloved,
 " Fear thou Ares no more, nor fear the other immortals;
 " Such shall be the mighty aid which I will afford thee.
 " Swift 'gainst Ares himself urge on thy round-footed horses,
 " Strike him hand to hand, nor fear the impetuous war-god, 830
 " Mad, the creator of ills, now fighting for one, now another;
 " Who long since did promise make to me and to Herè
 " 'Gainst the Trojans to war, and give his aid to Achaia;
 " And yet now for Troy he wars, and the Greeks has forgotten."

Speaking thus, she Sthenelos sent to the ground from the war-car,
 Drawing him back with her hand, and with utmost haste he descended;

Then to the chariot mounted beside the great Diomedes,
 Pallas, with wrath incensed ; loud groaned the axle of beech-wood
 Weighted thus, with a deity dread and the bravest of heroes.
 Seized the scourge and reins the goddess Pallas Athenè : 840
 Instantly then toward Ares she urged the round-footed horses.
 He just then had slain great Periphas wondrous of stature,
 Heir of Ochesios and, among the Aitolians, bravest.
 He, by bloodstained Ares, had fallen ; then Pallas Athenè
 Hades' helm indued, to deceive the violent war-god.

But, when baleful Ares beheld the brave Diomedes,
 Prone in the dust he left the form of Periphas mighty,
 Where his life was ta'en away by the hand of his slayer,
 And straight he went to meet Diomedes tamer of horses.
 Then when near they came against each other advancing, 850
 Ares his spear sent forth, above the yoke and the horses,
 With his potent hand, all eager to slay Diomedes ;
 Seized his spear in her grasp the goddess blue-eyed Athenè,
 And from the chariot far she drove its rush unavailing.
 Darted then, in his turn, Diomedes brave in the conflict,
 With his brazen spear, which was guided by Pallas Athenè
 To the lower flank of Ares where his belt was around him.
 There he struck and wounded him sore, the fair skin lacerating ;
 Back Tudeides tore the spear : then roared brazen Ares
 Loud as nine or ten thousand men, when they shout in the conflict : 860
 Then were possessed with fear the hosts of the Greeks and the Trojans,
 Such was the terrible cry of Ares insatiate of battle.

As when among the clouds appears a black glooming darkness
 From some burning aroused by the potent breath of the wild wind ;
 Such did the brazen Ares appear to the bold Diomedes,
 As 'mid the clouds in haste he flew to the wide-spreading heaven.
 Instant he gained the seat of the gods, the lofty Olumpos ;
 And, perturbed in mind, he sat near the mighty Kroníon,
 And he showed the ambrosial blood from his wound overflowing,

And in dolorous tones these wingèd accents he uttered :

879

" Father Zeus, hast thou no wrath for these violent actions ?

" Ever the fate of the gods is to bear most terrible sorrows

" By one another inflicted, to please the race of the mortals.

" 'Tis through thee we fight ; for thine is that daughter insensate

" And pernicious, whose only cares are iniquitous actions.

" All the rest of the gods, as many as dwell in Olumpus,

" To thy sway give obedience due, and perform thy commandment.

" But by word or deed this plague thou censurest never,

" But allowest her deeds, as the sire of a daughter destructive ;

" She has now stirred up the over-bold Diomedes

880

" That, against the immortal gods, he may rage in the combat.

" First in the hand he has wounded the beauteous Aphroditè,

" Then against me he dared to come like a god in his anger ;

" I escaped by fleetness of foot ; or I long should have suffered

" Bitter pains, o'erwhelmed beneath the heaps of the slaughtered,

" Or, yet living, of strength been robbed by the strokes of the brass spears."

Then, with countenance stern, spoke Zeus who driveth the storm-clouds :

" Why, most inconstant of gods, to me dost thou utter thy moaning ?

" Thou art to me the most hateful of gods who inhabit Olumpus,

890

" For to thee strife is ever dear, and wars and contentions ;

" Thou in thy breast dost hold the untameable spirit of Herè ;

" Whom e'en I can scarcely rule with the words of my wisdom,

" And I believe that thou this wound by her counsel hast suffered.

" But I will not that thou, by thy pain, shouldst be longer tormented,

" For my son thou art, and to me thy mother hath borne thee ;

" But hadst thou of another been born thus fierce and destructive,

" Long ago thou shouldst have endured the doom of the Titans."

Thus spoke Zeus, and then he commanded Paion to heal him ;

Instant upon the wound he sprinkled the pain-quelling medicines,

And he was cured, for he belonged to the race of immortals.

900

Soon as the juice of the fig, being stirred, congealeth the white milk,

Fluid erst, when swiftly, by him who is mingling it, shaken :

Thus, at once, was cured the wound of impetuous Ares.
Hebè laved him then, and clothed him in exquisite garments,
And by the lofty Kroníon he sat rejoicing in glory.

And full soon returned to the palace of Zeus the majestic
Both Argive Herè and Alalcomenéan Athenè,
Having stayed the pernicious Ares from the slaughter of mortals.

END OF THE FIFTH BOOK.

BOOK VI.

THE PARTING OF HECTOR AND ANDROMACHE.

NOW the immortal gods forsook the terrible conflict
'Twixt the Trojans and Greeks ; then, many a time, o'er the champain
Hither and thither the battle rolled, while ever the heroes
'Gainst each other directed the brazen points of their jav'lins,
As they warred Simöis between and the rushings of Xanthos.

First Aias Telamon, the defence of the sons of Achaia,
Broke the phalanx of Troy, and let in the light to his comrades,
Striking a hero who was held the best of the Thracians,
Son of Eussoros, Akamas the brave and the mighty.
Him he struck on his helmet's crest thick flowing with horsehair, 10
And in his forehead he fixed the spear, through the bone penetrating,
With the brazen point ; and his eyes were enveloped in darkness.

Then was Axulos slain by Diomed brave in the conflict,
Son of Teuthras he was, who dwelt in the well-built Arisbè,
Rich in the means of life and loving in spirit to all men,
For by the wayside he dwelt, and refreshed all travellers kindly ;
But no man from woeful death attempted his rescue,
When Diomedes, from him and his good attendant Kalesos,
Who was his charioteer, took away the life of their being ;
Both he slew, and both at once 'neath the deep earth descended. 20

Dresos next and Opheltios fell, by Eurualos conquered ;
Then he advanced against Aisepos and Pedasos, brethren,
Who were to Boukolion born of the beautiful Naiad
Abarbaréa ; the son was he of Laomedon famous,

And the elder by birth, for his mother secretly bore him,
 Mingling with his sire in love when he tended the sheepfolds,
 And two sons from their intercourse came and gentle embracing.
 But their strength was destroyed and relaxed their beautiful members
 By Eurualos' spear, and he tore from their shoulders their armour.
 Then was Astualos slain by the warrior fierce, Polupoites. 30
 Next was Pidutes Perkosios slain by Odusseus
 With his brazen spear ; and Teukros slew Aretaon ;
 Antilochos, old Nestor's son, quelled mighty Ableros ;
 And Elatos was slain by the king of men Agamemnon ;
 He was wont to dwell on the banks of the fair Satniois
 In lofty Pedasos. Phulakos was by Leitos slaughtered
 As he fled ; and Eurupulos took the life of Melanthos.

Bold Adrastos, then, Menelaos brave in the conflict
 Took alive ; for his frightened steeds, rushing over the champain,
 'Gainst a tamarisk's branch dashed the end of the pole of his war-car, 40
 And toward the city they bounded in fear, where others were rushing.
 Instantly he, from the car, by the side of the wheel was o'erwhelmèd,
 Prone in the dust on his face ; while near him stood Menelaos,
 Atreus' son, and he held in his hand a long-shadowed jav'lin :
 And then Adrastos, embracing his knees, thus made supplication :

“ Save me alive, Menelaos, and take due price for my ransom ;
 “ Great is the wealth which lies at home in the house of my father,
 “ Both in brass and gold, and in iron mightily laboured,
 “ And of these my father would give an infinite ransom,
 “ When he knew, I, a prisoner, lived in the ships of Achaia.” 50

Thus he spoke, and moved the soul in the breast of his captor ;
 Swiftly he thought to send him away to the ships of the Grecians
 In his attendant's care ; but then the king Agamemnon
 Came running up with speed, and these were the words of his chiding :

“ Why, O weak Menelaos, dost thou thus care for the Trojans ?
 “ Certainly they have wrought excellent things for thy home in Achaia,
 “ Wherefore let never one escape tremendous destruction
 “ From our wrathful hands ; not even the babe which its mother

" Bears as yet unborn ; but let the whole race of the Trojans
 " Perish, till nought of them be seen save their corpses unburied."

60

Thus Agamemnon spoke, and changed the mind of his brother,
 Since he rightly advised ; then swift he repelled from before him
 The chief Adrastus, and then the king Agamemnon
 Struck him deep in the flank ; back he fell ; and instant Atreide
 Pressing his heel on his breast, drew forth the long ashen jav'lin.
 Then did Nestor, crying aloud, exhort the Achaians :

" Friends, ye heroes of Greece, the mighty servants of Ares,
 " Let none now remain in the rear, rapacious of spoiling,
 " That he may bear some costly prey to the ships of Achaia ;
 " Now let us slay the men ; and afterwards, at your free leisure, 70
 " Ye through the breadth of the plain may despoil each corse of the van-
 quished."

Speaking thus, he aroused the strength and the spirit within them.
 And then the Trojans, 'neath the power of the warlike Achaians,
 Would to Troy have retreated soon, through their cowardice, beaten,
 But then, standing near to noble Aineias and Hector,
 Helenos son of Priam spoke, the chiefest of augurs :

" Aineias, Hector, since on you most chiefly the labours
 " Both of the Trojans and Lukians fall, since ye are the chiefest
 " In each enterprise new, as well in the fight as the council,
 " Stand ye here, and keep the people back from the portals 80
 " As they run thither in haste, before to the arms of their spouses
 " They in their flight attain, and become a joy to the foemen.
 " But when exhorted are the phalanxes all to the battle,
 " We, remaining here, will fight with the sons of Achaia,
 " Though we be worn with toil ; for thus necessity urgeth.
 " Hector, thou to the town must wend, and thus shalt thou utter
 " Words to thy mother and mine ; that she assemble the matrons,
 " On the citadel's height, in the fane of the blue-eyed Athenè,
 " And, with her key, having opened the doors of the temple most sacred,
 " Let her bring forth that veil which she thinks the best and the greatest 90
 " Which in the fane is kept, and which most by her is beloved,

" And let her lay it upon the knees of the bright-haired Athenè ;
 " And let her vow to offer full twenty beeves in her temple,
 " One year old, to the yoke unknown, if so she will pity
 " Both the town and the wives of Troy, and the innocent children ;
 " Turning the son of Tudeus away from Ilion sacred,
 " That fellest champion, that mightiest worker of terror,
 " Whom, indeed, I hold to be the best of the Grecians ;
 " Not thus did we fear great Achilleus, leader of heroes,
 " Whom they report from a goddess sprung ; but this Diomedes
 " Rages so that none may be called his like in the conflict."

100

Thus he spoke, and Hector obeyed the words of his brother ;
 And, all armed, from his chariot down he leapt on the champain ;
 Shaking his sharpened spear, he passed through the whole of the army,
 Urging them on to the war ; and he roused the terrible combat.
 Then back they turned and withstood the hosts of Achaia.
 And the Greeks retreating went, and ceased from the slaughter ;
 For they deemed an immortal god, from the star-studded heaven,
 Must have lent the Trojans aid, that thus they were turning.
 Hector then, exclaiming aloud, thus exhorted the Trojans :

110

" Ye noble Trojans, and allies who have come from a distance,
 " Be men, my friends, your strenuous valour remember,
 " While I depart to Troy, and there give instant commandment,
 " To our counsellors ancient and sage, and our terrified consorts,
 " Hecatombs whole to vow for the deities' propitiation."

Thus having spoken, departed the brilliant-helmeted Hector,
 While on his ankles and neck the dark-coloured hide was still striking
 Which formed the rim extreme of the bossy round of his buckler.

Then did Glaucos, Hippolochos' son, and mighty Tudeides,
 Meet the armies between in eager haste for the combat ;
 And when near they came, against each other advancing,
 First, his foeman addressed, Diomedes bold in the conflict :

120

" Who art thou, who advancest thus, the bravest of mortals ?
 " Never mine eyes have beheld thee before in glorious battle :
 " Now thou hast far advanced beyond the rest of the Trojans,

" Since in thy boldness thou darest await my long-shadowed jav'lin.
 " They are sons of wretched sires who stay for my onset.
 " But if thou, an immortal god, hast descended from heaven,
 " Know that I, with the gods above, no further will combat.
 " Not e'en Druas' son, that warrior mighty Lucourgos, 130
 " Lived for long on earth who dared to provoke the immortals,
 " Who once scattered the nurses of Dionusos the maddened
 " Through sacred Nyssa, they all, to terror abandoned,
 " Threw on the ground their thyrsi, when he the slayer of heroes
 " Smote them with the oxen's goad : Dionusos in terror
 " Dived 'neath the salt sea wave ; but Thetis caught in her bosom,
 " Him in his fear, for great was his dread of the threats of the hero.
 " Wroth with him were the gods who lead an easy existence,
 " Blind was he stricken by Zeus ; nor long was his living thereafter,
 " Since by all the immortal gods he greatly was hated. 140
 " Wherefore, no more, with the blessed gods will I mingle in conflict.
 " But if thou'rt one of mortal men, by the fruits of earth nourished,
 " Nearer come the more swiftly to wend to the goal of destruction."

Then did the son of Hippolochos speak, the illustrious hero :
 " Why of my race dost thou ask, O son of magnanimous Tudeus ?
 " Since generations of men are like those of the leaves of the forest.
 " Leaves by the blast on earth are strewn, but swiftly the wild wood
 " Verdant grows again when arrives the hour of the spring time ;
 " Such are the races of men, one blooms and another doth wither.
 " But, if thou wishest truly to know my story ancestral, 150
 " I will tell it to thee, and many there be to confirm it :
 " There is a town, and 'tis Ephura called, in the well-pastured Argos,
 " And there Sisuphos dwelt, by far the most subtle of mortals,
 " Sisuphos, Aiolos' son ; and to him was born a son, Glaucos :
 " Glaucos did beget the illustrious Bellerophontes,
 " And the gods on him bestowed both beauty and valour ;
 " But, 'gainst him, did Proitos the king make evil devices ;
 " Who from his state expelled him (for he was by far the most mighty
 " Of the Argive kings ; and Zeus 'neath his sceptre subdued them).

" Much did the wife of Proitos wish, Anteia the beauteous,
 " With him in lawless love to dwell ; but never persuaded
 " She the virtuous mind of the sapient Bellerophontes.
 " Then, with lying lips, she spoke to Proitos the monarch ;
 " " Proitos, either thou must die or Bellerophontes,
 " " Who has desired my lawless love, but I have repulsed him.'
 " Thus she spoke, and the king was wroth at her false accusation ;
 " But he refrained from his slaughter, religious fear was upon him,
 " Yet he sent him to Lukia forth with letters pernicious,
 " Having on folded tablets writ his murderous orders,
 " Which he bade him show to his son-in-law, that he might perish. 170
 " He to Lukia went, and the gods propitious were with him ;
 " And when at length to Lukia he came, and the flowings of Xanthos,
 " Then did the king of Lukia wide, with much honour, receive him ;
 " Nine days he entertained him and slew the like number of oxen,
 " But when, on the tenth day, shone forth the morn rosy-fingered,
 " Then he his errand asked, and desired to read, in his tablets,
 " What to his son-in-law he brought from Proitos the monarch.
 " Then when he had received that monarch's evil instruction,
 " First he bade him slay Chimaira, the terrible monster ;
 " Sprung from the gods was that creature fell, not the race of the mortals, 180
 " Lion in front, a dragon behind, and her midst was a wild goat,
 " And of flaming fire was the might of her terrible breathing.
 " Her indeed he slew, for he trusted the portents of heaven.
 " Next he sent him to war with the far-renowned Solumeans ;
 " Fierce indeed was the onset he bore of these terrible heroes.
 " Thirdly he bade him slay the Amazons mighty in battle.
 " And as he thence returned, with subtle fraud he received him ;
 " Having culled through Lukia wide the best of her heroes,
 " He an ambush made, but they to their homes returned never ;
 " Every man of them fell by illustrious Bellerophontes. 190
 " Then when Lukia's king knew the race divine of the hero,
 " There he detained him, and gave him his beauteous daughter in marriage,
 " And of his kingly state, one half bestowed he upon him,

" And a mighty portion of land did the Lukians give him,
 " Rich in vineyards and corn, that he there might make habitation.
 " Lukia's bride three children bore to Bellerophontes,
 " Isandros and Hippolochos and Laodameia.
 " (Sapient Zeus, as his concubine, took fair Laodameia,
 " And to him she bore brass-armed Sarpedon the godlike).
 " But when Bellerophon was by all the deities hated, 200
 " Then he paced in lonely woe the Aleian champain,
 " Eating his heart within, and the footsteps of mortals avoiding.
 " His son Isandros, Ares the insatiate war-god
 " Slew in fierce strife with the Solumeian heroes.
 " Artemis golden-reined destroyed his daughter in anger.
 " Hippolochos my father was, and I boast me his offspring ;
 " And when he sent me hither to Troy, he oft me exhorted,
 " Ever to do my best and stand superior to others ;
 " Nor to shame my ancestral race ; which by far was the bravest
 " In beauteous Ephura and the wide-spreading Lukian kingdom : 210
 " Such are the race and blood of which I boast my possession."

Thus he spoke ; and glad at his words was the brave Diomedes ;
 Deep his spear he struck in the kind earth's plentiful bosom,
 And with honied words he addressed the shepherd of nations :

" Certainly thou to me art an ancient friend and paternal ;
 " Long since, noble Oineus, the illustrious Bellerophontes,
 " In his palace feasted, and full twenty days he detained him ;
 " Beautiful were the friendly gifts they gave to each other ;
 " Oineus gave a belt with Tyrian purple adorned ;
 " Great was the golden cup, the gift of Bellerophontes ; 220
 " And I left it at home when thence to Troy I was wending.
 " Tudeus I may not remember ; for he in mine infancy left me,
 " When by Thebè's walls were slain the sons of Achaia.
 " Wherefore thy kindly host am I in the country of Argos ;
 " Thou in Lukia mine, if e'er to that region I wander.
 " Hence, 'mid the crowd of war, let us shun the spears of each other ;
 " Many a Trojan chief and the famous allies of the Trojans

" Must by me be slain, if they be by some deity giv'n me,
 " And by swift feet I o'ertake them ; and many a son of Achaia
 " Shall by thee be slain whensoever opportunity serveth ; 230
 " But let us now our armour change, that both of the armies
 " Well may know that we can boast of a friendship ancestral."

Thus spoke the noble twain, and descended swift from their war-cars ;
 Strongly they grasped each other's hands, fidelity pledging ;
 Then from Glaucos was judgment ta'en by the mighty Kronion,
 Who gave arms in exchange with Tudeus' son Diomedes,
 Gold for brass, for nine oxen's worth, the worth of a hundred.

Hector had now arrived at the Skaian gates and the beech-tree,
 And around him ran the Trojan matrons and daughters,
 Asking news of their sons, their brothers, and dearer companions, 240
 And of their lords ; them instant he bade give the gods supplication,
 Moving in order due, for, o'er many, sorrows were hanging.

But when at length he came to the glorious palace of Priam,
 Built with porches polished well, while secret within it
 Fifty chambers stood of stone well-smoothed by the mason,
 And in them did Priam's sons consort with their spouses ;
 While in the opposite hall, within twelve well-polished chambers,
 Near adjoining each other, slept the daughters of Priam,
 Where the sons-in-law of the king with their chaste spouses slumbered ;
 There the mighty chief was met by his much-honoured mother, 250
 Seeking Laodikè, her daughter of excellent beauty.

Clasping his hand, as if to it she grew, 'twas thus she addressed him :

" Why, O my son, hast thou left the field of glorious warfare ?
 " Fiercely upon us press the hateful sons of Achaia,
 " Warring the city around ; but hither thy mind has impelled thee,
 " That thou may'st lift thy hands to Zeus from the height of the city.
 " Yet do thou wait awhile till the honey-sweet wine I shall bring thee,
 " That thou may'st pour to father Zeus, and the other immortals,
 " First ; and then thyself shalt drink for thy proper refreshment ;
 " Much does wine increase the strength of a man who is weary, 260
 " As thou art weary now with defending the dwellers in Ilion."

Her then thus answered the brilliant-helmeted Hector :

- “ Bring not the honey-sweet wine to me, my reverend mother,
 “ Lest, being weakened, I forget my strength and my courage.
 “ Nor with unwashed hands may I dare to pour a libation ;
 “ For it is not right to worship the cloud-wrapt Kronion
 “ When our hands are stained with the blood and the gore of the conflict.
 “ But do thou to the temple wend of Athenè the spoiler,
 “ Bearing much incense, and with all thy matrons surrounded,
 “ And that veil which most beautiful is and also the largest 270
 “ Of all thou hast thy palace within, and to thee is the dearest,
 “ Place thou upon the knees of the beautiful-haired Athenè,
 “ Vowing to offer twelve yearling beeves in her temple,
 “ Which have never known the yoke, if so she will pity
 “ Both the town and the Trojan wives and the innocent children ;
 “ If she will Tudeus’ son repel from Ilion sacred,
 “ That fiercest warrior, that mighty master of terror.
 “ Wherefore seek thou now the fane of Athenè the spoiler,
 “ I will to Paris wend, that so I may call him to battle,
 “ If he will hear me ; I would that beneath him this instant 280
 “ Earth would gape, for in him Zeus has bred a mighty misfortune
 “ To the magnanimous Priam, his sons, and also the Trojans.
 “ If I could see him now descend to the darkness of Hades,
 “ Then my mind, perchance, might forget its bitterest sorrow.”

Thus he spoke ; to her palace she went and her handmaids commanded,
 They through the city sped, and the honoured matrons assembled.
 But the queen herself to the perfumed chamber descended,
 Where she kept her beautiful veils, the work of the women
 Sidonian, whom erst Alexandros, godlike in beauty,
 From Sidon did bring, having sailed o’er the wide-spreading ocean, 290
 When the noble Helen he bore from the land of her fathers.

One of these veils did Hecabè take as a gift for Athenè,
 Richest of all in its various woof, and also the largest,
 Bright it shone like a star ; and beneath all the others ’twas lying.

When to the temple of Pallas they came, in the height of the city,

To them opened the gates the beautiful-cheekèd Theano;
 She was the noble spouse of Antenor, tamer of horses,
 And she was, by the Trojans, made the priestess of Pallas.
 Then, with wailings loud, they lifted their hands to Athenè,
 And receiving the veil, the beautiful-cheekèd Theano 300
 Placed it upon the knees of the exquisite-haired Athenè;
 Suppliant then she prayed to the daughter of Zeus the most lofty:

“O reverend Pallas, goddess ’mid goddesses mighty,
 “Who this city’s keeper art, O break thou the jav’lin
 “Of Diomedes the fierce, and grant that he may fall headlong
 “In the dust, before the Skaian gates of the city;
 “Instantly then shall be slain twelve yearling beeves, in thy temple,
 “Which have never known the yoke, if so thou wilt pity
 “Both the town and the Trojan wives and their innocent children.”

Thus spake she praying, unaccepted by Pallas Athenè. 310
 Thus they made their vows to the daughter of Zeus the most mighty;
 Meanwhile Hector found Alexandros’ beautiful palace,
 Which he had raised by the aid of the best of the architects Trojan,
 Who for him had built a chamber, a hall and a dwelling
 Near to Priam’s and Hector’s homes, in the height of the city.
 There came Hector belovèd of Zeus, and bore in his hand grasp
 A spear eleven cubits long, and flashing before him
 Went the brazen point,—with a ring of gold it was fastened.
 Him in the chamber he found taking care of his beautiful armour,
 Rubbing the crooked bow and the breastplate bright and the buckler; 320
 There sat Argive Helen among her maidens attendant,
 And o’er the beautiful works of her slaves, in her skill, she presided.

Him, when Hector beheld, with opprobrious words he addressed him:
 “Vile that thou art, why thus dost thou yield to thy soul’s indignation?
 “Round the city’s lofty wall the nations are dying
 “As they war, and for thee the strife and the shout of the conflict
 “Rage the city around; thou thyself wouldst another have blamèd
 “If thou hadst seen him shrink in fear from the terrible battle;
 “Up then, or e’er the city sink in the flames of the foemen.”

Him then thus answered Alexandros godlike in beauty :

330

"Hector, because thou me rightly upbraid'st, and nothing unjustly,

"I will thee answer ; attend then, list to my sayings :

"Not 'gainst the Trojans was I 'neath indignation succumbing,

"But in my chamber I sat indulging my mind in its sorrow.

"And, but now, my spouse with softest words has addressed me,

"Urging me on to the war ; which I also think will be better ;

"For, 'mid the sons of men, the victory ever is changeful.

"Wilt thou then remain while I don my martial armour ?

"Or depart, I will follow soon, and I think overtake thee."

Thus he spoke, nor answered the brilliant-helmeted Hector ;
But then Helen spoke, and her words were as sweet as the honey :

340

"Brother of hateful me, the shameless author of sorrows,

"Would that I had died in the day my mother did bear me,

"Suddenly borne away by an evil blast of a tempest

"To some mountain's peak or the waves of the loud-roaring ocean ;

"Then had the wave swept o'er me before I was guilty of evil.—

"But since the gods have appointed to me such deeds' perpetration,

"Truly they might have made me the bride of a worthier hero,

"One not insensible all to his nation's many upbraidings.

"But inconstant in mind is Paris, and so will be ever ;

350

"And in due time he will reap the fruits of his folly.

"But I pray thee enter now, and with us be seated,

"Brother, since now a mighty woe thy mind has invaded

"In the cause of shameless me, and the ill deed of Paris.

"On us twain has Zeus an evil fortune imposed,

"And our woes will be blazoned in song 'mid the men hereafter."

Her then thus answered great, brilliant-helmeted Hector :

"Me, Helen, thou persuad'st not to sit, although thou art kindly ;

"For my mind is filled with desire to return to the Trojans,

"That I may lend them aid, for they greatly long for me absent ;

360

"But do thou Alexandros urge, and let him also hasten

"That he may overtake me or e'er I depart from the city.

"I myself to my home must return, that so I may visit

“ My loved wife, and infant son, and faithful domestics ;
 “ For I know not whether again I shall e’er be returning,
 “ Or if the gods will lay me low ’neath the hands of the Grecians.”

Thus having spoken, departed the brilliant-helmeted Hector ;
 And full soon he came to his own well-inhabited palace ;
 Andromachè he found not there, the white-armèd matron,
 For she with her son and a well-robed maid, his attendant, 370
 Stood on a neighbouring tower, and sad were her woe and lamenting.
 Hector, not finding then his blameless spouse in the palace,
 Stood on the threshold in act to go, and bespoke her attendants :

“ Speak now, ye servants, and let your sayings be truthful ;
 “ Where, from hence, is Andromachè gone, the white-armèd matron ?
 “ Or to her brothers-in-law, or the homes of her well-robed sisters,
 “ Or is she gone to Athenè’s fane where the rest of the matrons,
 “ Dames of the Trojans lovely-haired, pour forth supplications
 “ To that goddess dread, that so may her wrath be appeasèd ?”

Then did a careful household slave this answer return him : 380
 “ Hector, since thou commandest the very truth to be spoken,
 “ Nor to her brothers-in-law, nor the homes of her well-veilèd sisters,
 “ Nor to Athenè’s temple she went, where the rest of the matrons,
 “ Dames of the Trojans lovely-haired, to the goddess are praying ;
 “ To the great tower of Ilion she went, having heard that the Trojans
 “ Sorely were tried, and that great was the might of the sons of Achaia ;
 “ Then to the wall she went in haste, like a woman distracted,
 “ And with her the infant boy, by his nurse, is forth carried.”

Thus did speak the slave, and Hector all hasty departed,
 Traversing back the way which he came through the fairly-built city. 390
 When, having passed through the mighty town, he came to the portals
 Skaian, through which was his way to go to the field of the battle,
 There his rich-dowered wife came towards him hastily running,
 Andromachè the daughter fair of Eëtion noble ;
 Eëtion who dwelt ’mid Hupoplakia’s woodlands,
 In Hupoplakian Thebes, who swayed the Kilikian nation :
 His daughter was the bride of the brazen-helmeted Hector :

And there she met him, and with her one only attendant
 Bore on her bosom his son, an infant child and a tender,
 Hector's much-loved son, whose face was as fair as a bright star ; 400
 Hector, Scamandrios called the child, but the rest of the Trojans
 Astuanax ; for Hector alone was the bulwark of Ilion.

And now he smiled as he looked on his boy, but yet without speaking ;
 While Andromachè standing near was plenteously weeping,
 To his hand she clave, then spoke, and these were her accents :

“ Noble my lord, thy courage soon will cause thy destruction ;
 “ And thou pitiest not thy child, nor me, who thy widow
 “ Soon shall be ; for soon, alas ! the Grecians will slay thee,
 “ Charging thee all at once ; and then for me 't will be better
 “ After thy loss to descend 'neath the earth ; for happiness never 410
 “ Mine will be when thou hast succumbed 'neath the terrible death-stroke,
 “ Mine must then be woes ; no sire nor reverend mother
 “ Now are mine ; my sire was slain by the noble Achilleus,
 “ His it was to lay waste the fair Kilikian city,
 “ Thebes of the lofty gates ; and he slew the noble Eëtion,
 “ But he despoiled him not of his arms, for he owned veneration ;
 “ Him on the funeral pyre he burned in his beautiful armour,
 “ And a mound above him he placed ; and the Oreads round it
 “ Planted elms, the daughters of him who swayeth the Egis.
 “ Seven brothers were mine who dwelt in the home of my fathers, 420
 “ Seven brothers in one sad day descended to Hades ;
 “ Every one was slain by the swift-footed, noble Achilleus,
 “ While they fed the rolling-paced beeves and the sheep white as silver.
 “ But my mother, who reigned in Hupoplakia's woodlands,
 “ Hither he bore, in the Grecian ships, with the rest of the booty ;
 “ But he suffered her to depart, a vast ransom accepting,
 “ And in her father's home she was by Artemis stricken.
 “ Hector, thou art to me both father and reverend mother,
 “ Brother thou art and more to me, my glorious husband.
 “ Wherefore pity me now, and here remain on the turret, 430
 “ Lest thou an orphan make thy son, thy consort a widow.

" Let our army stand by the fig-tree wild, where most chiefly
 " Prompt of access our city lies, and our wall is the lowest.
 " Thrice have the best of the Greeks this side of our rampart attempted,
 " Round the Aiantes twain and Idomeneus the illustrious,
 " And the Atreidæ and Tudeus' strenuous offspring ;
 " Either directed by one who is in augury skilful,
 " Or, of their own fierce hearts, the commandment and impulse obeying."

Then thus made answer, great, brilliant-helmeted Hector :

" Truly that part shall to me be a care, dear wife, but my fear is 440
 " Lest the men of Troy and the long-robed ladies of Ilion
 " Hold me disgraced, if, cowardlike, I shrink from the combat ;
 " Nor does my heart to shrinking prompt, for I ever have learned
 " Brave, 'mid the bravest and best, to fight for the town of the Trojans,
 " Well defending the mighty fame of myself and my father.
 " But full well this thing I know in my heart and my spirit,
 " That one day, destruction, will fall on Ilion sacred,
 " And Priamos, and the people all of Priam the spearman.
 " But for the fate of the Trojans all no grief do I suffer,
 " Not e'en for Hecabè, not e'en for Priam the monarch, 450
 " Nor for my brethren dear, although they are many and valiant,
 " Who must all be thrown in the dust 'neath the feet of the foemen,
 " As for thee I fear, when some brass-mailed son of Achaia
 " Thee in thy tears shall lead afar from the day of thy freedom ;
 " And thou in Argos shalt ply the loom at the word of a stranger,
 " Or shalt water bear from the far Huperian fountain,
 " Sorely against thy will, but compelled by necessity potent ;
 " Then some Greek may say, when he sees of thy tears the down-falling,
 " ' Hector's wife behold, who was once the best in the combat
 " ' Of the Trojans tamers of steeds, round the towers of Ilion.' 460
 " Thus some Greek may say ; and thy grief will be new at the saying,
 " Feeling the want of thy lord, from a captive's state, to defend thee.
 " But may the high-heaped tomb my lifeless form hide for ever
 " Ere I shall hear the sound of thy woe or behold thine abduction."

Speaking thus, his hands stretched forth illustrious Hector,

Hold to take of his boy, but the child to his fair nurse's bosom
 Clung in grief, for he dreaded the sight of his glorious father,
 Fearing the helmet of brass and the crest with horsehair adorned,
 Which, all terribly shaking, he saw on the height of the helmet ;
 Smiled at his fright, his father dear, and his mother majestic.

470

Swift, from his head, his helmet took illustrious Hector,
 And on the ground he placed it then all splendidly gleaming.
 Then having kissed his offspring dear, and carefully dandled,
 Thus, in prayer, he spoke to Zeus and the other immortals :

“ Zeus, and ye other gods, O grant to this my dear offspring,
 “ That he may be, as I am now, renowned 'mid the Trojans,
 “ And with a mighty strength may defend the city of Ilion ;
 “ So that some man may say, ‘ He is braver much than his father’—
 “ When from the fight he returns, and with gory spoils he is laden,
 “ Having his foeman slain and rejoicing the heart of his mother.”

480

Speaking thus, he placed his boy in the hands of his consort
 Dear ; and him she received on her fragrant, beautiful bosom ;
 And, while yet weeping, smiled ; and her husband with pity beheld her,
 Soothing her then with his hand, he spoke, and these were his accents :

“ Do not, Andromachè, make sad my spirit within me ;
 “ No man, before the fated time, can send me to Hades.
 “ No man, whether coward or brave, can escape from his fortune,
 “ Which, from the time of his birth, with certain destiny binds him ;
 “ Now do thou home return and attend to thy proper employments,
 “ Ply the loom and the distaff, and give thy maids in commandment
 “ To fulfil their tasks ; but war is the duty of all men,
 “ And of me the most of all, that are dwellers in Ilion.”

490

Thus having spoken, his helmet resumed, illustrious Hector,
 With flowing horsehair adorned ; while homeward wended his consort,
 Oft, as she went, turning back, while the tears from her eyelids were
 streaming.

Then full soon she came to the well-inhabited palace,
 Hector's the slayer of heroes ; there found she many a maiden,
 And with her weeping she roused them all to a similar sorrow.

In his own home they deeply bewailed the yet living Hector ;
 For they feared that he no more would return from the combat, 500
 Having escaped the strength and the hands of the sons of Achaia.

Nor did Paris linger long in his exquisite dwelling ;
 But, having donned his beautiful arms with brazen adornings,
 Through the city he hastened amain, on his swift feet relying.
 As when a stabled steed, well pampered with food at the manger,
 Breaks his chain and, tramping loud, rushes on through the champain,
 Where he is wont his pride to lave in the sweet-flowing river ;
 Proudly he tosses his head aloft, and over his shoulders
 Flies in disorder his mane ; while he speeds in his confident beauty,
 And right along he is borne by his knees to the haunts of the horses : 510
 Thus did Paris, Priam's son, all blazing in armour,
 From the lofty Pergamos wend, like the sun in its shining,
 Proud of his strength, while swift were his feet ; and soon with his brother,
 Noble Hector, he met, as he from the place was returning
 Where but then he had talked with his spouse, Andromachè peerless.

Him, then first addressed, Alexandros godlike in beauty :
 " Brother, I fear that my delay thy returning has hindered,
 " Nor in such good time have I come as thou didst desire me."

Him then thus answered the brilliant-helmeted Hector :
 " Brother, I think that no man who is of competent judgment 520
 " Will defame thy deeds of war, for I know thee courageous.
 " But thou sufferest thy will to shrink, thy duty neglecting,
 " And my heart is sore when I hear the blame of the Trojans,
 " Who on thy account are bearing multiplied evils.
 " But let us go, and of this we will speak in a happier season,
 " If Zeus shall give us to raise the goblet of freedom
 " In our homes, to the honour of him and the other immortals
 " Who in heavenly places dwell, in eternal existence,
 " When we have driven from Troy the well-greaved sons of Achaia."

BOOK VII.

THE SINGLE COMBAT OF HECTOR AND AIAS.

SPEAKING thus, through the portal rushed illustrious Hector ;
 And, by his side, went forth Alexandros godlike in beauty ;
 Fiercely the minds of those heroes twain for the combat were burning.
 As when Zeus bestows on the seamen deeply desiring,
 Favouring wind, when the well-polished oars they are weary with plying,
 And their limbs are failing them now with their toil on the ocean ;
 So that pair appeared to the Trojans deeply desirous.

Then did Paris slay king Areithöös' offspring,
 Who in Arnè dwelt, Menesthios, who, to the monarch
 Wielder of clubs, was born of the large-eyed Philomedousa ; 10
 Hector Eïonéos struck with the point of his sharp spear,
 Full on his neck, 'neath his helmet of brass, and his members were loosened.
 Glaucos, Hippolochos' son, the chief of the Lukian heroes,
 With his spear Iphinöos struck 'mid the furious combat,
 As he was mounting his car behind his swift-footed horses,
 In the shoulder, he fell from the car and his members were loosened.

When those chiefs were seen by the blue-eyed goddess Athenè
 Slaying the Argives thus in the fierce and terrible combat,
 Down she descended in headlong haste from the peaks of Olumpos
 To the sacred Troy ; and Apollon hastened to meet her, 20
 Who, from Pergamos gazing down, willed success to the Trojans.
 Soon these divinities stayed their course 'neath the boughs of the beech-tree.
 First then spoke the son of Zeus, the monarch Apollon :

“ Why thus again in haste, O daughter of Zeus the most mighty,

"From the Olumpian peaks hast thou in thy vehemence wended ?

"Is it that thou mayest give to the Greeks the victory doubtful ?

"Since Troy's sons might perish all yet, by thee, be unpitied ;

"But if thou wilt to my counsel list, which much will befit thee,

"Let us make to cease the war and the terrible conflict

"For this day ; the hosts may fight again on the morrow 30

"Till the doom of Ilion is found ; since it will be pleasing,

"To ye goddesses deathless, to sink this town in destruction."

Him then thus answered the goddess, blue-eyed Athenè :

"So let it be Far-darter, for I too have had this intention

"While from Olumpos I came to the strife of the Greeks and the Trojans ;

"But what means wilt thou use to stay the war of the heroes ?"—

Her then answered the son of Zeus, the monarch Apollon :

"Let us excite the mind of Hector, the tamer of horses,

"That he may challenge one of the best of the Greeks to the combat,

"Man to man with him to fight in the terrible conflict. 40

"And then in their wrath the well-greaved sons of Achaia

"Will a champion find to contend with Hector the noble."

Thus he spoke, and his words seemed good to the blue-eyed Athenè.

Helenos, Priam's son, the seer, perceived in his spirit

This the counsel which pleasèd well the consulting immortals ;

Then to Hector he went, and stood, and thus he addressed him :

"Hector, Priamos' son, to Zeus the equal in wisdom,

"Wilt thou not now obey my voice since I am thy brother ?

"Cause the rest of the Trojans to sit, and every Grecian ;

"And do thou challenge the bravest and best of the sons of Achaia, 50

"Man to man to cope with thee in the terrible conflict,

"For not this day will the doom of fate come upon thee ;

"For 'tis thus I have heard the words of the deities deathless."

Thus he spoke ; Hector greatly rejoiced at the words of his counsel ;

And to the thick of the fight he went, restraining the Trojans,

Holding his spear by the midst ; then, seated, they ceased from the combat.

Then Agamemnon bade also sit the well-greaved Achaians ;

Meanwhile Athenè and the silver-bow-god Apollon

Sat in the shape of vulturous birds 'mid the boughs of the beech-tree
 Lofty, sacred to father Zeus who swayeth the Egis, 60
 Pleasing themselves with the deeds of men; while the close-thronging armies
 Sat with bucklers and helmets and spears innumerable bristling.
 As when the fresh-springing Zephyr pours forth on the ocean its roughness,
 And the sea to darken begins 'neath the might of its breathings;
 So sat that day in crowds the ranks of the Greeks and the Trojans
 In the plain; then Hector spoke to the armies assembled :

“ Hear me, ye Trojans and well-greaved sons of Achaia,
 “ While I tell the thing which my mind in my bosom impels me.
 “ Truly high-seated Zeus has failed our treaty to sanction,
 “ And devises evil war to both of the armies, 70
 “ Till either you shall take the well-towered city of Ilion,
 “ Or be conquered yourselves near your ocean-traversing vessels.
 “ In your host are the bravest and best of all the Achaians;
 “ Let him then whose mind, with me, impels him to combat,
 “ Come forth, before ye all, to the fight with Hector the noble.
 “ And this thing I say, and let high Zeus be my witness,
 “ If he me shall slay with the point of his stretched-out brass spear,
 “ He mine arms shall take as his spoil to the hollow-built vessels,
 “ But he my corse shall restore, that so, in funeral burnings,
 “ Trojans my lifeless remains may place, and the wives of the Trojans. 80
 “ But if him I slay and glory be giv'n by Apollon,
 “ Spoiling his arms, I will bear them away to Ilion sacred,
 “ And will hang them there in the fane of far-darting Apollon;
 “ But his dead form to the well-rowed ships I will render,
 “ That due rites may be paid by the long-haired sons of Achaia,
 “ And that they a mound may raise by the broad Hellespontos,
 “ That some one may say of the men to be born in the future,
 “ In his many-benched ship as he sails o'er the wine-coloured ocean :
 “ ‘ Yonder stands the tomb of a hero long since departed
 “ ‘ Who, bravely fighting, was slain by illustrious Hector.’ 90
 “ Thus one shall say hereafter, and aye my glory shall flourish.”
 Thus he spoke, and all the Greeks by his accents were silenced;

To refuse his challenge they scorned, and they feared to accept it.
 After a pause, Menelaos arose, and thus he addressed them
 With upbraiding words, for much was he grieved in his spirit :

“ Alas ! ye boasters, ye girls, not men of Achaia,
 “ Certainly this disgrace will, from bad to worse, have progression,
 “ If no one of the Greeks will dare the contention with Hector.
 “ All ye seem suddenly turned to figures of earth and of water,
 “ Sitting each disheartened, and all like inglorious cowards ;
 “ I myself will arm for fight against Hector ; for conquest
 “ Finds that goal to which it is sent by the deities deathless.”

100

This said, he 'gan in haste indue his beautiful armour.
 Then to thee, Menelaos, had come the end of thy being
 'Neath the Hectorian hands, for he by far was the stronger ;
 But that, rising in haste, the kings of Achaia forbad thee,
 And Atreides self, the wide-ruling king Agamemnon,
 Took thy right hand in his own, then spoke, and these were his accents :

“ Thou art mad, Menelaos, although by Zeus ever cherished ;
 “ Nor dost thou need such rashness ; restrain thee, though thou art angry,
 “ Nor, in thy wrath, contend with a hero stronger than thou art,
 “ Hector Priamides, the dread of the rest of the Grecians ;
 “ E'en Achilleus' self to join in the glorious battle
 “ With this hero feared, and he is far braver than thou art.
 “ But now sit still and remain 'mid the ranks of thy comrades,
 “ While the Greeks some champion choose for the mighty contention.
 “ And although he may fearless be and insatiate of battle,
 “ Gladly, I think, he will bend his knee, if he 'scape from the combat,
 “ Having with Hector joined in war and the terrible conflict.”

111

Speaking thus, Agamemnon persuaded the mind of his brother,
 Saying that which was wise ; he obeyed, and soon, from his shoulders,
 Was his armour stripped in haste by his joyous attendants ;
 Then, 'mid the Greeks, did Nestor arise, and thus he addressed them :

120

“ Gods ! a mighty grief has come on the land of Achaia ;
 “ How would now lament that ancient horse-urger Peleus,
 “ Counsellor good of the Murmidon race, and the sapient haranguer,

- " Who once greatly was pleased to interrogate me in his palace,
 " Asking the race and the family true of the chiefs of Achaia.
 " If he should hear that they all are afraid of the challenge of Hector,
 " He would in sorrow lift his hands to the deities deathless, 130
 " Begging his soul, from his members released, might descend into Hades.
 " Would to father Zeus, Athenè too and Apollon,
 " I were as young as I was when fought by Keladon rapid,
 " With the Arcadians skilled with the spear, the hosts of the Pulians,
 " By Pheias' walls and around the flowings of Jardan;
 " First 'mid these Ereuthalion stood, the godlike in prowess,
 " Bearing upon his shoulders broad Areithöos' armour,
 " Noble Areithöos, who was the Club-bearer namèd,
 " Both by heroes all and by women gracefully cinctured,
 " For with the bow he fought not at all, nor the long-shadowed jav'lin, 140
 " But with his iron club he crushed the ranks of the foemen;
 " He was slain by the craft and not by the strength of Lucourgos,
 " In a narrow way where the steel club profited nothing
 " Him from his fate to defend; for him unawares did Lucourgos
 " Pierce through the midst with his spear, he backward fell on the green-
 sward,
 " And his arms Lucourgos took as the gift of brass Ares;
 " And thenceforth those spoils he wore in the front of the battle.
 " Then when Lucourgos was waxing old in his palace,
 " These to Ereuthalion he gave, his cherished attendant.
 " He in these very arms the best of the Pulians challenged : 150
 " But they trembled and feared, and none durst venture to combat;
 " Me, my confident mind impelled to engage in the conflict,
 " Though, of the chieftains present all, I then was the youngest;
 " And that hero I fought, and Athenè crowned me with glory.
 " For 'twas my lot to slay that tallest, mightiest hero;
 " Great was the space which his corse concealed when stretched on the
 champain.
 " Would that I now were as young as then, my puissance as mighty,
 " Soon would a champion be found for the brilliant-helmeted Hector,

"But 'mong you chieftains, the bravest and best of the Grecians,
 "None seems ready to answer well the challenge of Hector." 160

Thus spake the old man upbraiding ; nine heroes uprose on the instant.
 Far the first of all uprose the king Agamemnon ;
 After him rose Tudeus' son, the strong Diomedes ;
 Then up rose the Aiantes indued with vehement valour ;
 Then came Idomeneus, and Idomeneus' armour-bearer
 Merion, equal in strength to Ares the slayer of heroes ;
 Next rose Eurupulos the famous son of Euaimon ;
 Then Thoas, Andraimons' son, and noble Odusseus.
 All these were willing to fight with Hector the noble.
 These then, thus addressed, Gerenian Nestor the horseman : 170

"Shake ye now all the lots to decide the champion chosen,
 "He will greatly delight the well-greaved sons of Achaia ;
 "And full much will his heart be pleased, when he hath escapèd
 "From the fiery war and the chance of the terrible conflict."

Thus he spoke ; and the lot was marked by every hero,
 And in the helmet they cast them of Atreus' son, Agamemnon,
 Meanwhile, raising their hands to the gods, the people were praying,
 And thus one did say as he gazed on the wide-spreading heaven :

"Father Zeus, let on Aias fall the lot of the combat,
 "Or on Tudeus' son, or the king of the golden Mukenè." 180

Thus they spoke, and the lots were shaken by Nestor the horseman ;
 And from the helmet leapt the lot which the Greeks were desiring,
 That which to Aias belonged ; the herald, through the assembly
 Moving from right to left, showed this lot to the best of the Grecians.
 Each, as he knew it not, for the mark of his own lot, denied it,
 But, when to Aias he came, as he moved on through the assembly,
 He in the helm who threw that lot, illustrious Aias,
 Stretched out his hand, and the herald then in his hold did replace it ;
 Aias knew the mark of his lot, and his great heart was gladdened :
 On the ground the lot he threw, and these words did he utter : 190

"Friends, the lot is mine alone, and glad is my spirit ;
 "For full well I trust to conquer Hector the noble.

"But while I endue my warlike arms for the battle,
 "Do ye all offer prayer to Zeus, the mighty Kronion,
 "But in silence pray, lest your voice be heard by the Trojans ;
 "Or aloud ye may pray, for by me no mortal is dreaded.
 "No man shall make me afraid while I to fear am unwilling,
 "Nor through my lack of skill ; for well I hope that unskilful
 "'T has not been my lot to be reared in Salamis lofty."

Thus he spoke ; and to Zeus the king they made supplication. 200
 And thus one of them prayed as he gazed on the wide-spreading heaven :

"Father Zeus, who from Ida rul'st, most glorious, greatest,
 "Victory give to Aias now and honour immortal ;
 "Or, if Hector thou lovest and he thy favour possesses,
 "Grant to both an equal strength and a similar glory."

Thus they spoke, while Aias indued his brilliant brass mail ;
 And when, round his form, he had placed his glorious armour,
 Hasting on he moved to the fight, like Ares the enormous,
 Who to the battle rushes 'gainst those whom mighty Kronion
 Has ordained to contend in the shock of the heart-gnawing conflict ; 210
 So the mighty Aias moved, the defence of Achaia,
 Smiling with stern heroic face, while beneath, on his strong feet,
 Greatly striding he went, and he shook his long-shadowed jav'lin.
 Then did the Grecians greatly rejoice as they looked on their hero ;
 Trembling came at his sight o'er the limbs of every Trojan,
 Even the heart of Hector owned, in his breast, palpitation ;
 But for him 'twas too late to shrink, all backward retiring
 'Mid the Trojan throng, for himself had challenged the combat.
 Then like a tower came Aias near, as his buckler he carried,
 Formed of brass and seven bulls' hides by Tuchios' labour, 220
 Who was the best of the makers of shields, and inhabited Hulè ;
 He, of seven bulls' hides, had formed the far-beaming buckler,
 Seven of the fattest bulls, and had drawn on the brass for the eighth fold.
 Holding this before his breast, Telamonian Aias
 Stood to Hector near, and with threatening words he addressed him.

"Hector, thou now shalt clearly know in our single contention,

"What kind of heroes there are among the best of the Grecians,
 "Even without that breaker of ranks, lion-hearted Achilleus ;
 "He indeed doth remain in the crooked, sea-crossing vessels,
 "Nursing his anger dire against the king Agamemnon ; 230
 "But there are many of us who with thee to do battle are able ;
 "Wherefore delay no more, but begin the warlike encounter."

Him then answered the great, the brilliant-helmeted Hector :
 "O noble Aias Telamonian, prince of thy people,
 "Try not me to alarm, like a boy unused to the combat,
 "Or a woman who knoweth nought of the deeds of the battle ;
 "I am well versed in warlike deeds and the slaughter of heroes,
 "And to move to the right or the left my dry shining buckler,
 "So that by labour unsubdued I may lengthen the conflict ;
 "Well I know in standing fight to keep time with fierce Ares, 240
 "Or in my chariot dashing on, the war of the horses,
 "But I will not secretly strike such a hero as thou art,
 "By subtlety or guile, but openly, if I may reach thee."

Thus he spoke, then poised and threw his long-shadowed jav'lin,
 Striking, on Aias' arm, the great and sevenfold buckler,
 On the brazen plate, which eighth in its substance had number ;
 Through six folds fierce-cutting came the brass spear unblunted,
 But in the seventh skin it stayed. Then, secondly, Aias,
 Noble chief that he was, let fly his long-shadowed jav'lin,
 And, the son of Priam, he struck on his well-rounded buckler. 250
 Pierced the shield right through, the shining, vehement jav'lin,
 And through the breast-plate highly-wrought its passage, continued,
 And, near Hector's flank, the spear his tunic divided ;
 But he, stooping low, dark death by that action avoided.
 Then they both, from the bucklers, tore the long-shadowed jav'lins,
 And to closer fight they fell like devouring lions,
 Or to the boars of the wood, whose strength may scarce be exhausted.
 Priamides with his spear struck the midst of the buckler of Aias ;
 But he pierced not the brass, for the point of his weapon was blunted.
 Aias, attacking, pierced Hector's buckler, and through it 260

Came the spear, and fiercely struck the on-rushing hero ;
 And with a wound it reached his neck, and out flew the black blood.
 But not for this did yield the brilliant-helmeted Hector,
 But, retreating, seized a stone in his powerful hand-grasp,
 Which on the plain was lying near, black, roughened, and mighty ;
 With this then he struck the sevenfold buckler of Aias,
 Full in the midst, on the boss ; and the brass right loudly resounded.
 In his turn did Aias seize a far greater fragment,
 And he sent it whirling on with infinite vigour ;
 Through the shield of Hector burst this rock like a millstone, 270
 And his knees it hurt ; he fell supine on the champain,
 Being by his shield dashed back ; but instant Apollo
 Raised him up. And now with swords in close fight they had battled,
 Had not the heralds, messengers both of Zeus and of mortals,
 Come forth, one from Troy, and one from the brass-mailed Achaians,
 Talthubios and Idaios, both most prudent of counsel ;
 'Twixt the chiefs their sceptres they held, and thus did Idaios
 Speak, that herald wise, well skilled in sapient counsel :

“ Now no more, dear sons, engage in the war and the battle,
 “ For ye both are dear to Zeus who driveth the storm-clouds, 280
 “ And ye both are warriors brave, as all we have witnessed.
 “ But now 'tis nightfall, and the night forbids ye to combat.”

Him then, responding, addressed Telamonian Aias :
 “ Idaios, bid such words as these by Hector be spoken,
 “ For it was he who challenged to fight the best of Achaia ;
 “ Let him commence, and I will be, to his bidding, obedient.”

Then thus spoke the great, the brilliant-helmeted Hector :
 “ Aias, since heaven has given to thee puissance and greatness,
 “ And understanding too, and thou art the best of the Grecians,
 “ Now let us cease to-day from the hostile fight and contention ; 290
 “ But some other day we may war till the bidding of heaven
 “ Judge between us both, and to one or the other give conquest.
 “ But now 'tis nightfall ; 'tis good that the night be obeyed.
 “ And as thou wilt make glad, in their ships, the sons of Achaia,

"And most chiefly thy cherished friends and noble companions,
 "So I, amid the mighty town of Priam the monarch,
 "Shall the Trojans delight, and the long-robed dames of the Trojans,
 "Who on my behalf offer prayer in the sacred assembly.
 "But let us now, on each other, bestow some glorious present,
 "So that some one may say amid the Greeks and the Trojans,
 "These chiefs contended in the strife of heart-gnawing battle,
 "But when the strife was done they both departed in friendship."

300

Thus having spoken, he gave a falchion studded with silver,
 And with its sheath he gave its belt of exquisite fashion ;
 Aias then a belt bestowed all splendid with purple.

Then did that pair depart, the one to the host of Achaia,
 Hector, the other, wended to Troy 'mid a crowd of the Trojans,
 Who to behold him alive and sound were greatly rejoicing.
 Having escaped the mighty hands of invincible Aias,
 Glad to the city they went, for much they despaired of his safety.

310

But, on the other side, the well-greaved sons of Achaia,
 Aias, glad with victory, led to the great Agamemnon,
 And when they were come to the tents of the mighty Atreides,
 Instant an ox was slain by the king of men Agamemnon,
 Aged full five years, to Zeus, who excelleth in power ;
 This they skinned, and then with heedful care they dissected,
 And with art into fragments they cut and to spits they affixed them,
 These they carefully roasted and then from the fire they withdrew them,
 Next they ceased from their toil and prepared the savoury feasting,
 Then they feasted at ease, and none lacked an equal refreshment ;

320

With the chine complete victorious Aias was honoured
 By Atreides the hero the wide-ruling king Agamemnon.
 Then when, of meat and drink, the keen desire was appeased,
 Then did ancient Nestor begin to deliver his counsel,
 That old man who many a time had sagely advised ;
 Wisely the chiefs he harangued, and this was his skilful oration :

"Atreides, and ye the best of the chiefs of Achaia,
 "Many now are dead of the long-haired sons of the Grecians,

"They whose life-blood dark, around the clear-flowing Scamandros,
 "Fierce Ares has spilt, and their souls have descended to Hades. 330
 "Wherefore, with earliest dawn, let the Greeks abstain from the combat,
 "And let us here the bodies bring of the heroes departed,
 "Drawn by oxen and mules, that so with due rites we may burn them,
 "Something away from the ships, that thus the remains of each hero
 "Homeward may to his children be brought when we sail to our country ;
 "And the funeral pyre around a tomb let us gather
 "Heaped up with earth, and common to all ; and near this erection
 "Lofty towers let us build, of us and our ships for defences ;
 "And, at intervals fit, let spacious gates be erected,
 "That through them may chariots wend with ease to the conflict ; 340
 "And, outside the wall, a mighty fosse let us hollow,
 "Which, surrounding the wall, may keep at a distance the foemen,
 "Lest the might of the Trojans proud some day overwhelm us."

Thus he spoke, and all the kings gave his speech approbation.
 Meanwhile a council in Troy was held in the height of the city ;
 Fearful it was and disturbed, near the doors of the palace of Priam ;
 And in the midst Antenor rose and prudently counselled :

"Ye Trojans, Dardans, and ye auxiliars famous,
 "Hear, while I tell the things mine inmost spirit impels me.
 "Let us Argive Helen restore, and, with her, her riches, 350
 "To the Atreidæ ; for now in the wrong we are fighting,
 "Having broken the faithful truce ; whence nought shall we profit
 "Till we the restoration have made which I now am advising."

Thus having spoken, he sat ; then arose amid the assembly
 Noble Alexandros, the lord of the beauteous-haired Helen,
 Who with these wingèd words to the wise Antenor responded :

"This thy advice to me, Antenor, is greatly displeasing,
 "And, heretofore, 't has been thine to give more acceptable counsel ;
 "But if indeed these words of thine thou hast spoken in earnest,
 "Truly the gods from thee have ta'en thy clear understanding. 360
 "But I my mind will tell to the Trojans tamers of horses,
 "And to their face I say that Helen I never will part with ;

"But the wealth which from Argos I brought to our own habitation,
 "This will I willingly give again, and add to it new treasure."

Thus spoke Paris, and sat ; then arose amid the assembly
 Priam Dardanides, to the deities equal in wisdom,
 Who with sapient words addressed them, and these were his accents :

"Ye Trojans, Dardans, and ye auxiliars famous,
 "Hear me now while I tell what my heart in my bosom commands me.
 "Now let their meal be ta'en by the host as before was accustomed, 370
 "And let the guards be heedfully set, and let them be watchful,
 "And, to the hollow ships, with the dawn let Idaios be wending
 "With the Atreidæ to speak, Agamemnon and Menelaos,
 "These Alexandros' words, through whom the strife has arisen.—
 "And let him this wise inquiry make ; if they will be willing
 "From the dread-toned war to pause, that so may be burnèd
 "All the bodies dead ; then again will we fight until heaven
 "Judge between us both and to one or the other give conquest."

Thus he spoke ; his words they heard and also obeyed them.
 Then their meal they took by troops through the ranks of the army. 380
 In the morning Idaios sought the ships of the Grecians,
 And in council the Danaoi found, the servants of Ares,
 Near the poop of the ship which bore the king Agamemnon ;
 Standing then in the midst the full-voiced herald addressed them :

"O ye Atreidæ, and the best of the chiefs of Achaia,
 "Priam has given me command, and the rest of the glorious Trojans,
 "To say these words, may they be acceptable to ye,
 "From Alexandros, through whom this strife has arisen ;
 "All the wealth which he bore away in his hollow-built vessels
 "To the Trojan town (would to heaven that first he had perished), 390
 "He to restore is ready, and give, of his own wealth, additions ;
 "But the youthful bride of Menelaos the noble
 "He will never restore, though much the Trojans desire him.
 "And they have bid me further ask if ye will be willing
 "From dire-sounding war to cease, that so may be buried
 "All the bodies dead ; then again we will fight until heaven

"Judge between us both and to one or the other give conquest.

Thus spoke Idaios ; and the chiefs were hushed into silence.

Then his comrades addressed Diomedes, brave in the conflict :

"Let no man receive the proffered wealth of the Trojan,

400

"No, nor Helen herself :—by a child it might be perceivèd

"That Troy's sons have well nigh reached the goal of destruction."

Thus he spoke, and his words met applause from the sons of Achaia,

Who admired the speech of the tamer of steeds Diomedes ;

Then thus Idaios was addressed by the king Agamemnon :

"Idaios, thine ears have heard the will of Achaia,

"Thus her sons answer thee ; and I agree with their saying.

"But, as regards the burning the dead, I will not deny thee,

"For no man should deny to the bodies of heroes departed,

"Since that they are deceased, the fire's funereal honour ;

410

"Let high Zeus now witness our pact, the husband of Herè."

Speaking thus his sceptre he raised to all the immortals.

Back Idaios wended then to Ilion sacred,

Where in council sat the Trojan lords and the Dardan,

Gathered together all, the return of Idaios awaiting.

He then stood in the midst and soon his message he uttered ;

Then the sons of Troy for both parts swiftly prepared them,

Some to collect the bodies dead, and the wood some to gather ;

And on the other part from their well-banked vessels the Argives

Some collected the bodies dead and some wood did gather.

420

Then when the early sun with its rays was striking the cornfields,

Rising upward to heaven from the depths of the calm-flowing ocean ;

Then met the Trojans and Greeks in the sad funereal labour.

And when hard it was to discern the face of a hero,

They with water washed away the gore from the body,

And pouring out warm tears, they soon on the chariots placed it ;

Mighty Priam forbad their woe ; they, therefore, in silence

Placed the dead on the blazing pyres, while their hearts were sore troubled ;

And, when the fire had consumed them, returned to Ilion sacred.

So on their part too, the well-greaved sons of Achaia,

430

Placed their dead on the blazing pyres, while their hearts were sore troubled,
 And, when the fire had consumed them, returned to their hollow-built vessels.
 When it was not yet the dawn but the grey of the morning,
 Then, around the pyre, a chosen band of Achaïans
 Formed on the plain one lofty mound, their common remembrance ;
 And then near the tomb a mighty wall they erected,
 With lofty towers, a great defence for themselves and their shipping ;
 And in it they placed the wide and well-fitting portals,
 That through them the chariots and steeds might wend to the battle ;
 Next outside the wall a deepened ditch they preparèd, 440
 Wide it was and broad, and within with stakes it was furnished ;
 Such were that day the toils of the long-haired sons of Achaïa.

Meanwhile all the gods, round Zeus the thunderer, sitting,
 Viewed with wondering eyes the great work of the brass-mailed Achaïans,
 And thus among them spoke the mighty earth-shaker Poseidon :

“ Father Zeus, what mortal exists on the earth widely-spreading,
 “ Who henceforth his intention shall tell to the deities deathless ?
 “ Dost thou not behold how the long-haired sons of Achaïa
 “ Round their ships this wall have built, and the wall have surrounded
 “ With the fosse, but yet to the gods have no hecatombs rendered ? 450
 “ And this deed their glory will be wherever the moon shines ;
 “ But they forget the work of me and Phoibos Apollon,
 “ How heretofore we toiled to build Laomedon’s city.”

Him, in fierce anger, addressed great Zeus who driveth the storm-cloud :
 “ O thou mighty shaker of earth, what words hast thou spoken ?
 “ Some other god, perchance, might fear this device of the Grecians,
 “ Who than thou by far is feebler in hand and in spirit ;
 “ Ever thy glory shall be, as far as the morn is, extended :
 “ When, away from Troy, the long-haired sons of Achaïa
 “ In their ships shall depart to the much-loved land of their country, 460
 “ Thou shalt this wall break down and whelm it whole in the ocean,
 “ And the wide-spreading shore shall with heaped-up sand be concealèd ;
 “ So in destruction shall lie the mighty wall of the Grecians.”

In such words as these the deities held consultation ;

Down sank the sun, and the mighty work of the Grecians was finished.
Oxen they slew the tents among, and to supper they wended.
Many ships had from Lemnos come, and with wine they were laden,
Eunëos Iésonides sent these ships to the Grecians,
Him Hupsipule bore to Ieson shepherd of nations :
He, on Atreus' sons, Agamemnon and Menelaos, 470
Had as a gift bestowed a thousand measures of dark wine.
From them wine procured the long-haired sons of Achaia,
Some with brass, and some with steel right splendidly shining,
Some with skins, and some with the forms of the yet living oxen,
Some with the captives of war ; then a joyful feast they preparèd ;
Through the whole of the night the long-haired sons of Achaia
Feasted, and so did the Trojans among their allies in their city.
Evil, against them, all night long by Zeus was devisèd ;
Direly the thunder he crashed, pale fear then seized on the nations ;
From their goblets they poured the wine, nor had any the boldness 480
First to drink ere libation he made to the mighty Kroníon.
Lastly to rest they went and enjoyed the blessing of slumber.

BOOK VIII.

THE COUNCIL OF THE GODS, AND THE SUCCESS OF THE TROJANS.

NOW, over all the earth, was spread the saffron-robed morning ;

And the gods were called by Zeus, who delighteth in thunder,
Council to hold on the top of the many-peakèd Olumpus ;
He then harangued them, while all, deep silence, were keeping :

“ Hear me now, all ye gods, and all ye goddesses, hear me,

“ While I tell what my mind within my bosom impels me ;

“ Let no goddess nor god presume to make void my commandment,

“ But let all approve that so my works may be finished.

“ Whosoe’er of the gods shall descend to render assistance

“ Or to the Trojan host, or the mail-clad sons of Achaia,

10

“ Smitten with shameful wounds shall that god return to Olumpus ;

“ Or I will seize him and whelm him down to Tartaros murky,

“ Far, far from hence where the gulf beneath the earth is profoundest,

“ Where the portals iron are and brazen the threshold,

“ As far, Hades beneath, as the earth is lower than heaven ;

“ Then shall he know that I of all the gods am the strongest.

“ Come now, experiment make, ye gods, that all may have knowledge :

“ Let me down a golden chain from the portals of heaven,

“ And let every god and goddess be to it pendent ;

“ Yet ye will not be able to drag to earth, from high heaven,

20

“ Mighty Zeus, the master of all, though much ye may labour ;

“ But, when I shall willing be that the chain be uplifted,

“ With it I will raise the earth and the flowings of ocean,

"Then will I fix the chain around the peak of Olumpus ;

"And earth, ocean, gods shall all be uplifted in ether.

"So far am I the greater than gods, the greater than mortals."

Thus spoke Zeus, and the deities all were hushed into silence,
Marvelling at his words ; for he right fiercely harangued them.
Then, thus addressed him, the goddess blue-eyed Athenè :

"O mighty father, Kronides, most exalted of monarchs,

30

"Well do we understand that thy might is not to be conquered ;

"But we must needs bewail the warlike chiefs of the Grecians,

"Who, fulfilling an evil fate, are marked for the slaughter.

"We from the war must abstain, since this is thy mighty commandment ;

"Counsel we may to the Grecians give, which may yield them, assistance,

"Lest, in thy wrath, should perish all the sons of Achaia."

Smiling, to her replied, great Zeus who driveth the storm-cloud :

"Be of good heart, my daughter dear, nor too narrowly construe

"What I have said, for ever to thee my will is propitious."

Speaking thus, to his chariot he joined the brass-footed horses,

40

Swift of foot and, with golden manes far-flowing, adorned ;

Then himself he clad in gold ; and the scourge he took hold of,

Golden, skilfully made, and then he the chariot ascended.

Touched with the scourge, the heavenly steeds went willingly soaring

Midway between the earth and the vault of the star-studded heaven.

Soon to Ida he came, many-fountained, the mother of wild beasts,

And Gargaros, to his sacred place and his altar of incense ;

There the sire of gods and men his coursers restrained,

And from the car he loosed them and poured thick darkness around them.

Then on the loftiest peak he sat, in his glory, rejoicing,

50

Gazing down on the city of Troy and the ships of the Grecians.

Now took their earliest meal the long-haired sons of Achaia

Hastily 'mid the tents, and then they armed for the battle.

At the same time the Trojan host in their city was arming ;

Fewer in numbers they were, but still most prompt for the combat,

As necessity bade, for their wives and innocent children.

Then all the gates were opened, and out rushed the host of the Trojans,

Footmen and chariots, and loud was the roar of their onset.
 And, when both hosts advancing came to the place of their meeting,
 Shields and spears together were dashed by the strength of the heroes 60
 Clad in brazen mail, and the bossy orbs of the bucklers
 'Gainst each other rang, and loud was the roar of the conflict.

Then arose the wailing wild and the boasts of the heroes
 Slaying and being slain, while the earth with the red blood was streaming.
 And while 'twas morning, and the sacred day was advancing,
 Through each host the weapons struck and the people were falling ;
 But, when now the sun had ascended the midst of the heaven,
 Then great Father Zeus his golden balance uplifted ;
 And in the scales two lots he placed of death ever-sleeping,
 One for Troy's steed-tamers, and one for the brass-mailed Achaians ; 70
 And by the midst he held it, then fell their fate on the Grecians ;
 For the lot of the Greeks toward the plentiful earth descended,
 While the lot of the Trojans flew up to the loftiest heaven.

Then from Ida he thundered loud, and fervently blazing
 Lightning flashed through the Grecian host ; and they at the tempest
 Were afraid, and on every face pale fear was depicted.
 Idomeneus durst not remain, nor durst Agamemnon,
 Nor did e'en the Aiantes stay, the servants of Ares ;
 Nestor alone remained, Gerenios, guard of the Grecians,
 Not with good will, but his horse was hurt by a swift-flying arrow 80
 Shot by fair-haired Helen's lord, Alexandros the noble,
 Into the courser's crest, where the mane of the horse has beginning,
 Springing from the skull, just where a wound is most deadly.
 He, with the torment, reared, for his brain was pierced by the arrow,
 And the other steeds he perturbed as he writhed 'neath the weapon.
 And, while the ancient man the reins of the hurt steed was cutting
 With the stroke of his falchion keen, the swift horses of Hector
 Rushed in pursuit, through the rout bringing on their terrible master,
 Hector ; who full soon had destroyed the life of the ancient,
 Had not his peril been seen by the brave-in-fight Diomedes ; 90
 Terribly shouted Diomed then inciting Odusseus :

"Where, O son of Laertes, where, sagacious Odusseus,
 "Dost thou fly, with thy back to the foe, like a coward in battle?
 "Take good heed lest some Trojan pierce thy back with his jav'lin;
 "Stay thy flight, and fierce Hector repel from Nestor the ancient."

Thus he spoke, but, heeded not, much-enduring Odusseus,
 And with speed he went to the hollow ships of the Grecians.
 But Tudeides, though left alone, sought the front of the battle;
 And, by the horses he took his stand, of the ancient Nestor,
 And to that chieftain old he addressed these swift-wingèd accents: 100

"Ancient man, thou art perilled now by these warriors youthful,
 "And thy strength is dissolved, and bitter age weighs upon thee,
 "And thy charioteer is weak, and slow are thy horses;
 "Come then, now my chariot ascend, that so thou may'st witness
 "What the Trojan horses are well-skilled on the champain,
 "Swift in all directions to chase or to fly from the foeman,
 "Which from Aineias I lately took, that master of terror;
 "Let our attendants care for your steeds, but let us, with my coursers,
 "Charge the Trojans tamers of steeds, that so even Hector
 "May by experience know if my spear in my hands is uncertain." 110

Thus he spoke, and his word was obeyed by Gerenian Nestor.
 Then, the Nestorian steeds, they gave to the care of attendants,
 To Sthenelos the brave, and Eurumedon friend of the valiant,
 But they both themselves Diomedes' war-car ascended;
 Nestor took in hand the reins all splendidly shining,
 Scourged the steeds, and soon they came where Hector was warring;
 Straight, with all his might, Tudeides darted his jav'lin;
 But from Hector he erred, but the charioteer his attendant,
 Eniopeus the son of the mighty-hearted Thebaios,
 Who his horses ruled, he struck in the midst of his bosom; 120
 Down from the chariot he fell, back started the swift-footed horses,
 He on the spot was by death deprived both of life and puissance.
 Desperate grief for his charioteer seized the bosom of Hector;
 But he let him lie in dust, though grieved for his comrade,
 While a bold charioteer he sought: nor long did his horses

Lack a puissant guide, for he found almost on the instant
 Iphitides Archeptolemos, who, behind the fleet horses
 Sprang, and the reins to his hands, by noble Hector, were rendered.

Then had death prevailed and amazing deeds been accomplished,
 And, like lambs, the Trojans had been cooped up in their city, 130
 But that the father of gods and men was that moment attentive ;
 Dreadfully then he thundered and hurled the thunderbolt blazing,
 And the earth it struck at the feet of the steeds of Tudeides ;
 Terrible was the flame which arose from the fierce-burning brimstone ;
 Instant the terrified steeds beneath the war-car were crouching,
 And from Nestor's hands fell the reins all splendidly shining ;
 For, in his mind, he feared, and thus he addressed Diomedes :

“ Tudeides, now turn to flight the round-footed horses ;
 “ Dost thou not see that Zeus to thee gives not his protection ?
 “ This day Kronos' son bestows on Hector the glory ; 140
 “ But, if he will, at another time, he on us may bestow it.
 “ No man of mortal mould may resist the behest of Kronion,
 “ Howsoever brave he be ; Zeus is far more puissant.”

Him then thus answered Diomedes, brave in the conflict :
 “ All these things by thee, old man, have rightly been spoken ;
 “ But this terrible grief my heart and mind overcometh ;
 “ Hector, perchance, may say, when he Troy's sons is haranguing,
 “ Tudeides, for fear of me, fled in haste to the shipping.
 “ Thus, perchance, he may boast, then for me let the wide earth be gaping.”

Him then thus answered Gerenian Nestor, the horseman : 150
 “ What words, O warlike son of Tudeus, now hast thou uttered ?
 “ Even though Hector should dare to call thee weak and a coward,
 “ He will not be believed by the Trojan chiefs and the Dardans,
 “ Or by the wives of mighty Trojans bearers of bucklers,
 “ Whose blooming husbands by thee in the dust have been whelmèd.”

Speaking thus, to flight he turned the round-footed horses
 Back through the rout of war ; while, behind, the Trojans and Hector,
 Shouting in triumph aloud, poured forth their terrible weapons.
 Then thus loudly exclaimed the brilliant-helmeted Hector :

" O son of Tudeus, the Greeks of the swift-footed coursers 160
 " Thee in their feasts and flowing cups were accustomed to honour ;
 " Now by them thou despised wilt be ; like a woman thou'rt flying.
 " Hence then, thou fearful girl ; for thou canst not against my intention
 " Either ascend our Trojan towers or carry our women
 " Off in thy ships, for, ere this befall, I will give thee thy death-blow."

Thus he spoke, and Tudeus' son in his mind was divided ;
 Much he wished his horses to turn and contend with the foe-man.
 Thrice he decided thus in the mind and spirit within him ;
 Thrice from Ida's mount loud thundered the mighty Kroníon,
 Giving to Troy a token true of success in the conflict. 170

Then, loudly shouting, thus Hector exhorted the Trojans :

" Trojans and Lukians and Dardans great in close battle,
 " Be men, my friends, your strenuous valour remember ;
 " Well I know that to me are giv'n by propitious Kroníon
 " Victory full and glory immense, to the Grecians, destruction.
 " Fools that they are, who have now built up these contemptible ramparts,
 " Weak and useless all, which to me can make no resistance ;
 " Easily my fleet steeds will bound o'er the breadth of their trenches.
 " But when once I shall come where the hollow shipping is stranded,
 " Then let the blazing flame be by you, my comrades, remembered, 180
 " So that the ships I may burn with fire, and by them the Argives
 " I may slay while yet in the rising smoke they're bewildered."

Thus he spoke, and then in turn he his horses excited :
 " Xanthos, and thou Podarges, thou Aithon, and glorious Lampos,
 " Now requite the care which on you has greatly bestowed
 " Andromachè, the daughter of mighty-minded Eëtion,
 " Who in your stalls has placed for you the barley delicious
 " Mixed with wine for you to drink, when her mind thus impelled her,
 " Ere she poured it for me who boast me her young blooming husband.
 " Now rush on with your utmost force, that so we may capture 190
 " The Nestorian shield whose glory reaches to heaven,
 " Solid gold, it is said to be, solid gold are its handles ;
 " And from the shoulders of Diomed tamer of horses

"Strip the rich mail away, the mighty work of Hephaistos.

"If we can seize on these, we may hope the sons of Achaia

"In this very night may ascend their swift-going vessels."

Thus spake he boasting ; then wroth was Herè majestic ;
As she sat she shook her throne, quaked lofty Olumpus,
And thus she addressed in her wrath the mighty Poseidon :

"O thou shaker of earth, thou god of wondrous puissance, 200

"Hast thou no pity, thy mind within, for the perishing Grecians ?

"Who yet at Helikè and Aigè offer thee ever

"Gifts both many and fair ; and to them thou wishest the conquest.

"If we were all agreed, who are of the Greeks the protectors,

"To repulse the Trojans and quell the far-seeing Kroníon,

"Soon would he sit, alone in his woe, on the summit of Ida."

Angrily thus to her responded the earth-shaking monarch :

"Herè, too bold of speech, what words are these thou hast uttered ?

"'Tis not my will that we the other deities combat

"'Gainst the might of Zeus, since he is by far most puissant." 210

Such was the converse then between those deities mighty ;
Meanwhile, that space which lay betwixt the wall and the shipping
Crowded was with horses and men the bearers of bucklers
Cooped up there ; for Hector, in strength, like the swift-footed Ares,
Thither had forced them then, for Zeus had given him the glory :
And he then would have burned with fire the well-balanced vessels,
Had not great Herè suggested to king Agamemnon,
With his utmost zeal to exhort the sons of Achaia.

Swift he began to go by the tents and the ships of the Grecians,
Bearing a flowing purple cloak in his vigorous hand-grasp ; 220
Then he took his stand by the vast, black ship of Odusseus,
Which in the midst of the fleet was placed, that both sides might hear him,
Even far as the tent of Telamonian Aias,

And of Achilles too, for they, on each side of the navy,
Drew their ships to shore, in their strength and valour, confiding ;
Thence at the height of his voice he cried, haranguing the Grecians :

"Shame on ye, Argives, cowards, though fair in appearance ;

"Where are our boastings fled, with which we our bravery lauded?
 "When, in Lemnos' isle, vainglorious speeches ye uttered,
 "While ye feasted upon the flesh of the straight-hornèd oxen, 230
 "Quaffing deeply the while from the gaily-garlanded wine-cups;
 "When each hero boasted that he could conquer in battle
 "One or two hundred Trojans? but now we dare not to venture
 "'Gainst Hector only, who soon will burn up our shipping.
 "Father Zeus, didst thou ever yet, a monarch puissant,
 "With such woes afflict, or thus deprive him of glory?
 "But I declare that never I slighted thy glorious altar,
 "Ere, in an evil day, I came with my many-oared vessels;
 "But on thine altar I burnt the fat and thighs of the oxen,
 "Longing to overthrow the well-fenced town of the Trojans. 240
 "But do thou, propitious Zeus, grant this my desiring;
 "Give us power from hence to fly in our vessels escaping,
 "Nor let the Trojans utterly quell the sons of Achaia."

Thus he spoke, and Zeus on the tearful king, had compassion;
 And he granted his host should be saved, nor meet with destruction.
 Instantly then an eagle he sent, most propitious of all birds,
 He in his talons held a hind, the young of the swift deer;
 And he threw down that hind by Zeus's glorious altar,
 Where oracular Zeus was served by the sons of Achaia.

So when the Greeks perceived that the bird from Zeus had descended, 250
 Then once more on the Trojans they rushed and remembered the battle;
 None of the Danaoi, though they in number were many,
 Boasted his swift-footed horses to urge before mighty Tudeides,
 And past the trench to drive them on confronting the Trojans;
 He, far before the rest, a Trojan warrior conquered,
 Phradmon's son Agelaos, who'd turn'd his horses for flying;
 Him, as he turned, in the back, Tudeides smote with his jav'lin,
 'Twixt his shoulders he drove the brass through the warrior's bosom;
 Down from the war-car he fell, and clanged his armour upon him.
 Then came Atreus' sons, Agamemnon and Menelaos, 260
 And the Aiantes twain, with valour clothed as a garment,

And then Idomeneus and Idomeneus' armour-bearer
 Merion, equal in strength to Ares the slayer of heroes,
 With them Eurupulos, the famous son of Euaimon,
 Last of all, with his bended bow, came Teucros the archer ;
 He took his stand behind the Telamonian buckler.
 Then did Aias place the shield, and heedful the hero
 Gazed around, and when some Trojan chief he had smitten,
 Who to the earth falling down poured out his soul in the battle,
 Then did Teucros backward draw, like a child to its mother, 270
 To Aias' side, who 'neath his splendid buckler concealed him.

Who then first of the Trojans was slain by illustrious Teucros ?
 Orsilochos was the first, then Ormenos, then Ophelestes,
 Daitor, and Chromios, and Lucophontes the godlike,
 And Hamopäon, and Melanippos the hero,
 These, on each other heaped, he stretched on the bountiful greensward.—
 Him, with joy, beheld the king of men Agamemnon,
 Thus with his strong bow destroying the host of the Trojans ;
 To him he went and, standing near, 'twas thus he addressed him :

“Teucros, dear chief, Telamonian, prince of the people, 280
 “Thus continue to shoot, and become the light of the Grecians,
 “And Telamon thy sire, who, in thine infancy, reared thee,
 “And, though thou wert of spurious birth, brought thee up in his palace,
 “Him, although he dwelleth afar, raise thou into glory.
 “If Zeus, who sways the Egis, will grant, and Pallas Athenè,
 “Me at length to destroy the well-walled city of Ilion,
 “Into thy hands, the first, I'll give some token of honour,
 “Tripod, or horses twain, and with them a glorious war-car,
 “Or some fair captive to be of thy couch a partaker.”

Then thus, responding, outspoke illustrious Teucros : 290
 “Noblest Atreides, what need is there for thine urging
 “Me prompt already ? while strength remaineth within me
 “I will not cease from fight, and, that we may drive back the Trojans,
 “Therefore I, lying in wait, with my bow their heroes am slaying.
 “I from this bow have sent but now eight long barbèd arrows,

"And they all have pierced the flesh of warriors blooming ;

"But to pierce yon furious dog* in vain I am striving."

Thus he spoke, and, another shaft, from his bowstring, he winged
Hector against, for him to pierce he was greatly desirous ;

Him indeed he missed, but he struck Gorguthios noble, 300

One of Priam's warlike sons ; in his bosom he smote him ;

His mother was from Aisumè led as a bride to her marriage,

Beautiful Kastianeira, as fair as a goddess of heaven.

Like as a poppy declines its head, when 'tis, in the garden,

Bent down by the weight of its flower, or the dews of the spring-time ;

So did Gorguthios bend his head weighed down by his helmet.

Teucros again, from his bowstring, sent a swift-flying arrow

Hector against, for him to hit he was greatly desirous ;

Him yet again he missed, for the shaft was turned by Apollon,

But he the hero smote who was driving the coursers of Hector, 310

Archeptolemos rushing to war ; in the bosom he pierced him ;

Down from the war-car he fell,—recoiled the swift-footed horses,—

And, on the spot, both life and strength from the hero were loosened.

Direful grief, for his charioteer, wrung the bosom of Hector,

But he let him lie although he was grieved for his comrade ;

Kebriones his brother, he bade, take the reins of the coursers ;

And he obedient was to the word of illustrious Hector.

Hector himself to the ground leapt down from the brilliant war-car

Terribly shouting the while, and a rock he seized in his hand-grasp ;

Straight toward Teucros he went, for his wrath impelled him to smite him. 320

He, indeed, a bitter shaft, from his quiver, had taken,

And on the string he placed it, but brilliant-helmeted Hector,

As he drew the bow, where the collar-bone parteth the shoulder

Twixt the neck and breast,—a spot which ever is deadly,—

Smote him while eager to shoot, with the stone both massive and rugged,

And his bowstring he broke, and his hands at the wrist were benumbed ;

Down on his knees he fell, and the bow escaped from his grasping.

But not forgotten was his fallen brother by Aias,

* Hector.

But rushing up, he defended him well and hid with his buckler ;
 Meanwhile two of his comrades dear came on to support him, 330
 Echios' son Mekisteus brave, and noble Alastor ;
 Then, to the hollow ships, they bore him terribly groaning.
 Then yet again Olumpian Zeus roused the strength of the Trojans,
 Straight to the spacious trench they drove the Grecians before them ;
 Hector, amid the first, rushed on in puissance rejoicing.

As when some dog, well endued with fleetness in running,
 Fastens upon a savage boar, or perchance on a lion,
 He his hinder quarters bites, taking heed of his turning ;
 Thus did Hector press on the long-haired sons of Achaia,
 Slaying all who remained behind, while they fled from before him, 340
 But when, beyond the palisade, to the trench, they had wended
 In their flight, and many were slain by the hands of the Trojans,
 They who remained were crowded sore by the side of their vessels,
 Each other encouraging, the while their hands they uplifted
 To each heavenly god, and all were mightily praying.—
 Hector, the while, on every side urged his beauteous-maned horses
 Glaring with eyes like the Gorgon, or Ares the slayer of mortals.
 Them, with pity, beheld the goddess white-armed Herè,
 And these wingèd words she addressed to Pallas Athenè :

“ Daughter of Egis-bearing Zeus, shall we not be troubled 350
 “ For the perishing Greeks, ere yet be too late our assistance ?
 “ They, fulfilling an evil fate, now yield to destruction
 “ 'Neath the attack of a single chief ; unbearably rages
 “ Hector Priamides, and hath caused full many misfortunes.”

Then to her replied the blue-eyed goddess Athenè :
 “ Hector had lost both strength and life 'neath the hands of the Argives,
 “ Slain in defending the much-loved land of his country,
 “ But this father of mine in an evil spirit is raging,
 “ Harsh as he is, and ever unjust, and he thwarts my intentions ;
 “ Nor will he now remember how oft his son I have aided, 360
 “ When he was tried by toils at the will of the cruel Eurustheus.
 “ He to heaven was wont to cry, then Zeus gave direction

"That I, descending from heaven, should go to the hero's assistance.
 "But had I known what has happed this day, in the mind of my wisdom,
 "When Eurustheus, Hercules sent to the portals of Hades
 "Back from Erebus dark to bring the dog of Aidoneus,
 "Certainly he should never have scaped the deep Stygian waters.
 "Me, he now abhors, performing the counsels of Thetis,
 "Who hath kissed his knees and held his beard, supplicating
 "That with honour he'd crown the destroyer of cities Achilles. 370
 "But hereafter again he will love the blue-eyed Athenè.
 "But do thou to the chariot join the round-footed horses,
 "That I may wend to the palace of Zeus, who swayeth the Egis,
 "And may indue my warlike arms, that so I may witness
 "If king Priam's son, the brilliant-helmeted Hector,
 "Will be rejoiced when we shall appear in the ranks of the battle ;
 "Certainly then some Trojan shall glut the dogs and the wild birds
 "With the fat of his corse, having fall'n near the ships of Achaia."

Thus she spoke, and her word was obeyed by the white-armèd Herè.
 Swift, to her chariot, joined her golden-frontleted horses, 380
 Herè the goddess dread, the daughter of mightiest Kronos,
 Then did Athenè, daughter of Zeus who swayeth the Egis,
 Let her exquisite robe fall free in the house of her father,
 Various were its beauties, and she, with her own hands, had wrought it ;
 Then she the tunic indued of Zeus who driveth the storm-cloud,
 Clothing herself with armour of proof for the dolorous warfare.
 With glowing feet in the car she stepped, and uplifted her jav'lin
 Vast and heavy and strong, with which she quelleth the heroes,
 When she, born of a mighty sire, with mortals is angry.
 Herè then with the swiftly plied scourge impelled the fleet horses, 390
 And, of their own accord, the gates of heaven resounded,
 Kept by the Hours to whom great Olumpus and heaven were entrusted,
 That they might open the cloudy gates or shut them with darkness.
 Straight through the heavenly gates they drove the impetuous horses.
 Father Zeus, as from Ida he gazed, was terribly wrathful,
 And, to his side, he called the gold-winged messenger Iris :

"Go, swift Iris, and turn them back, nor let them oppose me ;
 "Evil it were for them both, with me, to meet in contention.
 "For I tell thee a thing which shall certainly have its performance ;
 "I will lame, their chariot beneath, the swift-footed horses, 400
 "Them from the seat will I throw and dash their car into fragments,
 "Nor in the space of ten long years serenely revolving
 "Shall they be able to heal the wounds ingrained by the thunder ;
 "That Athenè may know what it is to war with her father.—
 "But 'gainst Herè, less wrath I feel and little of vengeance ;
 "For she is ever wont to try to baulk my intentions."

Thus spoke Zeus, and instantly flew the storm-footed Iris ;
 Down from Ida's peak she went to the spacious Olumpos,
 And the first passes within of the many-vallied Olumpos,
 She the goddesses met ; and told them the words of Kronion : 410

"Whither wend ye in haste ? are your bosoms burning with madness ?
 "Zeus permitteth you not to aid the sons of Achaia.
 "This hath he threatened now, and thus will his threats have performance,
 "He will lame, the car beneath, the swift-footed horses,
 "You from the seat he'll throw and dash the car into fragments,
 "Nor for the space of ten long years serenely revolving,
 "Shall ye be able to heal the wounds ingrained by the thunder ;
 "That thou, Athenè, may'st know what it is to war with thy father.
 "But, against Herè, less wrath he feels and little of vengeance ;
 "For she is ever wont to try to baulk his intentions. 420
 "But can it be that thou, of goddesses worst and most shameless,
 "Wilt presume, 'gainst Zeus, to lift thy jav'lin enormous ?"

Thus having spoken back returned the swift-footed Iris.
 Then these words did Herè speak to Pallas Athenè :

"O thou daughter of mighty Zeus who swayeth the Egis,
 "We must not dare against Zeus to fight in the quarrels of mortals :
 "Let each one of them die or live as fate shall command them,
 "And let Zeus perform what his mind within shall impel him,
 "As most fitting it is, between the Greeks and the Trojans."

Thus having spoken, she turned the round-footed coursers. 430

And the Hours from the chariot loosed the lovely-maned horses.
 And they tied them close beside the ambrosial mangers ;
 And the car they made to lean on the walls brightly-shining.
 Then the goddesses twain, on golden couches, reclined,
 All the other gods among, afflicted in spirit.
 Zeus the while from Ida drove his well-wheelèd chariot,
 Toward Olumpos, and soon he came to the seats of immortals.
 For him, his horses released, the great earth-shaker Poseidon,
 And the car on its stand he placed and with coverings veiled it.
 Then, to his golden throne, did wend the far-seeing Kronion, 440
 And he sat, while, his feet beneath, quaked mighty Olumpos.
 By themselves, from Zeus apart, sat Athenè and Herè,
 Nor to him did they speak at all, nor venture to question ;
 He knew their thoughts, his mind within, and thus he addressed them :
 " Why do ye look so sad, O Herè and Pallas Athenè ?
 " Not very long have ye been engaged in glorious battle,
 " Slaying the Trojan chiefs against whom such a grudge ye have taken.
 " Truly ye soon would have felt my strength and conquering potency,
 " Nor should all the Olumpian gods from my vengeance have turned me.
 " Well it was that trembling seized on your beautiful members 450
 " Ere ye experienced war and the terrible deeds of the conflict.
 " For I tell you a thing which had found its certain performance ;
 " In your own chariot, ye twain, by the thunderbolt blasted,
 " Never again to Olumpos had come, the seat of immortals."

Thus spake Zeus ; and inly groaned Athenè and Herè.
 Near to each other they sat, devising woes for the Trojans.
 Pallas Athenè silence kept, and no word did she utter,
 Wroth though she was with father Zeus and fierce anger possessed her ;
 Herè quenched not her ire, but with these words she addressed him :—
 " Harshest son of Kronos, what words are these thou hast spoken ? 460
 " We right well are aware that thy strength is not to be conquered ;
 " Nevertheless we mourn for the warlike sons of Achaia,
 " Who, fulfilling an evil fate, will perish in slaughter.—
 " But we from open war must cease, since thus thou commandest,

"Yet to the Greeks we may counsel give by which they may profit,
 "Lest they should perish all beneath thy great indignation."

Then thus responded great Zeus who driveth the storm-cloud :

"In the morning's dawn, O large-eyed Herè majestic,
 "Thou shalt behold a mighty host of Greek warriors perish.
 "For not from combat shall cease the terrible Hector 470
 "Ere he arouse near the Grecian ships the swift-footed Achilleus,
 "In that coming day when around their poop shall be battle,
 "While the Greeks are direly pressed, o'er the corse of Patroclus.
 "This is the word of fate ; to thine ire I pay no observance,
 "Not even shouldst thou seek the utmost boundary distant
 "Of the earth and sea, where Iapetos and Kronos
 "Dwell, who never rejoice in the sun's beam loftily moving,
 "Nor in the breathing winds ; deep Tartaros ever surrounds them ;
 "If e'en there thou wilt wander, I still of thine anger am careless,
 "For, 'mid existing things, than thou, is more insolent, nothing." 480

Thus spoke Zeus, nor answer gave the white-armed Herè.

And now in ocean sank the shining blaze of the sunlight,
 Drawing on black night o'er the space of the corn-yielding champain.
 Hateful was to the Trojans the dark, but to them of Achaia
 Pleasing, thrice grateful, came down the night in its blackness.

Then, the Trojans to council called, illustrious Hector,
 From the ships apart, by the side of the eddying river,
 In a spot which was clear from the slaughtered corpses of heroes.
 They on the ground from their chariots leapt, and heard the oration
 Spoken by Hector dear to Zeus ; he held in his hand-grasp, 490
 Full eleven cubits in length, his spear, and before him
 Shone its brazen point and the golden ring which affixed it.
 Leaning on this, with wingèd words, he addressed the assembly :

"Hear me, ye Trojans and Dardans, ye too auxiliars ;
 "E'en now I thought to have burnt the ships and slain the Achaians,
 "And to have then returned to the breezy turrets of Ilion,
 "But too soon the darkness has fall'n, a mighty assistance
 "To the Greeks and their ships that stand on the shore of the ocean.

" And now we, to the darkness of night, must needs be obedient,
 " Then let us now sup, and release the beauteous-maned horses 500
 " From the cars of war, and place their fodder before them ;
 " Quickly too from the city bring the fat sheep and oxen,
 " And the wine which floweth forth with the sweetness of honey,
 " Bread, too, from our homes, and wood in quantities gather,
 " So that, all night long, until the dawn of the morning,
 " We mighty fires may burn, whose blaze may to heav'n be ascending ;
 " Lest in the darkness of night the long-haired sons of Achaia
 " May betake them to flight on the wide-spreading back of the ocean.
 " Not unmolested and quiet should be their host's embarkation,
 " But let each homeward bear with him some wound to afflict him ; 510
 " Being with an arrow struck or the point of the sharp spear,
 " As to his ship he rushes in haste ; that another may tremble
 " Ere he make dolorous war on the Trojans quellers of horses.
 " And let the heralds, dear to Zeus, proclaim through the city,
 " To the boys in the prime of youth and the grey-headed ancients,
 " Watch round the city to keep, and the towers by the deities builded ;
 " And let the tenderer women, each, in the home of her palace,
 " Light a mighty fire ; that so the watch may be perfect,
 " Lest some band should the city attack while our forces are absent.
 " Be it done as I now advise, ye magnanimous Trojans, 520
 " And let counsel, as best it is, be presently spoken ;
 " As to the morn, I will bid the Trojans tamers of horses,
 " Hopeful to pray to Zeus and the other gods of Olumpus,
 " That from hence we may drive these dogs, brought hither for evil,
 " Whom their fates have hither borne in their dark-coloured vessels.
 " And through all this night let us keep good guard in our army ;
 " And with the earliest morning, clad in arms for the combat
 " Round the hollow ships let us rouse the bitter contention.
 " Then shall I see if Tudeus' son, the strong Diomedes,
 " Me, from the ships, will drive to the wall, or if I shall conquer 530
 " Him with my lance and seize the gory spoils of his armour.—
 " For the morrow his valour shall prove ; in that he abideth,

“ If he dare, my rushing spear ; in the front of the battle
“ Well I deem he wounded shall lie, with his comrades around him,
“ When the morning sun shall rise.—Oh ! would that I might be
“ Immortal, unassailed by age for aye and for ever,
“ And have equal honour with Phoibos and Pallas Athenè,
“ Certainly as the coming day will bring woe to the Argives.”

Hector spoke ; like the sound of floods rose the shout of the Trojans ;
Then from the yoke they loosed at once their foam-covered coursers, 540
And each hero tied them with thongs to the sides of the war-cars ;
Then in haste from the city they brought the fat sheep and oxen,
And good store of wine, to the taste, as sweet as the honey,
Bread, too, from their homes ; and then much wood did they gather.
And from the plain the winds upbore the odour to heaven.

They, with mighty hopes filled full, in the line of their battle
Sat the whole night long, while the fires were thick burning round them.
As sometimes, in heaven, the stars, round the moon in her brightness,
Shine forth in glory, when free from winds is the ether,
Then appear each headland high and each peak of the mountains, 550
And the vales, while from heaven beams forth the infinite ether,
And all the stars are seen ; and the heart of the shepherd is joyful ;
So, between the ships of the Greeks and the flowings of Xanthos,
Shone the Trojan fires as they blazed in front of the city.
Thousands of fires in the plain were bright ; and by each of the burnings
Rested fifty men in the beam of the fierce-blazing watch-fire ;
And the horses, eating the oats and the white-coloured barley,
Standing the war-cars beside, awaited the bright-throned morning.

BOOK IX.

THE EMBASSY TO ACHILLEUS.

THUS, their watch, the Trojans kept ; but, among the Achaïans,
 Heaven-sent Flight held sway, of chilly Fear, the companion ;
 With unbearable woe, all the best of the Grecians were stricken.
 As when two opposite winds stir up the fish-teeming ocean,
 Boreas and Zephuros, from Thrace all suddenly blowing,
 'Neath their breaths at once the darkened waves are uprising,
 And the main, from its depths, throws out the masses of sea-weed ;
 Troubled thus were the souls within the breasts of the Grecians.

But the heart of Atreides, with deepest sorrow, was wounded ;
 Passing on, he gave command to the clear-speaking heralds,
 By his name to call each bravest Greek to the council,
 But not loudly to call ; he himself the foremost assembled.
 Sad at heart, in council they sat ; and then Agamemnon
 Rose up, bathed in tears, like a fount of black-coloured water,
 Which, from an inaccessible rock, pours down its dark streamlet.
 So he, deeply groaning, spoke these words to the Grecians :

“ Friends, leaders, princes among the sons of Achaia,
 “ Mighty Zeus has involved me now in a heavy misfortune ;
 “ Unpropitious, although erewhile, to me, did he promise
 “ I should return from destroying the well-built city of Ilion ;
 “ Now he devises an evil deceit, and me, he commandeth,
 “ Covered with shame, to Argos to wend, with the loss of my people.
 “ This is about to be the pleasure of mighty Kroníon,

10

20

" Who has destroyed the lofty towers of many a city,
 " And will yet destroy, for vast are his strength and puissance.
 " But let us all obey the word which now I am speaking,
 " Let us fly, with our ships, to the much-loved land of our country ;
 " For we cannot take the wide-pathed town of the Trojans."

Thus he spoke, and stillness fell on all the assembly ;
 Long in silence remained the woe-worn sons of Achaia. 30
 Till, at length, thus spoke Diomedes brave in the conflict :

" Thee first, Atreides, I oppose, unadvisedly speaking,
 " As is my right in council, O king, then be thou not angry.
 " Thou erewhile didst my valour slight among the Achaians,
 " Saying that I was unwarlike and weak ; this every Grecian
 " Knows, whether young he be, or a hero old in the battle :
 " Thee, but by halves, has endowed the son of sapient Kronos ;
 " He, to thee, a sceptre, has given, most honoured of all men,
 " Strength of mind he has not given, that best of puissance.
 " O mistaken king, canst thou think that the sons of Achaia 40
 " Are as weak and unwarlike all as thou seem'st to believe them ?
 " If thy mind impel thee to fly from the might of the Trojans,
 " Go ! flight is easy, for thy ships are nearest the ocean,
 " Which, full many in number, have followed thee here from Mukenè ;
 " Here will remain the rest of the long-haired sons of Achaia,
 " Till o'erthrown is the Trojan town ; and if even the Grecians
 " Shall in their ships fly hence to the much-loved land of their country,
 " We, I and Sthenelos, will fight until we shall witness
 " Iliion's latest hour ; for we came at the bidding of heaven."

Thus he spoke ; and, shouted aloud, the sons of Achaia, 50
 Much admiring the speech of the tamer of steeds Diomedes.
 Then, uprising, spoke Gerenian Nestor the horseman :

" Tudeides, in the ranks of war thou art mightily famous,
 " And, 'mid heroes of equal age, the best in the council.
 " No man will thy speech defame 'mid the host of Achaians,
 " Nor contradict thee ; but yet thy counsel needs some addition.
 " Though thou art but young in years, and I might be thy father,

" Since thou hast more lately been born, yet with wisdom thou speakest
 "'Mid the Argive kings, for true are the words thou hast spoken.

" But now I, who boast myself far older than thou art,

60

" Will declare my counsel full ; nor shall my advisings

" Dishonour any, much less the king Agamemnon.

" That man is lawless, unworthy a home, and inhuman,

" Who, for its own dire sake, loves the deeds of hideous battle.

" But let us now obey, of dusky night, the commandment,

" And prepare our evening meal ; while all of the nightwatch

" Stay, the wall without, by the trench which late we have diggèd.

" This commandment I give to the young ; but then 'tis thy duty

" That will begin, Atreides, for thou art of kings the most mighty.

" Then for the elders a feast provide ; for well it befits thee.

" Filled are thy tents with wine of the best, which the ships of Achaia

" Hither from Thrace have daily brought o'er the wide-spreading ocean.

" Thou hast all needful things for the feast, for o'er many thou rulest.

" And when, many together, we come, let him be obeyèd,

" Who, the wisest counsel, shall give ; great need have the Grecians

" Of advice both bold and wise, for our enemies round us

" Near our ships their watchfires light ; who at this can be joyful ?

" This very night will destroy the host, or else will preserve it."

Thus he spoke ; they willingly heard and willing obeyed him.

Swift the guards, in panoply armed, hasted forth from the portals,

80

Led by Nestor's son, Thrasumedes shepherd of nations,

And by Ascalaphos and Ialmenos, children of Ares,

And by Meriones, Dëipuros, and Apharéus,

And by mighty Kreon's son, Lucomedes the noble ;

Seven were the chiefs of the guard, and each bold leader, a hundred

Heroes, led in rank, and each in his hand held a long lance ;

These then marched till they came between the trench and the rampart ;

Then their fires they lighted and took the meal of the evening.

But to his tent Atreides led the ancients assembled,

And, before them all, he placed the heart-pleasing banquet ;

90

They stretched out their hands to the food prepared for their taking.

But when desire of drink and food in them all was extinguished,
 Then the old man Nestor, of all most famous in council,
 'Gan his advice to give, most grave and prosperous ever ;
 Kindly and well he harangued them then, and these were his accents :

“ Noblest Atreides, thou king of men Agamemnon,
 “ I with thee shall begin and with thee shall finish ; of many
 “ Nations thou art the king, for on thee great Zeus hath bestowèd
 “ Sceptre and law, that so all them thou may'st guide by thy counsels,
 “ Therefore thee most it becometh to speak and also to listen ; 100
 “ And to another's counsel, to give its perfect fulfilment,
 “ If his mind have prompted him well ; for thine is decision.
 “ And now I will declare what, to be the best, I consider.
 “ No other chieftain can give a maturer opinion
 “ Than I now can give, for long have I thought as I now do,
 “ Since that time when, noble king, thou tookest the damsel,
 “ Lovely Briseïs, away from the tent of the wrathful Achilleus ;
 “ Not with my consent, for much did I strive to dissuade thee ;
 “ But thou, O noble king, to thy mighty spirit obedient,
 “ Hast done wrong to our bravest chief, beloved of immortals ; 110
 “ For thou hast taken away his prize, and yet dost detain her ;
 “ But let us now consider the means of appeasing his anger,
 “ With most gentle gifts and with words as sweet as the honey.”

Him then, thus answered, the king of men Agamemnon :

“ Ancient man, most truly now my faults hast thou spoken ;
 “ Wrong have I done, I cannot deny ; for equal to many
 “ Heroes is that man whom Zeus in his deep heart beloveth ;
 “ As Achilleus, he honours now, and hath quelled the Achaians.
 “ But, since wrong I have done, through my mind's injurious prompting,
 “ Now I am willing, with mighty gifts, to make propitiation ; 120
 “ And, before you all, will rehearse my glorious presents ;—
 “ Seven tripods untouched by flame, ten talents of pure gold,
 “ Twenty polished vases too, twelve glorious war-steeds,
 “ Mighty, winners of prizes, which still by their fleetness have conquered.
 “ Far from poor would that man be, nor of rich gold bereavèd,

- " Who possessed the prizes won by those round-footed horses.
 " Seven beautiful damsels I'll give, in housewifery skilful,
 " Lesbians ; whom, when Achilles took the populous Lesbos,
 " I chose, in beauty excelling far other races of women.
 " These will I give, and with them shall be Briseïs the damsel 130
 " Whom erst I seized, and a mighty oath shall assure him
 " That I have never ascended her couch, nor shared her affection.
 " These on the instant he shall receive ; and if the immortals
 " Shall permit us to overthrow the city of Priam,
 " Then shall he fill his ships with gold and brass in abundance,
 " When the spoil shall divided be by the sons of Achaia.
 " Then be twenty Trojan maids, at his pleasure selected,
 " Who shall nearest be, to Argive Helen, in beauty.
 " And when, at length, to Argos we come, most fruitful of tillage,
 " He shall be my son-in-law, like Orestes, in honour, 140
 " Who, as my only son, is now in prosperity nourished.
 " Three fair daughters have I 'neath the well-built roof of my palace,
 " Chrusothemis, and Laodikè, and Iphianassa ;
 " Whomsoever of these he will let him take without dowry
 " To Peleus' palace ; myself will give gifts for the wedding
 " Greater than ever father yet bestowed on a daughter ;
 " For I will then bestow seven well-inhabited cities,
 " Kardamulè, Enopè, and Irè famous for pasture,
 " Pherè too beloved of the gods, and rich meadowed Antheia,
 " Beautiful Aipeia, and Pedasos famed for its vintage ; 150
 " All these stand, to the sea most near, in Pulos the sandy,
 " And their dwellers are rich in sheep and also in oxen,
 " And they with gifts will honour him as if an immortal,
 " And, beneath his sceptre, will be to his bidding obedient.
 " All these things will I give if so he will cease from his anger.
 " Let him then yield ; unmoved by prayer is the cruel Aidoneus,
 " Wherefore he, of all the gods, is to mortals most hateful ;
 " Let him subservient be to me, for my sway is the greater,
 " And, as older than he, I may boast myself as the more noble."

Him then thus answered Gerenian Nestor the horseman :

160

“ Noblest Atreides, thou king of men Agamemnon,
 “ Gifts not to be despised thou wilt give to the chieftain Achilles ;
 “ Now let us find some chosen men, that they on the instant
 “ May depart hence to the tent of Pelidæan Achilles.
 “ I myself will choose them now ; and let them obey me.
 “ First of all let Phoinix, dear to Zeus, be their leader,
 “ Then mighty Aias, and next him, noble Odusseus ;
 “ And let Eurubates and Hodios, heralds, go with them.
 “ Now for our hands let water be brought, and pray we in silence,
 “ That we appease the mighty Zeus and so he may spare us.”

170

Thus he spoke, and his words were pleasing to all the assembly.

Instant the heralds water poured on the hands of the heroes,

While the vases with wine were filled brimful by the young men ;

Then to all they the goblets gave in order propitious.

After libation made, they drank what their spirit desired,

And, in haste, they went from the tent of the king Agamemnon.

Much advice then gave Gerenian Nestor the horseman,

Turning his careful eyes on each, but most on Odusseus,

How they might use their efforts to sway the noble Achilles.

Then as they went by the shore of the loudly-murmuring ocean,

180

Many a vow to Poseidon they made, the earth, who surroundeth,

That, with ease, they might bend the mighty mind of Achilles.

Soon they came where the Murmidons held their ships and pavilions ;

And Achilles they found, his mind, with the clear lute, delighting,

Beauteous the lute of cunning work, and its cross-bar was silver ;

It from the spoil he had ta'en, when he sacked Eëtion's city ;

With its sound his mind, he soothed, and the themes of his singing,

Were the glorious deeds in war of illustrious heroes.

Opposite him in silence sat, all lonely, Patroclos,

Listening and waiting till Pelides ceased from his singing.

190

Forward the heroes went, led on by the noble Odusseus ;

And by the chief they stood ; up sprang the astonished Achilles,

Leaving his seat, with the lute in his hand, where at ease he was sitting.

And, when the chiefs he saw, up rose the noble Patroclus ;
Then, grasped the heroes' hands and spoke, swift-footed Achilles :

" Welcome, for as my friends ye are come ; but necessity mighty
" Sends to me in my wrath the dearest of all the Achaians."

Thus having spoken, the chiefs, within, led noble Achilles,
And, in his tent, on couches placed and tapestry purple ;
Instantly then to Patroclus he spoke who near him was standing : 200

" Place a larger vase of wine, O son of Menoitios,
" Mix too more strongly, and to each of our friends give a goblet ;
" For now the men, to me most dear, are under my roof-tree."

Thus he spoke, and Patroclus obeyed his much-belov'd comrade,
And a mighty flesh-pan he placed where the fire was blazing,
In it the backs of sheep he put and a well-fattened she-goat,
And the chine of a hog with flesh and fatness abounding.
These Automedon held while cut by noble Achilles ;
He divided them with skill and with spits he transfixed them ;
Meanwhile, a huge fire was made by the god-like son of Menoitios. 210
Then when the fire was burning down, and its flames were declining,
Spreading the embers forth, the spits he stretched out upon them ;
Sprinkling the sacred salt while he raised the spits from their holders.
Then when the roast was done, he poured it forth on the dressers,
And Patroclus, taking the bread, gave it out on the table
From splendid canisters, but the meat was served by Achilles ;
He right opposite sat to the hero godlike Odusseus,
And Patroclus his comrade he bade to the deities offer,
He at his word threw, the flame among, the first tastes of the banquet.
Then they all stretched out their hands to the banquet before them. 220
And when, for drink and food, the desire of each was extinguished,
Aias to Phoinix gave a nod ; but godlike Odusseus
Being aware, filled his goblet with wine and drank to Achilles :

" All hail ! Achilles, due shares are ours of the banquet,
" As within the tent of Atreus' son, Agamemnon,
" So here in thine own ; for much of the heart-cheering banquet
" Hast thou here bestowed, but now, sweet feasting, we heed not ;

" But beholding our mighty loss, our souls are affrighted,
 " O chief beloved of Zeus, and our hearts are doubtful within us
 " If we shall save the well-benched ships or if they must perish, 230
 " Unless thou arise in thy might and haste to their rescue.
 " Near to the ships and wall, the tents of the haughty Trojans
 " Now are pitched, and those of allies whom they've called from afar off,
 " Many fires in their army blaze, and they are declaring
 " That they cannot be driven back from the dark-coloured vessels.
 " Zeus, on their side, bestows propitious omens in thunder ;
 " Furious Hector, the while, in mighty valour exultant,
 " Rages tremendous, trusting in Zeus, and nothing regardeth
 " Men or gods, so full is he filled with the madness of battle ;
 " Much he prays that the dawn divine may suddenly shine forth ; 240
 " Boasting to cut away the lofty poops from our vessels,
 " And to consume them with blazing flame ; and slay the Achaïans
 " While, 'mid the smoke of the burning fleet, they wander confounded.
 " Great is the dread my mind within, for fear the immortals
 " Should fulfil his threats ; and that we Greeks are predestined
 " Here at Troy to perish, afar from the well-pastured Argos.
 " But now arise, if such is thy will, though late the intention,
 " Rescue the hard-pressed sons of Greece from the roar of the Trojans ;
 " Grief will be thine if thou aid them not ; no means are discovered
 " That can cure an accomplished ill ; do thou then, the rather 250
 " Think how thou may'st repel the evil day from the Argives.
 " Gentle, my friend, to thee thy father Peleus commanded,
 " In that day when, from Phthia, he sent thee to meet Agamemnon :
 " ' Son of mine, valour, both Herè and Pallas Athenè
 " Can, if they will, on thee bestow ; a magnanimous spirit
 " Thou thyself in thy breast must hold, for the best is a kind heart ;
 " ' Do thou from evil contention refrain, that so the Achaïans,
 " ' Old and young, may render to thee the worthier honour.'
 " Such was the charge of thine ancient sire, which now thou forgettest ;
 " E'en now restrain heart-vexing wrath ; for to thee Agamemnon 260
 " Worthiest presents offers now, to cease from thine anger.

- " And, if thou wilt listen to me, to thee I will reckon
 " What are the gifts which, thy tent within, Agamemnon hath promised :—
 " Tripods seven untouched by flame, ten talents of pure gold,
 " Twenty polished lavers too, twelve glorious war-steeds,
 " Mighty, winners of prizes, which still by their fleetness have conquered,
 " Far from poor would that man be, nor of rich gold bereavèd,
 " Who possessed the prizes won by those round-footed horses.
 " Seven beautiful women he'll give, in housewifery skilful,
 " Lesbians, whom when thou didst take the populous Lesbos, 270
 " Chosen were by Atreus' son, in beauty excelling.
 " These will he give, and give besides Briseïs the damsel,
 " Her whom erst he took, and a mighty oath shall assure thee
 " That he has never ascended her couch, nor shared her affection.
 " These he will, on the instant, give, and if the immortals
 " Shall permit us to spoil the mighty city of Priam,
 " Then shalt thou fill thy ships with gold and brass in abundance,
 " When the spoil shall divided be by the sons of Achaia ;
 " Then thou, twenty Trojan maids, shalt select at thy pleasure
 " Who, to Argive Helen, shall be the nearest in beauty. 280
 " And when at last to Argos we come, the fruitful in tillage,
 " Thou shalt be his son-in-law ; like Orestes in honour,
 " Who, as his only son, is in much prosperity nourished.
 " Three fair daughters he hath 'neath the well-built roof of his palace,
 " Chrusothemis and Laodikè and Iphianassa ;
 " Whomsoever of these thou lov'st thou shalt take without dowry
 " To Peleus' palace ; he himself will give gifts for the marriage
 " Greater than ever father yet bestowed on a daughter,
 " For he will give to thee seven well-inhabited cities,
 " Kardamlulè, Enopè, and Irè famous for pasture, 290
 " Pherè too, beloved of the gods, and rich-meadowed Antheia,
 " Beautiful Aipeia, and Pedasos famed for its vintage ;
 " All these stand, to the sea most near, in Pulos the sandy ;
 " And their dwellers are rich in sheep and also in oxen,
 " Who with gifts will honour thee as if an immortal,

" And, 'neath thy sceptre, will pay a most ample revénue,
 " All these things will he give, if so thou wilt cease from thine anger.
 " But if still by thee the king Agamemnon is hated,
 " He and his gifts alike, do thou, the rest of the Grecians,
 " Pity, amid their hard-pressed host, they as an immortal 300
 " Will to thee honour give, and immense will thy gain be of glory ;
 " For thou now wilt Hector slay, if he ventureth near thee,
 " In his pernicious rage, for now he deems that his equal
 " Dwells not among the Greeks whom their ships have brought from Achaia."

Him then, responding, thus addressed swift-footed Achilleus :

" Noble son of Laertes, O super-subtle Odusseus,
 " I must needs make an answer to thee decisive and plainly,
 " Just as I think, and just what my acts shall show in performance,
 " So that no more the Grecians may come, with their complaints, to disturb me.
 " That man to me is a foe, as dire as the portals of Hades, 310
 " Who one thought in his mind conceals, while he utters another.
 " But I will say the thing which to me seems truly befitting ;
 " I will not be persuaded by Atreus' son, Agamemnon,
 " Nor by the other Greeks, for I have profited never,
 " Though, with a willing heart, I ever have fought with the foemen.
 " Like is the fate of him who avoids and who hastes to the battle ;
 " And in honour alike are held the brave and the coward,
 " Die alike the slothful slave and the valiant hero ;
 " I have profited nought for the woes which my heart has endured,
 " Ever exposing my life to the doubtful chances of battle. 320
 " Like as a bird which bringeth food to its unfledged younglings
 " When it has found it, while itself is pinched with its hunger ;
 " So have I, full many a night, dreed sleepless and watchful,
 " Spending the while the bloody days in the toil of the combat,
 " Fighting with heroes for Atreus' sons and their consorts.
 " I, with my fleet, have spoiled twelve well-inhabited cities,
 " And eleven, on foot, in the fertile realm of the Trojans ;
 " And, from them all, I have ta'en both rich and manifold treasures,
 " And I have given them all to Atreus' son, Agamemnon ;

- " He, the while, remained behind in the swift-going vessels ; 330
 " All he received, divided some, but most he retained.
 " Prizes he gave to the kings, and the best of the sons of Achaia,
 " Which they now retain ; but me alone of the Grecians
 " He, of my prize, bereaved ; and he keeps my much-beloved consort ;—
 " Let him enjoy her now !—But why should the Greeks with the Trojans
 " War ? and why are collected hosts brought here by Atreides ?
 " Is it not for the flowing locks of the beautiful Helen ?
 " Do then the sons of Atreus alone love beautiful consorts ?
 " Every man, who is good and bears a wise spirit within him,
 " Loves and cares for his wife ; and thus did I for Brisëis ; 340
 " Whom, from my heart, I loved, although she was but a captive.
 " Now, having torn from my hands my prize, and dared to deceive me,
 " Let him not tempt me again—I know him—he will not persuade me.
 " But let him, Odusseus, with thee and the rest of the monarchs,
 " Counsel take, to drive the hostile flames from the vessels.
 " Great are the deeds his might has done since I ceased from the combat ;
 " He has built a wall, and it, with a trench, has surrounded,
 " Wide and great, and a palisade has erected before it ;
 " All these fail 'gainst the strength of Hector, the slayer of heroes ;
 " But when I was wont to fight for the cause of Achaia, 350
 " Close to the walls of Troy, the battle was ordered by Hector,
 " Nor did the Trojans leave the Skaian gates and the beech-tree.
 " Once he awaited my assault, and hardly escaped it ;
 " But now I will not contend with Hector the noble.
 " In the morn, having sacrifice made to all the immortals,
 " And having thrust my well-laden ships to the waters of ocean,
 " Then thou shalt behold, if that thou care to behold them,
 " In the dawn, my ships on the fish-teeming Hellespontos,
 " Sailing away, while their crews within are eagerly rowing ;
 " And if the glorious shaker of earth give me prosperous voyage, 360
 " On the third day I shall reach the shore of the fertile Phthia.
 " Many possessions are mine, in that ill day, left behind me
 " When I came hither, and more from hence I'll transport of my booty ;

" With fine gold and ruddy brass will my vessels be laden ;
 " And fair-zonèd girls and steel all splendidly shining
 " Will I embark, which in fight I've won.—The prize which he gave me,
 " Injuring me, has torn away, the king Agamemnon ;—
 " Ye then tell him these my words, and tell them in public,
 " That the rest of the Greeks may be 'gainst their monarch indignant,
 " If some other Grecian chief he would now be defrauding, 370
 " Ever with impudence clad ; but this one action he dares not,
 " Shameless although he be,—to look in the face of Achilles ;—
 " I will neither join with him in council nor combat ;
 " Once he has me deceived and wronged, but again will he never
 " Cheat me with words ; let this once suffice ; so now let him perish
 " Without hindrance of mine, for Zeus has of wisdom deprived him.
 " Hateful to me are his gifts ; I value him not at a hair's weight.
 " If to me he would give ten, twenty times what he offers
 " Now, and if to this he gave additional riches,—
 " Though they were great as those which came to Orchomenos' city, 380
 " Or to Egyptian Thebes, wherein lies multiplied substance,
 " Which hath hundred gates, and issuing forth from each portal
 " Rush two hundred heroes bold with their steeds and their war-cars,—
 " E'en could he give me wealth like the dust, or the sand on the sea shore,
 " Not even then should my fierce wrath be subdued by Atreides,
 " Never till he have suffered deep for his evil behaviour.
 " I would not marry the daughter of king Agamemnon ;—
 " Not though she were as fair as Aphroditè the golden,
 " And, in the works of her hands, were like the blue-eyed Athenè,
 " Would I make her my wife ; let him choose some other Achaian 390
 " Who may suit him better than I, and whose kingdom is wider.
 " If the gods shall give me a safe return to my country,
 " Peleus then shall provide me a wife, who to him shall be pleasing.
 " Many Achaian maids there be in Hellas and Phthia,
 " Daughters of chiefs who well understand the defence of their cities ;
 " One of them will I choose to become my much-beloved consort ;
 " For my mind, to Phthia's shores, doth greatly incline me,—

- " Having married a lawful wife, a fitting companion,—
 " To enjoy the wealth which ancient Peleus has gathered.
 " 'Gainst my life I would not weigh the riches of Ilion, 400
 " Which were once possessed by that well-inhabited city,
 " In the old days of peace, ere came the sons of Achaia ;
 " Nor the wealth which the strong fane of Phoibos Apollon,
 " The far-darting god, contains in Puthos the rocky.
 " Fat sheep and oxen we easily gain for our booty,
 " Tripods may be bought, and so may the chestnut-maned horses,
 " But the life of man cannot be gained as a booty,
 " Nor can it be regained, if once through the teeth it has wended.
 " Me my goddess mother, Thetis the silvery-footed,
 " Told that one of twofold fates, my death-day, must bring me. 410
 " If I here remain to war round the town of the Trojans,
 " I shall return no more, but shall be immortal in glory ;
 " But if home I return to the much-loved land of my country,
 " I shall this good glory lack, but my days will be many,
 " Nor shall I speedily come to the death which is common to mortals.
 " Wherefore, this advice, I give to the rest of the Grecians :—
 " Sail to your homes ; for ye will not attain the destruction of Ilion,
 " That lofty city which Zeus the thunderer keepeth
 " Under his protecting hand, whence its people are valiant.
 " But do ye now return from hence to the chiefs of Achaia, 420
 " And my message relate (for such is the duty of legates),
 " That, in their minds, they must devise some likelier counsel,
 " Which may save their ships from flame and the sons of Achaia
 " In their hollow ships ; since in this they have not succeeded
 " Which they have now devised, for still I cherish mine anger.—
 " But let Phoinix here remain, and, within our pavilion,
 " Rest, that so with me, to the much-loved land of his country
 " He, to-morrow, may sail if he please ; for I shall not compel him."
 Thus he spoke, and silence fell on every chieftain ;
 Marvelled they all at his speech, for he right fiercely denied them. 430
 Ancient Phoinix at length replied, the urger of horses,

Bursting into a flood of tears, for great apprehension
Then possessed him, his mind within, for the ships of Achaia :

- “ If thy return thou revolvest in mind, O noble Achilles,
“ Nor wilt, from evil fire, defend the ships of the Grecians,
“ Since, in thine heart within, thou still wilt foster thine anger ;
“ How shall I, dear son, by thee be left here unprotected ?
“ For thou with me wast sent by Peleus urger of horses,
“ When from Phthia he sent thee to join the king, Agamemnon,
“ When a youth and ignorant all of battle pernicious, 440
“ And of the councils where heroes gain their lofty distinction ;
“ Wherefore me he sent that all these things I might teach thee,
“ That thou might'st eloquent be in words, and mighty in actions.
“ Wherefore now by thee, dear son, I should not be willing
“ To be left behind, not though Zeus himself should restore me,
“ Wiping away mine age, to the youth which I once possessed,
“ Ere I departed from Hellas, the land of beautiful women,
“ Flying far away from the ire of my father, Amuntor ;
“ He with me was wroth because of a concubine lovely,
“ Who to him was dear, and for whom he dishonoured his consort, 450
“ Who was my mother ; on her knees, my mother besought me,
“ First to win that concubine's love that the old man might hate her ;
“ Her I obeyed, and wrought her will ; and then did my father
“ Curse me, and call, to confirm his curse, the direful Erinus,
“ That never, on his knees, a son of mine should be fostered,
“ And the gods fulfilled too well the curse of a father,
“ Both the infernal Zeus and the terrible Persephoneia.
“ Then my mind no longer could bear to remain in the palace,
“ And endure from day to day the wrath of my father.
“ Meanwhile many friends and relatives thronging around me 460
“ With supplications retained me there in the palace ;
“ Many fattened sheep they slew, and slow-moving oxen ;
“ And full many swine as well, abounding in fatness,
“ Were stretched out to roast above the flames of Hephaistos,
“ And full many a vase of wine, of my father's, was emptied.

" Nine full nights they passed in heedful watching around me,
 " Changing still their constant guard, while never were quenched
 " Fires; one was kept in the porch of the spacious well-fenced court-yard,
 " And in the vestibule one before the doors of my chamber.
 " But when for the tenth time the darkling night fell upon me, 470
 " I contrived to break the well-fitted doors of my chamber;
 " Then with ease I overleapt the fence of the courtyard,
 " All unknown to the men on guard and the damsels domestic.
 " Then I fled afar through the spacious region of Hellas,
 " And to fertile Phthia I came, the mother of sheepfolds,
 " And to Peleus the king, who gave me willing reception,
 " And did love me well, as a son is loved by a father,
 " Only, late born, when the sire holds mighty possessions;
 " He on me did riches bestow and a numerous people;
 " And I dwelt on Phthia's bounds, the Dolopians ruling; 480
 " And I made thee what thou art, O godlike Achilles,
 " Loving thee with all my soul; with another thou wouldst not
 " Either go to the feast, or take thy meals in the palace,
 " Unless I set thee upon my knees, and fed thee with dainties
 " Earliest carved for thee, and gave thee a taste of the wine-cup.
 " And full many a time hast thou stained the breast of my tunic,
 " Having rejected the wine from thy mouth through the weakness of childhood.
 " Thus for thee have I suffered much, and much have I laboured,
 " Thinking that since the gods severe, all offspring, denied me,
 " Thee I thus might make my son, O godlike Achilles, 490
 " That thou from me one day a fate unworthy might'st banish.
 " Wherefore curb thou, O Achilles, the mighty mind in thy bosom;
 " Thou shouldst not have a merciless heart, for the very immortals
 " Placable are, whose valour and honour and strength are most potent.
 " Even these, by sacrifice due and meek supplication,
 " And libations and odours sweet, are turned from their purpose
 " By that man who has transgressed and fall'n into sinning.
 " Prayers the daughters are of Zeus excelling in glory,
 " Lame they are and wrinkled, askew they glance 'neath their eyelids.

- " They after Atè go and cure the wounds she inflicteth. 500
 " Atè is strong and sound of foot ; and therefore all others
 " She outstrips by far, and, taking the whole earth beforehand,
 " She afflicts mankind ; but the prayers wend after her, healing.
 " Whoso reveres these daughters of Zeus, when near they are wending,
 " Him they greatly assist and hear the voice of his calling ;
 " But if any heed them not, and sternly deny them,
 " They against him will pray to Zeus the offspring of Kronos,
 " That on that man may Atè fall so that woes he may suffer.
 " Then to the daughters of Zeus that honour give, O Achilleus,
 " Which doth bend and sway the minds of mightiest heroes. 510
 " If Atreides gave no gifts nor promised in future,
 " But for ever fierce remained in vehement anger,
 " I would never exhort thee to lay aside thy resentment,
 " And to aid the sons of Greece howsoe'er they might need thee ;
 " But, in the present, he gives thee much, and more in the future,
 " Promises ; and he hath sent to thee the best of the heroes
 " Of the Achaian host, who to thee by far are the dearest
 " Of all the Argives ; do not thou despise their entreaties
 " Nor the toil of their feet ; heretofore thou wast right in thine anger.
 " And we have heard the mighty fame of earlier heroes, 520
 " How that sometimes, when a vehement wrath overtook them,
 " They, by gifts, were appeased, and suppliant words could subdue them.
 " Well I remember an ancient deed, for recent it is not,
 " How it happed, and to you, my friends, I now will relate it.
 " Once the Kouretes fought the Aitolians stubborn in battle,
 " And each other in fight they slew round Kaludon's city ;
 " The Aitolians brave were Kaludon's city defending,
 " And the Kouretes strove, to lay it waste, in the battle.
 " Artemis golden-throned in her wrath brought evil upon them,
 " For that Oineus failed to her to offer the first-fruits ; 530
 " Though he feasted the rest of the gods with hecatombs sacred ;
 " Only he left unworshipped the daughter of Zeus the most mighty,
 " Either forgetful or careless he was, and much erring in spirit.

" Then the daughter of Zeus, who greatly delighteth in arrows,
 " In her wrath sent a fierce wild boar, and white were his tushes,
 " Which did, mighty evil, work in the orchards of Oineus ;
 " For in heaps, on the ground, he threw the trees of the garden,
 " Many and great, with their roots upturned while their branches were flow'ring.
 " Him, the son of Oineus slew, the strong Meleagros,
 " Having collected the hunter men from many a city 540
 " And their dogs ; for he was not subdued by a few of the heroes ;
 " For he was mighty, and many he sent to their funeral burnings.
 " Next did Artemis raise a tumult mighty and combat,
 " For the head and the bristly hide of the boar that was slaughtered,
 " Twixt the Kouretes and the high-minded sons of Aitolia.
 " While Meleagros, beloved of Ares, took part in the warfare,
 " Evil on the Kouretes came, nor had they the power
 " To remain the walls without, although they were many ;—
 " When Meleagros angry became, as often in others
 " Wrath will swell in the breasts and hearts of the wise among mortals, 550
 " He indeed was filled with wrath 'gainst his mother Althaia,
 " And with his lawful wife he lived, the fair Kleopatra,
 " Daughter of Marpessè fair-ankled, sprung from Euenos
 " And Idas, who was then, by far, the bravest of mortals
 " Who then lived on earth, for he lifted his bow 'gainst the monarch
 " Phoibos Apollon for his bride of the beautiful ankles ;
 " Her, the palace within, her father and mother majestic
 " For a name Alkuonè gave, because that her mother,
 " Having Alkuon's grievous fate, was ever lamenting
 " When she was carried off by the distant-darting Apollon.— 560
 " With his wife in the palace stayed, in his wrath, Meleagros,
 " By his mother's curses enraged, who, to all the immortals,
 " Mightily grieving, prayed to avenge the brotherly slaughter ;
 " Many a time she struck her hands upon Earth's fruitful surface,
 " Calling on Aidoneus and the terrible Persephoneia,
 " Resting upon her knees, while wet with tears was her bosom,
 " To give her son to death ; the fell air-haunting Erinus,

"Fury of an unmerciful mind, in Erebus heard her.
 "Round Meleagros' gates full loud was the roar of the conflict,
 "While the towers were stricken; and him, the old men supplicated, 570
 "Aitolian, and to him they sent the chiefs of the priesthood,
 "Promising mighty gifts when the foe should by him be repulsèd;
 "Where lay the richest part of the plain of Kaludon lovely,
 "There they bade him choose for his own, of the best of the country,
 "Fifty acres full; the half of the soil for the vineyard,
 "And the other half of the plain for arable corn land;
 "Much did ancient Oineus beseech, the urger of horses,
 "Having the threshold ascended which led to the lofty-roofed chamber,
 "Shaking much the close-shut doors, and his son supplicating;
 "Much did his brethren and also his reverend mother 580
 "Supplicate too; he the more denied; and much his companions,
 "Who most worthy were, and to him the dearest of all men;
 "But not even thus they swayed the mind in his bosom,
 "Till his chamber was often hit, and till the Kouretes
 "Had ascended the towers and begun to burn the great city;
 "Then his beautiful-zonèd wife besought Meleagros
 "In her grief, and all the woes to him she related
 "Which on mortals come when a city is ta'en by the foemen;
 "How they slay the men and the fire burns the city to ashes,
 "Some the children bear away and the deep-zonèd matrons. 590
 "When he heard these evil deeds his mind was aroused,
 "And he went forth being clothed in brilliant armour.
 "So he drove the evil day from the sons of Aitolia,
 "Yielding his mind within; but to him no presents were given
 "Many and fair; e'en though, as it happed, he had saved them from evil.
 "Then do thou note these things in thy mind, and let not the demon
 "Turn thee now, dear son, for 'twill be by no means so noble
 "When the ships are burning, to aid; come now, by the presents
 "Moved, and honoured be like a god by the sons of Achaia.
 "But if, the gifts refused, thou enterest slaughterous warfare, 600
 "Thou wilt not so much glory gain, though thou aid in the battle."—

Him then, responding, thus addressed swift-footed Achilles :
 " Phoinix, ancient sire, by mighty Zeus ever cherished,
 " I these honours need not at all, for I think that I'm honoured
 " By the will of Zeus, which still will to me be belonging,
 " 'Mong the crooked ships, as long as the breath in my bosom
 " Shall remain, and as long as my knees have the power of motion.
 " But I tell thee a thing, and do thou in thy bosom retain it ;
 " Vex me no more, my mind within, with thy weeping and wailing,
 " Pleasing the hero Atreides ; for thee not at all it behoveth
 " Him to love, lest thou hateful become to me who now love thee ;
 " Better it were for thee to afflict the man who afflicts me ;
 " Bear then an equal sway with me and half of my honour.
 " These my message must bear, but do thou stay here for reposing
 " In a soft bed ; and then, as soon as the morn shall be shining,
 " We will consult, or here to remain, or return to our country."

610

Thus he spoke, and silently signed with his brows to Patroelos,
 A thick bed for Phoinix to lay, that so on the instant
 All might think from his tent to return.—Telamonian Aias
 Then rising like a god, these words addressed to Odusseus :

620

" Noble son of Laertes, thou most inventive Odusseus,
 " Let us depart, for we shall not attain the end of our counsel
 " By this means ; and now it us behoveth most quickly
 " This our answer to tell to the Greeks, though it be not a good one ;
 " They sit awaiting our return ; in his bosom, Achilles
 " Has an implacable mind infused, in his pride and his fierceness,
 " Harsh as he is, he cares not at all for the love of his comrades,
 " Who to him more honour give than the rest of the Grecians ;
 " Pitiless as he is ; for one will take compensation
 " For a slain brother, or e'en for a child who is slaughtered ;
 " And 'mid his people the slayer remains, having paid mighty ransom,
 " And the avenger calms his heart and his furious feelings
 " With the ransom paid ; but the gods have placed in thy bosom
 " An ill mind unceasing from wrath for the sake of one damsel,
 " And we offer thee now seven damsels of excellent beauty,

630

“ And much more beside ; let then thy mind be propitious ;
 “ Reverence too thy roof ; for beneath that roof are assembled
 “ We who of all the Greeks are toward thee most firmly disposèd
 “ Thee to value, and thee to love, ’mid the host of Achaïans.”

Him then, responding, thus addressed swift-footed Achilleus : 640
 “ Noble Aias, Telamon’s son, thou prince of the people,
 “ Well hast thou spoken, and my mind to thy words is responsive ;
 “ But my heart swells high with wrath whene’er I remember
 “ Him, who on me, dishonour poured, amid the Achaïans,
 “ Atreides, as if I had been some contemptible vagrant.—
 “ But do ye now return and relate the message I give you ;
 “ I will think no more of the bloody actions of warfare,
 “ Ere the warlike Priam’s son, illustrious Hector,
 “ Far as the Murmidon ships and tents wins his way through the battle,
 “ Slaying the Argive host and burning the swift-going vessels. 650
 “ But I think, that by my black ship and this my pavilion,
 “ Hector, though greedy of war, will for ever cease from the conflict.”

Thus he spoke ; and the heroes each took a double goblet,
 And, libation made, to their ships returned, led by Odusseus.
 Meanwhile Patroclos to his comrades and servants commanded
 Swiftly a thick soft bed to lay for the resting of Phoinix ;
 And they, obeying, laid the bed as he had commanded ;
 Sheepskins and pillows they laid, and the delicate flower of the flax plant ;
 And there the old man lay awaiting the heavenly morning ;
 But Achilleus slept in the depths of the well-built pavilion, 660
 And by his side a damsel lay whom he’d taken from Lesbos,
 Daughter of Phorbas, the beautiful-cheeked Diomedè.
 Slept, in another part of the tent, the noble Patroclos,
 And by him Iphis beautiful-zoned, whom noble Achilleus
 Gave, when lofty Skuros he took, the city of Eneus.

But when the heroes back returned to the tent of Atreides,
 Them, with golden cups, gave welcome, the sons of Achaia,
 Rising all as they entered, and news of their embassy seeking ;
 First of all inquired the king of men Agamemnon :

" Tell me now, thou glory of Greece, much honoured Odusseus, 670
 " Will he drive away the hostile flame from our vessels,
 " Or does he yet refuse, and his proud mind yieldeth to anger ?"
 Him then thus answered, much-enduring, noble Odusseus :
 " Noblest Atreides, thou king of men Agamemnon,
 " He will by no means quench his ire, but rather increases
 " In his fulness of wrath ; and thee and thy presents he spurneth.
 " Thee he bids to consider well with the rest of the Argives
 " How to find means to save the ships and the host of Achaia :
 " And he threatened that he, with the earliest dawn of the morning,
 " Will on the ocean launch his well-built, oar-driven vessels ; 680
 " And to the other Greeks he said that this was his counsel,
 " Homeward to sail ; for not yet, he said, can ye see the destruction
 " Of the lofty Troy, for Zeus of the far-sounding thunder,
 " Over it holds his protecting hand, and bold are its people ;
 " These were his words ; and the men are here who with me have followed,
 " Aias and the heralds twain, both of good understanding.
 " In his tent old Phoinix sleeps, so Achilles commanded,
 " That with the dawn he may sail to the much-loved land of his country,
 " If so he pleaseth ; for no compulsion awaits him."

Thus he spoke ; and all the chiefs were hushed into silence, 690
 Marvelling at his words ; for he right sternly harangued them.
 Long time silence kept the grieving sons of Achaia ;
 But, at last, out spoke the brave in fight Diomedes :

" Glorious Atreides, thou king of men Agamemnon,
 " Supplication thou shouldst not have made to the haughty Achilles,
 " Offering infinite gifts ; he is too insolent ever ;
 " And thou now hast added much to the pride of his spirit.
 " But let us him from our thoughts dismiss, if he take his departure,
 " Or if he here remain ; he then will join in the combat
 " When his mind in his bosom bids, and a god shall arouse him. 700
 " But let us all give heed to the word which now I am saying ;
 " Let us go to rest, having cheered the good heart within us
 " With good food and wine ; for from thence come our strength and our valour ;

“ And when again shall shine the beautiful morn rosy fingered,
“ Instant, before the ships, do thou range the host and their horses,
“ Urging them on to the fight ; and do thou then fight 'mid the foremost.”

Thus he spoke ; and all the kings his saying applauded,
Much admiring the speech of Diomed queller of coursers.
Then, libation made, each chieftain sought his pavilion ;
And, there reclining, enjoyed the blessing of slumber.

710

END OF THE NINTH BOOK.

BOOK X.

THE NIGHT ADVENTURE OF ODUSSEUS AND DIOMEDES.

CLOSE by their hollow ships, the rest of the chiefs of Achaia
 Slept all night, being overcome by the softness of slumber ;
 But o'er Atreus' son Agamemnon the shepherd of nations,
 Sweet sleep prevailed not, for he much in his mind was revolving.
 As when the husband of the long-haired, beautiful Herè,
 Bids the lightning flash when he forms the infinite rain-cloud,
 Or the hail or the snow, when white are the fields 'neath its falling,
 Or prepares the mighty mouth of the bitterest warfare ;
 Frequent as those, in his bosom, groaned the king Agamemnon
 From the depth of his heart ; for his spirit trembled within him. 10
 For when he fixed his eyes afar on the plain of the Trojans,
 Marvelled he much at the numerous fires which by Ilion were burning,
 And the sound of the flutes and pipes and the tumult of heroes ;
 But when back he looked on the ships and host of Achaia,
 Forth by the roots he plucked the hair which down from his head flowed,
 As an offering to Zeus above ; while his great heart was groaning ;
 But at the last, to his mind, this seemed the bettermost counsel,—
 To approach Nelëian Nestor first of the chieftains,
 If, peradventure, with him some useful means might be thought of,
 Which might repel the evil day from all the Achaians. 20
 Rising then, his tunic he placed o'er his martial bosom,
 And 'neath his shining feet he tied his beautiful sandals ;
 Round him then he threw the tawny skin of a lion

Glossy, great, to his feet hanging down ; then took he his jav'lin.
 By like fear Menelaos was seized ; for not on his eyelids
 Would sleep deign to rest, for much he feared for the Grecians,
 Who, for his sake, had o'erpassed the wide-spread waters of ocean,
 And to Troy had come to arouse the venturous warfare ;
 First with the hide of a pard his wide-spreading shoulders he covered,
 Then, uplifting his brazen helm, on his forehead he placed it, 30
 And his jav'lin next he took in the strength of his hand-grasp.
 Then he went his brother to rouse, who swayed the Achaians
 Mightily, and, like a god, by all the nations was honoured.
 Him he found placing his beautiful mail on his shoulders,
 By the poop of his ship ; and to him his coming was pleasing.
 Him then first addressed the brave in fight Menelaos :

“ Why dost thou thus, dear brother, arise ? is it thine intention
 “ To exhort some comrade to spy the camp of the Trojans ?
 “ Greatly I fear that none of the Greeks such an action will promise,
 “ All alone to depart and survey the camp of the foemen, 40
 “ 'Mid the ambrosial night ; such a man would of men be the bravest.”

Him then, responding, thus addressed the king Agamemnon :
 “ Need there is for me and thee, Zeus-sprung Menelaos,
 “ Of some counsel wise, which may deliverance render
 “ To the Greeks and the ships ; since the mind of Zeus turns against us.
 “ For he, Hector's offerings, now with favour regardeth ;
 “ Nor have I ever seen nor ever heard in relation
 “ Of a man who, in one short day, such deeds has accomplished,
 “ As this day has Hector wrought to the sons of Achaia,
 “ Being mere mortal man, nor sprung from any immortal. 50
 “ But the deeds he has done will, I think, by Greece be remembered
 “ Many and many a day ; such ills hath he wrought the Achaians.
 “ But do thou now, running swift to the ships, great Aias awaken,
 “ And Idomeneus king of Crete ; I, to Nestor the noble,
 “ Going, will exhort him to rise, that so he be willing
 “ Counsel to give having come to the mighty troop of the watchers.
 “ Him they will lend a willing ear ; for ever, the night guards

" His son commandeth, and Idomeneus' armour-bearer

" Meriones ; for in those twain we have mostly confided."

Him then thus answered the brave in fight Menelaos :

60

" What is the course thou tellest to me and also commandest ?

" Shall I remain with the chiefs and with them await thy arrival,

" Or shall I run to thee again having heedfully told them ?"

Him then thus answered the king of men Agamemnon :

" There remain, lest, amid the night, we miss one another,

" For the paths are many which lead through the host of the Grecians ;

" Cry thou aloud, as thou goest along, and bid them awaken,

" Calling every man by his appellation ancestral,

" Giving due honour to all ; nor do thou be proud in thy spirit,

" For we ourselves must labour now ; for, certes, upon us

70

" Zeus hath now, in his anger, thrown a heavy misfortune."

Speaking thus, he his brother dismissed with heedful injunctions,
But he hastened Nestor to seek, the shepherd of nations.

Him in his pavilion he found by his black-coloured vessel

Lying in a soft bed ; and his various armour was near him,

Buckler and jav'lines twain, and his helmet splendidly shining ;

Near him was the embroidered belt, with which the old hero

Girded was when he armed his form for the perilous warfare,

Leading his troop ; for not as yet to sad age was he yielding.

Sudden, himself on his elbow he raised, and his visage uplifting

80

He Agamemnon addressed, and these were the words of his question :

" Who art thou, who thus, through the host, art wandering lonely,

" In the darkness of night, while other mortals are sleeping ?

" Art thou seeking one of the guards, or one of thy comrades ?

" Speak, approach not in silence, but tell what it is that thou needest ?"

Him then thus answered the king of men Agamemnon :

" Nestor, Neliides, thou mighty glory of Grecians,

" I am Atreus' son, Agamemnon, whom above all men

" Zeus with woes hath afflicted, to last as long as the breathing

" Shall in my bosom remain, and as long as my knees move beneath me. 90

" Thus I wander, because the pleasing sleep on my eyelids

"Will not alight, but cares for the war and the woes of the Grecians.

"For the host I deeply fear, and my soul in my bosom

"Is but faint and uncertain all ; and my heart from within me

"Throbs in my breast, and my goodly limbs are trembling beneath me.

"But if thou canst compass aught (since sleep comes not upon thee),

"Let us, toward the guards, descend, that so we may witness

"If they, overcome with toil, and also with slumber,

"Sink to rest, forgetful all of the duty of watchers ;

"For the foes are near us now, nor can we be certain

100

"Whether or no 'neath the shades of night they are hasting to fight us."

Him then thus answered Gerenian Nestor the horseman :

"Noblest Atreides, thou king of men Agamemnon,

"Allwise Zeus will not fulfil the intentions of Hector,

"Which he now entertains ; for he will endure, to my thinking,

"Woes both many and great, whenever the angry Achilleus

"Turneth away his heart from the wrath which now agitates it.

"Thee will I swiftly follow, but let us, others, awaken ;

"Both Tudeides spear-renowned, and also Odusseus,

"And Aias the swift, the valorous offspring of Phuleus.

110

"But some other Greek should call those chiefs at a distance,

"Idomeneus the king, and the great Telamonian Aias :

"Whose ships stand afar from hence, and nothing are near us.

"But I must render blame, although he is dear and respected,

"To Menelaos, e'en though thou chide, for I cannot conceal it,

"Since he sleeps, and his brother leaves thus lonely to labour :

"It is his duty now to toil 'mid the best of the Grecians,

"Supplicating them all ; for a direful need is upon us."

Him then answered again, the king of men Agamemnon :

"Ancient man, in some other hour I advise thee to blame him ;—

120

"For oftentimes he is still, and undertaketh not labours,

"Not through yielding to sloth nor for want of wisdom within him,

"But as looking to me, and the force of my impulse awaiting ;—

"Now before me long he arose, and was ready to meet me,

"And I have sent him to call the chiefs for whom thou inquirest.

"But let us go ; and them we shall find by the wall and the portals
 "'Mid the mighty guard ; for there I have bid them assemble."

Him then thus answered Gerenian Nestor the horseman :

"Thus will none Menelaos blame ; nor be disobedient,
 "When he excites to war, and commands the sons of Achaia."

130

Speaking thus, his noble breast, he clad with his tunic,
 And, on his shining feet, he bound his beautiful sandals,
 Then with its clasp a purple cloak around him he fastened,
 Double, of amplest folds, and rough with well-twisted woollen.
 Next he took his jav'lin strong, well-pointed with sharp brass.
 Then he began to wend toward the ships of the brass-mailed Achaians.
 And then first, to Zeus the equal in counsel Odusseus,
 Was from sleep aroused by Gerenian Nestor the horseman
 Crying aloud, and his voice soon reached the mind of Odusseus ;
 Forth from his tent he came in haste, and thus he addressed them :

140

"Wherefore thus 'mid the ships and the host are ye wandering lonely,
 "Through the ambrosial night ? what need is this that compels ye ?"

Him then thus answered Gerenian Nestor the horseman :

"Noble Laertes' son, thou much inventive Odusseus,
 "Be not wroth, for great is the woe which oppresses the Argives.
 "But with us come, some other to rouse, whosoever 'tis fitting,
 "That he may counsel give concerning our flight or our combat."

Thus he spoke ;—to his tent returned the sagacious Odusseus,
 And on his shoulders he placed his rich shield, then with them he wended.
 Next they sought the tent of Tudeus' son, Diomedes ;
 Him they found, his pavilion without, and clad in his armour,
 And around him his comrades slept, with their heads on their bucklers ;
 While their spears, by the backward point, in the sand were infixèd ;
 Far away shone the brazen points like the flash of the lightning
 Sent by Father Zeus ; deep slept the chief Diomedes,
 And underneath his form was spread the skin of a wild ox ;
 And, beneath his head, a shining carpet was folded.
 Him then, standing near, roused Gerenian Nestor the horseman ;
 Moving him with his heel, he awoke him, and thus did upbraid him :

150

" Rise, son of Tudeus, dost thou crop the blossom of slumber 160
 " All night long? and dost thou not hear that our haters, the Trojans,
 " Near to the ships are placed upon the rise of the champain,
 " And full small is the space which lies 'twixt us and our foemen?"

Thus he spoke; then swift, from sleep uproused, Diomedes,
 And to Nestor speaking, with wingèd words he addressed him:

" Patient of toil art thou, old man, nor ceasest from labour;
 " Are there no others, of the younger sons of Achaia,
 " Who instead of thee may arouse the kings of the Grecians,
 " Wending on every side? too great, old man, are thy labours."

Him then thus answered Gerenian Nestor the horseman: 170
 " All these words, my friend, thou well and rightly hast spoken;
 " For I have noble sons, and great is the sum of my people,
 " Any one of whom might avail to awaken the heroes.
 " But now a mighty need weighs down the sons of Achaia;
 " For our state now stands, as it were, on the edge of a razor,
 " Whether doleful destruction or life awaits the Achaians.
 " But come now, let Aias the swift and Phuleus' offspring
 " Be awakened by thee, my younger, since me thou dost pity."

Thus he spoke; then Diomed placed the skin of a lion
 On his shoulders,—tawny and great, to the ground it descended;— 180
 Then his spear he took; and returned with those heroes awakened.

But when at length they came to the place where the guards were
 assembled,

They found their leaders, and they by no means were sleeping;
 But right watchful the chieftains sat, each clothed in his armour.
 Like as dogs keep arduous watch o'er the sheep in the sheepfold,
 Hearing afar some ferocious beast, which down to the woodlands
 From the mountains has come; and great is the clamour against him
 Both of men and dogs, and for them sweet sleep is destroyèd;
 So of these the pleasing sleep was lost from their eyelids,
 While through the weary night they watched; and still to the champain 190
 They did turn their ears, to list for the on-coming Trojans.
 These the old man gladly beheld, and encouraging, praised them,

And, to them speaking, with wingèd words he addressed them :

“ Thus, my dear sons, always watch ; nor ever let slumber
“ Overcome your hearts ; lest we be but the jest of the foemen.”

Speaking thus the trench he passed ; and following with him
Came the Argive kings, whosoe'er were called to the council.

With these Meriones, and Nestor's illustrious offspring

Came ; for they were called to give their voice in the council.—

Then, passing by the deep-sunk trench, the leaders were seated

200

In a clear open space, where the ground was free from the corses ;

Just where, back from fight had returned, impetuous Hector,

From the slaughter of Greeks, when the night began to enfold him ;

There the Grecian leaders sat and conferred with each other ;

And first uprose to speak Gerenian Nestor the horseman :

“ Friends, is there no man among us who in himself is confiding

“ In his brave soul, and dares to go 'mid the great-hearted Trojans ?

“ So that some one of the foe he may seize, from the camp who is straying,

“ Or may hear how the Trojans, among themselves, are discoursing,

“ And what their secret counsels are, and what their intention,

210

“ Whether to stay afar by our ships, or back to their city

“ To return again, since subdued are the sons of Achaia.

“ If all this he could hear, and then return to his comrades,

“ Unscathed, his glory would reach to the confines of heaven

“ Throughout all nations, and rich should be his rewarding,

“ For each one of the chiefs, who over the ships are commanding,

“ Shall each man present a dark-coloured sheep to that hero,

“ Female, with a lamb ; a prize to which none is equal ;

“ And he will ever be called to the feasts and the wine of the Grecians.”

Thus he spoke ; and all the chiefs were hushed into silence ;

220

Then, among them, spoke, the brave in fight Diomedes :

“ Nestor, I feel impelled by the manly heart in my bosom

“ Hence to go forth and wend through the hostile host of the Trojans ;

“ But if, with me, some other chief will make the adventure,

“ Greater will be my trust and greater my confident boldness.

“ For, when two are together, the one takes heed for the other,

“ As to whatever useful may be ; but if one goes lonely,
 “ Slower move his thoughts within, and his mind has less power.”

Thus he spoke ; and many were prompt to attend Diomedes ;
 Willing were the Aiantes twain, the servants of Ares ; 230
 Willing, Meriones ; most willing the offspring of Nestor ;
 Willing was Atreus' son the spear-renowned Menelaos ;
 Willing enduring Odusseus to wend 'mid the host of the Trojans,
 For his heart, his bosom within, was ever courageous.

'Mid these then spake the king of men Agamemnon :
 “ Diomed, son of Tudeus, who still to my soul art most pleasing,
 “ Thou for thy companion shalt choose whomsoever thou wilt
 “ Of the best who are here, since many desire to attend thee.
 “ Then be not thou too respectful in mind, lest the brave thou relinquish,
 “ And a less bold comrade take, to reverence yielding, 240
 “ Nor regard thou the race of the man, e'en though it be kingly.”

Thus he spoke, for he feared for the yellow-haired Menelaos.
 Then, 'mid the chiefs, replied the brave in fight Diomedes :

“ If then ye command me to choose another companion,
 “ How can I forget the godlike in wisdom Odusseus,
 “ Who ever holds a ready heart and a bosom courageous
 “ In all kinds of toil, and is loved by Pallas Athenè ?
 “ If he come with me we both shall be sure of returning
 “ E'en from the midst of blazing fire, so great is his wisdom.”—

Him then thus answered the much-enduring Odusseus : 250
 “ Give me not now too much of praise, nor blame me, Tudeides ;
 “ All these things the Argives know, with whom thou art speaking.
 “ But let us go ; for night hasteth apace, and near is the morning ;
 “ And in their course the stars are advanced, and two parts of the night-time
 “ Now are past, and now but a third of the darkness is left us.”

Thus having spoken, themselves they indued with their terrible armour.
 And, to Tudeides, gave Thrasumedes strong in the battle,
 His two-edged sword, for his own was left in his vessel,
 And a buckler ; then, on his head, a helmet he placèd
 Made of bull's hide strong, whose crest and cone were but lowly, 260

Such it was as is wont to be worn by the yet blooming young men ;—
 Meriones, to Odusseus, gave a bow and a quiver
 And a sword ; and then on his head a helmet he placèd,
 Made of hide ; and many a thong of hide was within it
 Binding it firm ; while, on the outside, the teeth in their whiteness
 Of a sharp tusked boar defended it thickly on all sides
 Well and with perfect art ; while the lining was fitted within it.
 This one from Eleon, the son of the mighty Amuntor,
 Autolukos had ta'en away, when his strong home he spoiled,
 And at Scandeia he gave it to Amphidamas Kuthertian, 270
 Amphidamas to Molos gave it, a token of friendship ;
 And he, Meriones his son, gave thenceforth to bear it ;
 And it now defended from harm the head of Odusseus.

Then those twain, when themselves they had clad in their terrible armour,
 Went on their way, and behind them left the chiefs of the Grecians :
 Then on their right hand, near the way, a heron descended,
 Sent by Pallas Athenè ; the bird with their eyes they beheld not
 Through the darkness of night, but they heard the clang of his pinions.
 And, at his coming, Odusseus was glad, and prayed to Athenè :

“ Hear me now, O daughter of Zeus who swayeth the Egis, 280
 “ Who hast ever propitious been to me in my toilings,
 “ And who beholdest my way ; now greatly befriend me, Athenè ;
 “ Grant us again to the ships to return, renowned for our actions,
 “ Having performed some mighty deed to be rued by the Trojans.”

After him, thus prayed the brave in fight Diomedes :
 “ Hear thou me also, unconquered daughter of high Zeus ;
 “ Follow me now, as Tudeus my sire thou erst wast accustomed
 “ To Thebè, where as herald he went for the sons of Achaia ;
 “ By Asopos he left the brass-mailed host of the Grecians,
 “ And with gentle words he bespoke the descendants of Kadmos 290
 “ There ; but, departing thence, most mighty deeds he accomplished,
 “ Through thee, great goddess, for thou wert ready to aid him ;
 “ So with me be thou present now, and from injury guard me,
 “ Then will I offer to thee an ox most wide in the forehead,

“ One year old, unyoked, which to yoke, no man has attempted ;
 “ Him will I offer to thee, and his horns shall with gold be surrounded.”

Thus spoke they praying, and were heard by Pallas Athenè :—
 And when they, to the daughter of Zeus, had made supplication,
 On they went, like lions twain, through the night in its darkness
 'Mid the forms of the slaughtered dead, and the arms and the black gore. 300

Nor did Hector the while permit the magnanimous Trojans
 To indulge in sleep, but assembled the best of the chieftains ;
 Whosoe'er were leaders of Troy, or the foremost in wisdom,
 He these assembled and gave his sapient counsel.

“ Who for me will promise a deed and also perform it,
 “ Earning a great reward ? for my gift shall suffice to content him ;
 “ I to him will a chariot give and two high-crested horses,
 “ Which 'mid the ships of the Greeks shall be found of most excellent fleetness ;
 “ He who shall dare this deed and gain most eminent glory,
 “ He must approach to the swift ships near, that so he may gather 310
 “ If the swift ships be guarded now, as erst they were wonted,
 “ Or if now the Greeks, o'ercome by our hands in the battle,
 “ Counsel take for the flight alone, nor longer are willing
 “ Through the night to guard their fleet, worn out in the combat.”—

Thus he spoke, but the Trojans all were hushed into silence.—
 There was a man of Troy, Dolon, the son of Eumedes
 Herald divine, and in gold and brass his riches were ample ;
 Swift of foot was his son, but plain in his outward appearance ;
 He the only brother was, though five were his sisters ;
 He, rising up, to the Trojans spoke, and also to Hector : 320

“ Hector, now my heart and the valiant spirit within me
 “ Bid me to go to the rapid ships and make observation.—
 “ But now to me thy sceptre raise, and swear to me truly,
 “ Me to give those steeds and the car with its brazen adornings,
 “ Which to the battle bear the illustrious offspring of Peleus :
 “ I will be no idle spy, but deserving thy favour ;
 “ For through the host I will make my way until Agamemnon's
 “ Ship I shall gain, where now 'tis like the chiefs of the army

" Counsel take, this hour, for flight or else for the combat."

Thus he spoke, and Hector raised in his hand-grasp the sceptre, 330
 And 'twas thus he vowed :—" Let Zeus the loud husband of Herè,
 " Know that no other Trojan chief shall be borne by those coursers ;
 " But that thou ever shalt be, by their possession, illustrious."

Thus he spoke, and falsely he swore, yet Dolon, incited,
 Instant around his shoulders he threw his bow ready bended ;
 And on his form he placed the skin of a wolf in its greyness,
 Then on his head a helmet he put of the skin of the weasel,
 And a sharp dart he took, and went toward the ships of the Grecians ;
 But he was never about to return, from those ships, unto Hector.
 Then, when the throng he had left behind of soldiers and horses, 340
 Eagerly on his way he went ; then noble Odusseus
 Marked him as on he passed, and thus bespoke Diomedes :

" Certainly yonder a man from the Trojan host is advancing,
 " Either he may be a spy to discern the fleet of the Grecians,
 " Or he may hither have come to spoil the arms of the slaughtered :
 " But let us permit him now to pass us a little
 " On the plain ; and then, by pursuit, we shall easily take him ;
 " But if, perchance, in fleetness of foot he excel us,
 " Let us drive him still, from the Trojan host, toward our vessels,
 " Rushing on with the spear, lest back he escape to the city." 350

Thus having spoken, beside the way, 'mid the forms of the slaughtered,
 They bent down, while swiftly he passed in the weakness of folly.—
 But when he was as far as the distance gained by a mule-team—
 (Which are, than oxen, more excellent far, for fresh turning the furrows,)
 Then they pursued him ; still he stood at the sound of their coming ;
 For, in his heart, he hoped they were comrades, sent to recall him,
 From the Trojan host by a new commandment of Hector.
 But when, by a spear's throw or less, the heroes were distant,
 Then he knew them for foes ; and moved to flying his swift knees ;
 While they pursuing rushed on at the height of their fleetness. 360
 As when two sharp-toothed dogs well skilled in the doings of hunting,
 Either a hind or a hare pursue, perseveringly ever,

Through the wooded land, and it shrieks as it runneth before them ;
 So did Tudeides, and the waster of cities Odusseus,
 Cutting him off from the host, pursue perseveringly ever ;
 But, when he soon would have mingled among the guards of Achaia,
 In his flight toward the ships, then strength by Pallas Athenè
 To Tudeides' mind was giv'n ; lest one of the Grecians
 Should anticipate him in striking, and he be but second ;—
 Rushing on with the spear, thus cried the strong Diomedes : 370

“ Stay, or I'll strike thee through with my lance ; and then to my thinking
 “ Thou wilt not long, by my hand, escape from dreadful destruction.”—

Thus he spoke and his spear he hurled, but wittingly missed him ;
 Over his dexter shoulder passed the well-polished jav'lin,
 And its point, in the earth, was fixed ; still stood he in terror,
 Chattered his teeth (while forth from his mouth came the sound of their
 shaking),

Pale were his cheeks with fear ;—that panting pair overtook him ;
 And then hands upon him laid ; he, weeping, addressed them :

“ Save me alive, I will ransom give, for I have, in possession,
 “ Brass, and gold, and iron wrought by the skill of the workman ; 380
 “ And of these my sire will give an infinite ransom,
 “ When he has heard that I am alive in the ships of the Grecians.”

Him then, responding, bespoke the sagacious Odusseus :
 “ Be of good cheer, and let not the thought of death come upon thee,
 “ But come, tell me now, and let thy telling be truthful ;
 “ Why towards the fleet from the Trojan host alone dost thou wander
 “ Through the darkness of night when other mortals are sleeping ?
 “ Dost thou wish to despoil the arms of some hero departed ?
 “ Or has Hector sent thee forth, to make observation,
 “ Toward the hollow ships ? or has thine own spirit impelled thee ?” 390

Then answered Dolon, while his limbs, beneath him, were trembling : •
 “ Much to my sorrow, against my will, has Hector induced me,
 “ Who to me did promise the steeds of the famous Achilleus,
 “ And his chariot glorious all with brazen adornment ;
 “ Me he bade all swiftly to wend through the night in its blackness,

" And to go near to our enemies' host, if so I might hearken
 " If they guarded the rapid ships, as erst was their custom,
 " Or if now, subdued beneath the hands of the Trojans,
 " They 'mong themselves took counsel for flight, nor longer were willing,
 " Through the night, strict watch to keep, overcome by their labours." 400

Him then, half-smiling, thus addressed the sagacious Odusseus :

" Truly thou, of most mighty gifts, in thy mind wert desirous,
 " When thou wouldst fain have Achilleus' steeds ; for arduous are they
 " To any mortal man to drive, and quell in the war-car ;
 " Them can none, save Achilleus, tame, the son of the deathless.
 " But come, tell me now, and let thy narration be truthful,
 " Where, when thou cam'st, didst thou Hector leave, the shepherd of nations ?
 " And where lie his martial arms ? and where are his horses ?
 " How do the other Trojans keep their watch, or their resting ?
 " What is the counsel they take ; is it the intention among them 410
 " Here to remain by the ships afar, or, back to their city,
 " Do they think to return, since now they have conquered the Argives ? "

Him then thus answered Dolon the son of Eumedes :

" I, to thee, all this will tell and truthfully tell it ;
 " Hector, with the rest of the chiefs who are able in council,
 " Is in council engaged by the tomb of illustrious Ilos,
 " Far from noise apart ; but the guards which thou askest of, hero,
 " None with care defend the host, nor strict watch are keeping.
 " But wheresoe'er are the Trojan fires, they needs are awakened,
 " And each other exhort to keep good watch through the night-time ; 420
 " But, on the other hand, the auxiliars called from a distance
 " Sleep ; and leave the watchers' part to the sons of the Trojans ;
 " For they are distant far from the forms of their wives and their children."

Him then, responding, thus addressed the sagacious Odusseus :

" But do they mingled lie with the Trojans tamers of horses,
 " Or by themselves ? now tell me this, that so I may know it."

Him then thus answered Dolon the son of Eumedes :

" Also this to thee I will tell, and my speech shall be truthful ;
 " Near to the sea the Karians rest and Paionian bowmen,

“ And Leleges and Kaukons and the noble chiefs the Pelasgi ; 430
 “ Thumbrè near is the Lukians’ place, and the Musians’ haughty,
 “ Phrugians’ tamers of steeds, Meonians’ plumèd with horsehair ;
 “ But why do ye inquiry make of all the auxiliars ?
 “ If ye desirous are to enter the host of the Trojans,
 “ Here are the Thracians newly come, the last of the heroes ;
 “ And among them Rhesos the king, Eioneus’ offspring,
 “ I his mighty horses beheld, of excellent beauty ;
 “ Whiter they are than the snow, and like to the winds in their fleetness.
 “ He with him has his chariot brought, with gold and with silver
 “ Richly adorned ; and golden arms, the amaze of beholders, 440
 “ Wondrous, such as mortal men to wear it beseems not,
 “ Fit alone to be borne by the forms of the deities deathless.
 “ But now send me hence to the swiftly-traversing vessels,
 “ Or compel me here to remain in rigorous bondage,
 “ Till ye return again, having made experiment of me,
 “ Whether the truth I have told to you, or uttered but falsehood.”

Then, on him sternly gazing, spoke the strong Diomedes :
 “ Think not, O Dolon, that thou by flight wilt escape us,
 “ Since thou into our hands hast fall’n, though thy tidings be goodly ;
 “ For, if now we should set thee free, and thy liberty give thee, 450
 “ Thou again wilt come to the rapid ships of the Grecians,
 “ Either to spy them again, or else as one of our foemen ;
 “ But if now thou lovest thy life ’neath my conquering hand-stroke,
 “ Never again wilt thou harmful be to the sons of Achaia.”

Thus he spoke, and while Dolon still would have made supplication,
 Touching his chin with his foolish hand ; on the mid neck he struck him,
 Rising up with the sword, and he cut through both of the tendons ;
 And while yet he spoke, his head, with the dust, was commingled.
 Then from his head they took the helm of the skin of the weasel,
 And his wolf-skin, and bended bow and his long-shadowed jav’lin, 460
 These to Pallas Athenè the spoiler then noble Odusseus
 Raised on high with his hand, and praying, thus he addressed her :

“ Joy, O goddess, in these thy spoils, thee first in Olumpos

" We will of all the immortals serve ; but do thou direct us

" Toward the tents of the Thracian men, their beds, and their horses."

Thus did Odusseus speak, and lifting the spoils high above him,
Placed them in a tamarisk-tree ; and a mark left to guide them,
Tearing up the reeds and the tamarisk's wide-spreading branches,
Lest they should miss them on their return through the swift-flying darkness.
Then that pair right onward went through the arms and the black blood ; 470
Soon, as they wended along, they came to the ranks of the Thracians.
Sleeping they lay, with toil o'ercome ; and their armour, around them,
Beautiful lay on the earth by the side of each slumbering hero ;
In three ranks well ordered they were with the steeds of their war-cars ;
Rhesos slept in the midst, and, by him, his swift-footed horses
To the end of the chariot's rail with thongs were well fastened.
Him did first Odusseus espy, and did show Diomedes :

" There, O Tudeides, is the man, and there are the horses,

" Which Dolon to us described, whom lately we slaughtered.

" Come then, let thy strength be great ; for now it behoveth

480

" Thee not idly in arms to stand ; but loose thou the horses,

" Or do thou destroy the men, while I care for the war-steeds."

Thus did Odusseus speak ; and the blue-eyed goddess Athenè
Breathed strength in Diomed, and he slew the heroes around him ;
They unseemly groaning lay when struck by the falchion ;
And all the earth around blushed red with the blood of the dying.
As when a lion comes 'mid a flock which lacketh a shepherd,
Either of goats or sheep, and with evil intention attacks it ;
So were the Thracian heroes attacked by the mighty Tudeides
Until twelve he had slain ; meanwhile, the sagacious Odusseus, 490
Whensoe'er, some chief, Tudeides smote with the falchion,
Him did Odusseus seize by the foot and draw to a distance,
Thinking the while, in his mind, that thus the fair-manèd horses
Easily might pass by, lest otherwise fear should possess them
When they should step on the dead ; for to that they were yet unaccustomed ;
When to the Thracian king the son of Tudeus attained,
Him, the thirteenth, he at once deprived of his pleasing existence,

As in slumber his breathing was deep, for a vision of evil
 Stood, that night, by Rhesos' head, through the will of Athenè.
 Meanwhile the bold Odusseus had loosed the round-footed horses, 500
 And with thongs together he tied them, and led from the sleepers,
 Smiting them with his bow ; because the scourge splendidly shining
 He, from the high-wrought chariot's seat, to take, had forgotten ;
 Then he shrilly cried, giving warning to great Diomedes.
 He then, standing still, some bolder deed was revolving,
 Whether to seize the war-car where the fair armour was shining,
 And from the yoke to tear it and carry it off on his shoulders ;
 But while thus in his mind he thought, the goddess Athenè,
 Standing near him, thus addressed the noble Tudeides :

“ Think thou now of returning, O son of magnanimous Tudeus, 510
 “ Hence to the hollow ships, lest by flight thou be forced to regain them,
 “ If some other god should arouse the host of the Trojans.”

Thus she spoke, he knew the sound of the voice of the goddess ;
 Instant he mounted one of the steeds ; then, smote them, Odusseus
 With his bow ; and away they flew toward the ships of Achaia.

No blind watch was kept, the while, by the silver-bowed Phoibos ;
 Who marked Athenè as she stood by the offspring of Tudeus,
 And, with her enraged, he went down through the host of the Trojans ;
 And Hippocöon then he roused, a leader of Thracians,
 Of Rhesos a cousin brave ; he, uprising from slumber, 520
 When he saw the empty space where the steeds had been stabled,
 And the dying chiefs convulsed with terrible woundings,
 Then he cried aloud, and called his belovèd companion ;
 Then a cry 'mid the Trojans arose, and a marvellous tumult,
 As together they rushed ; and the mighty deeds contemplated,
 Done by the men who now had returned toward the ships of Achaia.

When those two came where the spy of Hector was slaughtered,
 Then did Odusseus, dear to Zeus, restrain the swift horses ;
 And Tudeides, leaping to earth, gave the spoils to Odusseus,
 Stained with blood ; and vaulted again upon one of the horses ; 530
 Then the horses he struck, and they not unwillingly hastened

Toward the hollow ships, for to that their spirit was pleasing.
Nestor first discerned their tramp, and these were his accents :

“ O friends, ye leaders and princes of the Achaians,
“ Shall I a truth or a falsehood speak ? for my spirit impels me ;
“ Now to my hearing comes the tramp of swift-footed horses ;
“ Well I hope that Odusseus now and the strong Diomedes
“ May, from the Trojans, hither bring some round-footed horses.
“ But in my mind I greatly fear that these best of the Grecians
“ Have some mortal evil ta'en 'mid the host of the Trojans.”

540

He had not quite the last word said, when the heroes returned ;
Instantly down to the ground they leapt, and the chiefs in their gladness
Greeted them with right hands outstretched and words sweet as honey.—
Then did first inquire Gerenian Nestor the horseman :

“ Tell me now, famed Odusseus, thou mighty glory of Grecians,
“ How ye have these horses gained ;—from the host of Trojans ?
“ Or has some kind god bestowed the coursers upon you ?
“ Truly they are as beautiful all as the rays of the sunshine.
“ Ever I am 'mid the Trojans mixed, nor yet do I ever
“ In the ships remain, although I am old for the combat,
“ But such steeds as these have I never marked in the battle ;
“ Surely I think some god must have met you and given the horses ;
“ For ye both are dear to Zeus, who driveth the storm-cloud,
“ And to the blue-eyed daughter of Zeus who swayeth the Egis.”

550

Him then, responding, thus addressed the sagacious Odusseus :
“ Nestor, son of Neleus, the mighty fame of Achaia,
“ Easily would a willing god better horses have given
“ E'en than these, for greater far is the power of immortals ;
“ But these horses, ancient chief, of which now thou inquirest,
“ Are of Thracian race, and but newly come to the conflict ;
“ And their king but now was slain by the good Diomedes :
“ And, by his side, companions twelve of the chiefs of the Thracians ;
“ The thirteenth, a spy, we slew, not far from the shipping,
“ Who was sent to observe the state in which was our army
“ By Hector's bidding and the other illustrious Trojans.”

560

Speaking thus, o'er the trench he impelled the round-footed horses,
Exultant, and with him went the rejoicing Achaïans.
But when they arrived at the well-built tent of Tudeides,
Then the horses they bound with thongs right cunningly formèd,
To the manger of steeds, where Diomed's swift-footed horses 570.
Stood and ate their fill of the wheat most sweet to their tasting ;
But wise Odusseus placed on the lofty poop of his vessel
Dolon's gay spoils, as an offering sacred to Pallas ;
Then in the cooling sea they washed the sweat from their bodies ;
And when the salt sea wave, from much perspiration had cleansed them,
And had refreshed the minds within of both of the heroes,
Then to the well-polished bath they repaired yet further to lave them.
And when they had both bathed and, with rich oil, were anointed,
Down to the banquet they sat ; and drawing from the full wine vase,
Sweetest wine, in libation, they poured it to Pallas Athenè. 580

END OF THE TENTH BOOK.

BOOK XI.

THE ACTS OF AGAMEMNON.

MORNING now, from her couch, by the side of the noble Tithonos,
Rose, that light she might bestow on gods and on mortals ;
Then Zeus sent Discord to the swift-moving ships of Achaia,
Fraught with woes ; in her hands she held the signal of battle ;
She then took her stand on the vast black ship of Odusseus,
Which in the midst of the fleet was placed, that her cry might be uttered
So as to reach the pavilion of Telamonian Aias,
And of Peleides ; who, without, had drawn up their vessels,
Trusting well in their valour's power, and the might of their strong hands ;
Standing there, the goddess, loud and terribly shrieking, 10
Cried to the Greeks, and in every breast vast valour infused,
So that they might unceasingly join in the war and the battle ;
War did to them, more sweet, become than the thought of returning,
In their hollow ships, to the much-loved land of their country.
Loud cried Atreides, and commanded the sons of Achaia
To be girt for the fight ; he himself put on brilliant armour.
First around his legs the beautiful greaves he adapted,
Well were they, with silver clasps, to his noble limbs fitted ;
Next, his breast around, he endued the glorious breastplate
Which theretofore was by Kinures given as a token of friendship, 20
For in Kupros was heard the mighty fame of Achaia,
How her sons were about to sail to the land of the Trojans ;
Whence Kinures this breastplate gave for the grace of the monarch.

Full ten layers it had of azure dark-tinted metal,
 Twelve of gold, and, of shining tin, with twenty was gleaming ;
 Three azure dragons their folds toward the gorget extended,
 Each, in its hues, to the rainbow like, which Zeus in the storm-cloud
 High hath fixed, to mortal men a sign and a portent.
 Then, o'er his shoulder, his sword he threw ; while the gold studs upon it
 Shone around ; of silver fair was the sheath which contained it, 30
 And, with a belt adorned with gold, its weight was upholden.
 Then his shield he took, all covering, meet for the onset,
 Beautiful, and ten zones of brass were marked on its circle,
 And full twenty bosses of tin were formed on its surface,
 White were these, but one in the midst was of dark-coloured azure.
 It, in the front, was adorned with the fell-eyed face of the Gorgon,
 Horribly frowning, dire, and Flight and Fear were around it.
 Silver adorned its belt within ; and a dragon upon it
 Writhed itself in azure, and there three heads of the serpent
 Bending, in form like a crown, were placed, while from one neck they issued.
 Next on his head his helmet he set with four cones adorned, 41
 While its crest with horsehair thick was terribly nodding.
 Next two mighty spears he took, with brass they were pointed,
 Sharp they were, and the brass upon them shone up to heaven ;
 And, above him, cried aloud Athenè and Herè,
 Honouring thus the mighty king of the wealthy Mukenè,
 Then did each hero, to his charioteer, give commandment,
 Firmly their horses to restrain on that side the trenches ;
 While the heroes, wending on foot, with their arms and in armour,
 Rushed to the front ; immense was their shout as they greeted the morning,
 On they came, with their charioteers, to the brink of the trenches : 51
 Then stayed the charioteers behind ; 'mid the army Kroníon
 Raised an ill-omened tumult, and down from the ether upon them
 Dews he shed all moist with blood, for 'twas then his intention
 Many a mighty chief to send prematurely to Hades.

Meanwhile, the Trojans on the rising ground of the champain
 Ranged themselves, mighty Hector around, and Poludamas noble,

And Aineias who revered was like a god by the Trojans,
 And Antenor's sons Polubos and noble Agenor,
 And blooming Akamas, to the deities equal in beauty ;
 Hector amid the first bore a buckler equal on all sides.
 And as some pernicious star, from on high, sends its gleaming,
 Fitfully shining forth, and then obscured by the dark cloud,
 So, among the foremost ranks, now Hector was gleaming,
 Now in the last, exhorting to war ; while his form was resplendent
 With his brazen arms as the lightning of Zeus Egis-bearing.

60

As when the reapers, when opposite placed to each other,
 Clear the furrows in the field of some man that is wealthy,
 Whether of barley or wheat, while the handfuls are rapidly falling,
 So the Trojans and Greeks, against each other contending,
 Mutual slew, while no man thought of pernicious retreating ;
 Equal in combat they lifted their heads, rushing on to the slaughter
 Fierce as wolves, while Discord fell rejoiced as she saw them ;
 She alone, of the deities all, was present in combat ;
 For the rest of the gods far away were sitting in silence
 Careless their palaces within, where each was possessor
 Of his beautiful home amid the ravines of Olumpus ;
 All, their hearts within, were blaming the urger of dark clouds,
 Zeus, who then, great glory, willed to bestow on the Trojans.
 Father Zeus, them heeded not ; but away from all others
 Sat alone, from the gods apart, rejoicing in glory,
 Looking upon the Trojan town and the ships of Achaia,
 And the flash of the brass, the slaughterers, also the slaughtered.

70

80

While it as yet was morn and the sacred day was increasing,
 Either host, with their missiles smote, and the nations were falling ;
 But at the time when the woodman thought, his repast, of preparing,
 In the depths of the mountain glades, when his hands were aweary
 Cutting down the mighty trees, and his spirit within him
 Sate was of toil and began to covet the sweet food ;
 At that time, by their valour, the Greeks broke through the phalánxes,
 Calling each other from rank to rank ; but first Agamemnon

90

Rushed, and he slew the hero Bienor, shepherd of nations,
 Him he slew and Oïleus his comrade, urger of horses ;
 He, from his chariot leaping down, opposed Agamemnon ;
 And the king, as right onward he rushed, with his sharp pointed jav'lin
 Struck him full in the front, all vain 'gainst the spear was his helmet
 Heavy with brass, through the helm it went ; and the bone and the brain too
 All within was scattered abroad ; he though eager was conquered.
 They where they fell, were left by the king of men, Agamemnon,
 Shining fair with their naked breasts, being spoiled of their armour ; 100
 Antiphos, then to slay, and Isos, on went the monarch,
 Two sons of Priam, one lawful, one was a bastard,
 Both in one chariot rode, and the base-born son was the driver,
 Antiphos famed from the chariot fought ; this pair, by Achilleus
 On the slopes of Ida, were bound with osiers tender,
 Them, while they watched the sheep, he seized, and dismissed for a ransom.
 But now Atreides, the wide-ruling king Agamemnon,
 One of them, in the bosom, struck with the point of his sharp spear ;
 Antiphos on his ear he smote and threw from the war-car.
 Hastily then from both he despoiled the beautiful armour, 110
 Knowing them then ; for both before, by the swift-sailing vessels,
 He had seen, when from Ida brought by swift-footed Achilleus.
 As when a lion crushes with ease the young ones all helpless
 Of a swift stag, when them, in his wrath, with his strong teeth, he seizes,
 Coming upon their lair, and destroying their tender existence ;
 Then their dam, though standing near, in nothing can aid them,
 For upon all her frame there comes the dire trembling of terror,
 Instantly then away she flies through the oak-wood and forest,
 Speeding along, and bathed in sweat, through the fear of the wild beast ;
 So no Trojan chief could from them avert their destruction, 120
 For they all were ready to fly from the face of the Argives.
 Next he slew Peisandros and Hippolochos brave in the battle,
 Sons of Antimachos the warlike, who, very largely,
 Took from Alexandros gold and costliest presents,
 Hindering Helen's return to the yellow-haired Menelaos ;

His two sons were taken then by the king Agamemnon,
 They in one chariot rode and together urged the swift horses,
 Down from their fearful hands fell the reins all splendidly shining,
 And appalled they stood ; while against them sprang like a lion
 Atreides ; in the chariot they kneeled and made supplication :

130

“ Take us alive, Atreides, a worthy ransom receiving ;
 “ Great is the wealth which lies stored up in Antimachos’ palace,
 “ Both of brass and gold, and iron carefully fashioned ;
 “ Out of these our father will give an infinite ransom,
 “ When he shall hear that alive we remain in the ships of Achaia.”

Thus they, with wailing, addressed the king Agamemnon,
 And soft words ; but no soft words they heard in his answer :

“ If ye two are indeed the sons of Antimachos warlike,
 “ Who heretofore, amid the full council of Troy, recommended
 “ That Menelaos, in embassy come with the godlike Odusseus,
 “ Should then and there be slain nor be let return to the Grecians,
 “ Ye now well shall pay for the evil deed of your father.”

140

Speaking thus, Peisandros he threw to the ground from the war-car,
 Driving his spear through his breast, he to earth was headlong projected ;
 Hippolochos leapt down, and him, on the champain, he slaughtered,
 Smiting off his hands with the sword, then striking his neck through ;
 Thus his trunk he left to be rolled about in the conflict.

These he left, and then, where clustered the thickest phalánxes,
 There he rushed, and with him came the well-greaved Achaïans.
 Infantry, infantry smote, as they fled by the force of the battle ;
 Horsemen smote horsemen (while the dust, beneath them, was rising
 From the plain below ’neath the loud-sounding hoofs of the horses),
 Striking them with the brass ; but still the king Agamemnon,
 Ever slaying, onward rushed and exhorted the Argives.

150

As a destructive fire lays hold on some thick-wooded country
 Borne along by the whirling wind, and, beneath it, the bushes
 Down to the root fall away beneath the assault of the burning ;
 So, beneath the might of Atreus’ son, Agamemnon,
 Fell the heads of the Trojans in flight, and the lofty-necked horses

Dashed with their empty chariots away through the ranks of the battle, 160
Lacking their noble charioteers ; while they, on earth's surface,
Lay, much dearer now to the vultures than to their spouses.

Zeus kept Hector, the while, afar from the dust and the jav'lines,
And from the slaughter of men, and the blood and tumult of conflict ;—
On Agamemnon rushed, the Argives fiercely commanding.
But the Trojans, the monument near of that ancient Dardan
Ilos, through the midst of the plain, by the fig-tree, were flying,
Longing their city to gain ; but, shouting, followed them ever
Atreides, while his conquering hands were dusty and gory.
But when at length they came to the Skaian gates and the beech-tree, 170
Then they made a stand, and each awaited the other.
Some the while, through the midst of the plain, in terror were rushing,
Like to oxen put to flight when some evening lion
Suddenly springs ; on one of which comes deadly destruction.
Of this ox, he first breaks the neck, biting hard with his strong teeth,
Then at ease he sucks up the blood and devours all the inwards ;
Thus did Atreus' son, the wide-ruling king Agamemnon,
Follow the Trojans up, and slew the last of the chieftains,
While before him they fled : and many out of the war-cars
Prone or supine fell down beneath the hands of Atreides ; 180
While, with the spear, he exceedingly raged in the terrible conflict.
But when he was about to attain the high wall of the city,
Just then Zeus the father of gods, and also of mortals,
Seated himself on the peaks of Ida plenteous in fountains,
Having from heaven come down ; and his hands were grasping the thunder ;
Forth he then, to tell his will, sent the golden-winged Iris :

“ Go now, swift Iris, and tell my commandment to Hector ;
“ While he yet beholds Agamemnon, shepherd of nations,
“ Raging in battle's front and destroying the ranks of the heroes,
“ Let him back retire, and exhort his troops at a distance 190
“ With the foemen boldly to fight in the terrible conflict.
“ But, when the king shall stricken be with the spear or the arrow,
“ And to his car shall haste, then I will confer upon Hector

“ Strength to slay until he shall come to the well-builtèd vessels,
 “ And the sun shall set, and the sacred darkness shall gather.”

Thus spake Zeus, and his word was obeyed by the fleet-footed Iris ;
 Down, from Ida's peak, she flew to Ilium sacred,
 Godlike Hector she found, the son of Priam the warlike,
 Standing in fight among the close-ranked war-cars and horses ;
 Then, him approaching, thus spoke the swift-footed Iris :

200

“ Hector, son of Priam, to Zeus the equal in wisdom,
 “ Father Zeus hath sent me here this message to tell thee ;—
 “ While thou beholdest Agamemnon, shepherd of nations,
 “ Raging in battle's front and destroying the ranks of the heroes,
 “ So long do thou retire, and exhort thy troops at a distance
 “ With their foemen boldly to fight in the terrible conflict ;
 “ But, when he shall stricken be with the spear or the arrow,
 “ And to his car shall haste, then Zeus will confer on thee, Hector,
 “ Strength to slay until thou shalt come to the well-builtèd vessels
 “ And the sun shall set, and the sacred darkness shall gather.”

210

Thus, her message said, departed the swift-footed Iris ;
 Hector, to earth, from his chariot leapt, all clad in his armour ;
 Shaking his sharp-pointed spears, he went through the whole of the army,
 Stirring them up to the fight ; and he roused the terrible contest.
 Round the Trojans wheeled, and opposite stood to the Grecians ;
 They, on the other side, condensed and strengthened their phalanx ;
 Roused was the fight, opposed they stood ; in the midst Agamemnon
 Rushed to the front, for he willed to fight before every hero.—

Tell to me now, ye Muses, who dwell in Olympian mansions,
 Who was the first who dared to oppose the king Agamemnon,
 Whether one of the Trojans true, or auxiliars famous.

220

Iphidamas 'twas, Antenor's son, the great and the valiant,
 Who was bred in fruitful Thrace, the mother of sheep-folds ;
 Him, Kisseus his grandsire bred while he yet was an infant,
 Who, for a daughter, had the beautiful-cheeked Theano.
 When the boy the measure attained of youth's glorious beauty,
 Him he kept ; and gave him to wife his beautiful daughter ;

Her he wedded, but followed soon the fame of the Grecians,
 With twelve crooked ships which followed him to the conflict;
 He at Perkotè, the well-balanced vessels, relinquished, 230
 And he journeyed on foot till he came to the towers of Ilion;
 And now he stood opposed to Atreus' son, Agamemnon.
 Then when near they came against each other advancing,
 King Agamemnon missed his mark, and his spear was averted.
 Iphidamas, the monarch, struck on the girdle which bound him
 Under his breastplate, and pressed him hard with his strong hand,
 But he pierced not his broidered belt; for the point of the jav'lin
 Striking the silver against, like lead, was bent by the armour.
 Seized the spear, with his hand, the wide-ruling king Agamemnon,
 And, like a lion, fiercely drew it until he had torn it 240
 From the grasp of his foe, while his neck he struck with the falchion
 Loosing his limbs, he fell, and slept in death's brazen slumber;
 Thus he lamented fell affording help to the Trojans,
 Far from his wife whom a virgin he took, giving numerous presents,
 First, a hundred oxen, he gave, and promised a thousand,
 Also goats and sheep which he kept in infinite numbers.
 Then his arms were despoiled by Atreus' son Agamemnon,
 Who, to the ranks of the Grecians, bore his beautiful harness.
 When he thus was by Kōōn beheld, the famed among heroes,
 And Antenor's eldest son, the strength of his sorrow 250
 Veiled his eyes with tears as he gazed on the corse of his brother;
 Then, with his spear, he stood aside, unseen by Atreides,
 And his middle arm he struck, 'twixt the hand and the elbow,
 And right through appeared the point of the glittering jav'lin:
 Thrilled, with the sudden pain, the king of men Agamemnon;
 Yet not so would he cease from the toil of the war and the battle;
 But on Kōōn he rushed with the point of his wind-nourished jav'lin.
 He, the while, drew the corse of his brother forth from the combat,
 Eagerly, holding it by the feet, while he called on the heroes;
 Him, as he drew the corse through the throng, with his jav'lin he wounded
 Under his buckler's bossy round, and he loosened his members; 261

Then he smote off his head, and o'er Iphidamas slew him.
 Thus did Antenor's sons, 'neath the arm of king Agamemnon,
 Their fate fulfilling, depart to the hall of Aidoneus.
 Still the king pursued the fight 'mid the ranks of the heroes,
 With the spear and sword and great rocks thrown from the hand-grasp,
 While the warm red blood from the recent wound was out-pouring ;
 But when the wound grew dry, and the blood had ceased from its flowing,
 Then did sharpest pains come over the might of Atreides.
 As when pain's sharp shaft torments a labouring woman, 270
 Bitter, sent by the goddesses dire who preside o'er the birth-pangs,
 Daughters of Zeus are they, inflicting exquisite torments ;
 Thus did sharpest pains come over the might of Atreides.
 Swift to his chariot he leapt, and his charioteer he commanded
 Towards the hollow ships to speed, for his soul was tormented.
 But as he went, with a mighty cry he urged the Achaians :

“ O friends, ye leaders and kings of the sons of Achaia,
 “ You must now drive away, from the ocean-traversing vessels,
 “ This strife pernicious, since Zeus the mighty in wisdom
 “ Suffers me not with the Trojans to fight, till the day is concluded.” 280

Thus he spoke, and the driver lashed the lovely-maned horses
 Toward the hollow ships, they not unwillingly hastened ;
 Foam on their breasts was wet, and beneath with dust they were sprinkled,
 As they bore the suffering king afar from the battle.
 Then when Hector perceived Agamemnon leaving the combat,
 Shouting aloud he encouraged thus the allies and the Trojans :

“ Trojans and Lukians and Dardans great in the close fight,
 “ Be men, my friends, your strenuous valour remember ;
 “ See, their bravest chief departs, and excellent glory
 “ Zeus on me bestows ; drive straight your round-footed horses 290
 “ On toward the mighty Greeks, and gain more lofty distinction.”

Speaking thus he aroused the strength and heart of the heroes.
 As when a hunter urges on his hounds with their white teeth
 'Gainst a wild boar, the woods among, or else 'gainst a lion ;
 So the magnanimous Trojans, urged against the Achaians

Hector Priamides, like Ares the destroyer of mortals ;
 He intent on mighty deeds strode on 'mid the foremost ;
 And to the battle he rushed like the sudden swoop of the storm-cloud,
 Which from above descending stirs the violet ocean.—

Who first, who last then slew and spoiled in the battle 300
 Hector Priamides, when Zeus had granted him glory ?
 Assaios was the first, and Antonöos and Opites,
 Then Dolopian Klutis, Opheltios and Agelaïos,
 Aisumnos, Oros, and Hipponöos strong in the battle ;
 These he slew of the chiefs of the Greeks and, after, the soldiers ;
 As, sometimes, the zephyr's force condenses the storm-clouds,
 Striking the hurricane fierce upraised by the might of the south wind ;
 And then the massive wave rolls high, while the foam of the ocean
 Far is scattered away by the breath of the wandering tempest ;
 Thus, 'neath Hector's might, were quelled the heads of the soldiers. 310
 Then had destruction come, and wondrous deeds been enacted,
 And, to their sheltering ships had flown the sons of Achaia,
 But then Tudeides to the war was urged by Odusseus :

“ Why, O Tudeides, our strenuous valour forget we ?

“ Come, my friend, stand by me now ; for great the reproach were

“ If our ships should be ta'en by the brilliant-helmeted Hector.”

Him then responding, thus addressed the strong Diomedes :

“ Here will I wait and help thee well ; though scarce shall we prosper

“ Since, in this day's fight, great Zeus who driveth the storm-cloud

“ Wills success, to the Trojans, to grant, and not to the Grecians.” 320

Thus he spoke, and Thumbraios struck to the ground from his war-car,
 Through his right breast, the spear he drove ; then also Odusseus
 Brave Molion slew the monarch's god-like attendant.

These they left in death, having made them to cease from the warfare.

Then they rushed 'mid the Trojan ranks, as a pair of the wild boars

Fall on the hunters' dogs in fierce, magnanimous anger ;

Thus that pair again rushing on slew the chiefs of the Trojans ;

While the Greeks gladly breathed, escaping from Hector the noble.

Next they took both war-car and men, the best of the people,

Brethren twain of Merops born, who better than all men
 Soothsaying understood, nor would he suffer his children
 Forth to march to pernicious war ; but they, to their father
 Disobedient were ; for the fates dragged them onward to black death.
 Them did Tudeus' son the spear-renowned Diomedes,
 Both of mind and life deprive and of beautiful armour ;
 Hippodamos and Hupeirochos were slain by Odusseus.

330

Thus, to both hosts alike, great Zeus out-lengthened the battle,
 Gazing from Ida down ; they mutual slaughtered each other.
 Then did Tudeus' son, Agastrophos wound with his jav'lin
 On the hip, great Paion's son, for his chariot and horses
 Were not near enough for flight ; and his mind was perturbed ;
 Them his attendant kept behind ; while he, fighting dismounted,
 Rushed 'mid the first to the fray till he lost his life in the combat.
 Hector, the while through the battle gazed, and rushed on the foemen
 Shouting aloud, and with him came the troops of the Trojans ;
 Thrilled at the sight of him Diomedes brave in the conflict,
 And thus he spoke to Odusseus, combating near him :

340

“ Now upon us rolls yon plague, the terrible Hector ;
 “ But let us keep our ground, and, standing firmly, repulse him.”

Thus he spoke, and poised and threw his long-shadowed jav'lin,
 Nor did it err from the head, but struck the cone of the head piece,
 But the brass of the spear was repelled by the brass of the helmet,
 Nor did it reach the beautiful skin ; for the helmet forbade it,
 Triple, of conical form, the gift of Phoibos Apollon.—
 Hector swiftly retreated afar and mixed with the Trojans ;
 Falling upon his knees he paused, while his strong hand supported
 Him from the earth ; and his eyes were veiled by the blackness of darkness.
 Then went Tudeides to seek his spear where he cast it
 Far 'mid the foremost ranks, where he in earth had enfixed it ;
 Meanwhile Hector breathèd again, and mounting his war-car
 Into the Trojan crowd was borne, and black death avoided.
 Then rushing on with his spear, thus cried the strong Diomedes :

350

360

“ Dog, this time thou hast death escaped ; though certainly near thee

" Evil came, but rescued thou art by Phoibos Apollon,
 " Whom thou art wont to beseech 'ere thou goest 'mid the rush of the jav'lines.
 " But I shall slay thee yet when once again I shall meet thee,
 " If some one of the gods will, to my part, lend his assistance ;
 " But now on others I will fall, whomsoe'er I may meet with."

Thus he spoke, then slew Paionides famed for the jav'lin ;
 But then Alexandros the lord of the beauteous-haired Helen, 370
 Bent his bow to shoot at Tudeides shepherd of nations,
 Hidden a column behind, on the tomb of a hero departed,
 Ilos Dardanides, a chieftain famous and ancient.
 Diomed stripped, the while, the strong Agastrophos' breastplate
 Various worked from off his chest, and his shield from his shoulders,
 And his strong helmet ;—the horns of the bow, Alexandros
 Drew, and hit (for not in vain flew the shaft from his strong hand)
 His right foot in the instep fair ; straight through it the arrow
 Passed, and in earth was fixed ; Alexandros, joyfully laughing,
 Forth from his ambush emerged, and with boastful accents addressed him : 380

" Stricken thou art, my shaft flew not in vain ; O! would it had pierced thee
 " Deep in the flank and taken away the life from thy bosom,
 " So should the Trojan race have had time to repose from their sorrow,
 " Who now tremble at thee like the bleating goats at the lion."

Him, all unperturbed, thus answered the strong Diomedes :
 " Bowman, injurious, famed archer, corrupter of virgins ;
 " If hand to hand with me, in thine arms, thou hadst tempted the battle,
 " Little thy bow had aided thee then and thy thick-flying arrows ;
 " Now, because thou hast touched my foot, thus loud thou art boasting.
 " I but regard the wound as by child or by woman inflicted ; 390
 " Light is the wound from a man that is weak and of no reputation.
 " Different is the stroke of my spear ; though it strike but a little,
 " Deep the sharp point is infixed, and, instantly lifeless, the stricken ;
 " Soon both the cheeks of his spouse are torn by her nails in her sorrow,
 " His children orphans, he reddening earth with his blood-flow
 " Swift decays, and more are the birds round his carcass than women."

Thus he spoke ; then near came Odusseus renowned for the jav'lin ;

And, while Diomed sat, he drew, from his instep, the sharp shaft ;
 Dire was the pang which pervaded the form of the strong Diomedes.
 Then he ascended his car, and his charioteer he commanded
 Swiftly to drive to the hollow ships ; for his heart was tormented.
 Then was Odusseus, renowned for the spear, left alone in the battle,
 Nor did one Argive remain to aid, for fear was upon them ;
 Then, to his own noble mind, thus spoke he heavy in spirit :

400

“ What shall I do ? Alas ! if I fly how great is my sorrow,
 “ Fearing the Trojan throng ; yet 'twere worse if lonely I perish ;
 “ All the other Greeks are made afraid by Kroníon.
 “ But why within me now is thus my spirit discoursing ?
 “ Well I know that cowards alone fly afar from the battle ;
 “ Him who wills to be great in war it greatly behoveth
 “ Firm to stand, or whether he strike or be struck by another.”—

410

Thus while Odusseus, in his heart and mind, meditated,
 Round him thronged the ranks of the Trojans, bearers of bucklers,
 Him in the midst they shut ; their bane among them inclosing.
 As when around a boar, the dogs and youths, in their blooming,
 Rush, while in haste he wends along from the depth of the wild wood,
 Sharpening each white tusk as across his curved jaws he grinds it ;
 They assault him on every side ; while the sound of his gnashing
 Deep is heard ; yet, though fierce he be, they await his assaulting ;
 Thus round the mighty Odusseus, beloved of Zeus, did the Trojans
 Rush on ; he then, first, the famous Deiopítes
 Wounded the shoulder upon, as he on him leapt with the sharp spear ;
 Next Thöonas he slew, then Ennomos stretched on the champain ;
 Then struck Chersidamas as he from his car was alighting,
 Near the navel he smote him, beneath his shield and its bosses ;
 Down in the dust he rolled and clutched the earth in his hand-grasp.
 These he left, then Charops Hippasides, struck with the jav'lin,
 Who own was brother to Socos noble and honoured,
 Swift to his rescue Socos came, like a god in appearance ;
 Coming very near, he stood and spoke to Odusseus :

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“ Famous Odusseus, in frauds and labours, abounding,

“ Either this day thou shalt boast the fate of Hippasos’ two sons,
 “ Having slain both those men of might, and seized on their armour,
 “ Or thou thyself shalt lose thy life stricken down by my jav’lin.”

Speaking thus he smote the shield round and equal on all sides ;
 Clear through the shining shield rushed on the impetuous jav’lin,
 And through the ornate breastplate came, and piercèd the hero ;
 Down it tore the flesh from his side ; but Pallas Athenè
 Suffered it not to reach the inner parts of the hero,
 And Odusseus perceived that the wound availed not to slay him ; 440
 Then, stepping backward, these words to Socos he uttered :

“ Wretch ! be thou sure that thy dreadful fate is coming upon thee ;
 “ Me thou hast caused to cease, this day, from fight with the Trojans,
 “ But here I tell thee that death and destiny awful
 “ This day shall be thine own ; and thou, subdued by my jav’lin,
 “ Shalt yield honour to me, and thy soul to the steed-fam’d Aidoneus.”

Thus he spoke ; and Socos turned and fled from the combat,
 Him, as he turned Odusseus smote, in the back, with his jav’lin
 Right his shoulders between, and drove the lance through his bosom,
 Loud was his fall ; and over him boasted the noble Odusseus ; 450

“ Socos, Hippasos’ son, the noble tamer of horses,
 “ Fatal death hath o’ertaken thee now, nor hast thou escaped it.
 “ Wretched man, for thee nor sire, nor reverend mother,
 “ Ever shall close thy dying eyes, but the fowls of the heaven,
 “ Thy raw flesh shall tear, while they flap their rapid wings o’er thee ;
 “ But, when I die, due funeral rites shall be giv’n by Achaia.”

Speaking thus, he forced back the dire spear of the warrior Socos,
 Out from his flesh, and out of his buckler studded with bosses ;
 Forth rushed the blood, as the spear he drew, and tortured his spirit.
 Troy’s magnanimous sons, when they saw the blood of Odusseus, 460
 Shouted high, and crowding close, came rushing upon him ;
 He retreated the while, and called aloud on his comrades ;
 Thrice he shouted amain to the utmost stretch of his strong voice ;
 Thrice Menelaos heard his call, belovèd of Ares,
 Instantly then, to Aias, he spoke, who stood near him in battle :

“ O noble Aias, Telamonian, prince of thy people,
“ Round me comes the vehement cry of stout-hearted Odusseus,
“ In such sort as if alone he were now overpowered,
“ Hemmed around by the Trojan host in the terrible conflict.
“ But let us haste through the throng ; for 'twill better be to defend him. 470
“ Much do I fear lest, left alone in the midst of the Trojans,
“ He, though brave, should suffer death, and woe light on the Grecians.”

Speaking thus he advanced, and the godlike Aias went with him ;
Then Odusseus they found, beloved of Zeus, and around him
Thronged the Trojans as thick as the jackals fierce on the mountains
Round a hornèd, wounded stag, which the archer has stricken
With the arrow sent from the string ; he has 'scaped by his swift feet,
Speeding away while the blood was warm, and his knees loose beneath him ;
But when his strength, at last, has been quelled by the swift-flying arrow,
Then the jackals devour him raw 'mid the slopes of the mountains, 480
In some darkling grove ; but, by chance, a terrible lion
Comes, and away the jackals scour ; he feasts on the carcass :
Thus then, around the form of the wise and warlike Odusseus,
Trojans came both many and strong ; but he, the brave hero,
Charging them still with his spear, averted bitter destruction.
But Aias came near, and his buckler he bore like a turret,
And close by he stood ; then the Trojans confusedly scattered.
Then Menelaos, beloved of Ares, led him forth from the combat
Holding his hand, until his steeds were brought near by his servant.
Then, on the Trojans, Aias rushed and slaughtered Doruclos, 490
Priam's bastard son ; and next he Pandokos wounded ;
Wounded Lusandros and Purasos, also Pulartes.
As when an inundating stream rushes down on the champain,
From the hills, in the wintry time, urged on by the rain-clouds,
Many a dried-up oak and many a pine-tree uprooted,
With it it bears, and rushes along all turbid to ocean ;
Thus, o'er the battle-plain, then rushed illustrious Aias,
Slaying horses and men ; nor as yet did Hector perceive him,
Being engaged in fight on the farthest left of the battle,

In the plain by Scamandros' side ; where frequent and faster
 Fell the heads of the men, and rose the unquenchable tumult
 Round the mighty Nestor and Idomen famous in combat. 500

Hector, with these was engaged, performing marvellous actions
 With his spear and his chariot skill ;—he thinned the phalánxes.
 Yet not for that did the noble Greeks turn back from the conflict,
 But the fair-haired Helen's lord, the young Alexandros,
 Caused to cease from the war Machaon shepherd of nations,
 Striking him with a three-hooked shaft in his dexter shoulder ;
 Greatly, for their physician, feared the strength-breathing Grecians,
 Lest, in the eddying fight, his life should be ta'en by the Trojans ; 510
 Then thus Idomeneus bespoke the glorious Nestor :

“ Nestor, Neleus' son, the mighty renown of Achaia,
 “ Swiftly thy chariot ascend ; and, in thy care, let Machaon
 “ Go ; and swift to the ships impel the round-footed horses ;
 “ For the physician is worthier far than many a hero,
 “ Arrows extracting, and soothing medicaments sprinkling.”
 Thus he spoke ; and his word was obeyed by Gerenian Nestor ;
 Instant his chariot he mounted, and with him mounted Machaon,
 Son of Asklepios, the physician famous for ever ;
 Nestor the horses lashed, they, not unwillingly, hastened 520
 Toward the hollow ships ; and pleased was the mind of Machaon.

Kebriones, meanwhile, observed the rout of the Trojans,
 Riding by Hector's side, and with these words he addressed him :

“ Hector, we here indeed are engaged 'mid the ranks of the Grecians,
 “ On the extreme of the sounding war ; but the rest of the Trojans
 “ Yonder wildly scattered are, both horses and heroes.
 “ They in confusion are put by Telamonian Aias ;
 “ I know him full well by the breadth of the shield on his shoulders ;
 “ Let us direct our chariot there, where most, in the combat,
 “ Horsemen and foot in throngs in bitterest battle uniting, 530
 “ Slay and are slain, while roars around the unquenchable tumult.”

Thus having said, he smote the bright-maned horses of Hector
 With the shrill lash ; and they, the smart of the keen strokes, perceiving,

Swiftly the chariot bore between the Greeks and the Trojans,
 Treading down many a carcass and shield ; 'neath the war-car, the axle
 All was foul with gore, and so the rails that went round it,
 Which were sprinkled with drops of blood from the hoofs of the horses
 And from the tires of the wheels ; he desired to rush 'mid the war-throng,
 And, with his charge, to break their ranks ; and a terrible tumult
 Brought he the Greeks among, nor did he cease from the jav'lin, 540
 But fiercely traversed the ranks, among the rest of the foemen,
 Warring with spear and sword and vast stones hurled from the hand-grasp ;
 But he shrank from the fight with Telamonian Aias.

But the high-seated father Zeus struck Aias with terror ;
 All astonished he stood, and, his seven-fold shield, threw behind him ;
 Fear he owned as back he retired through the war, like a wild beast,
 Turning backward still and anon, yet slowly retreating.
 As sometimes a lion fierce, 'mid the stalls of the oxen,
 Is pursued by dogs and countrymen prompt to repel him,
 Who permit him not to seize on the fat of the oxen, 550
 Watching all night long ; he, the while, all eager for carnage,
 Rushes on, but all in vain, so thick fly the jav'lines
 'Gainst him as on he goes, despatched from the hands of the valiant,
 And bright torches, the which he fears, although he is angry ;
 Then, with the morning light, he departs right bitter in spirit ;
 Aias thus, from the Trojans turned, while his heart was embittered,
 All unwilling he went, for he feared for the ships of Achaia.
 Like as an ass through the cornfield goes, in spite of the boys' throng,
 Slowly, though many a staff upon his body is broken,
 Still he crops the harvest tall ; though the boys, all around him, 560
 Smite him with their staves, for their might is as yet of the smallest ;
 Hardly they drive him away, nor at all till, on corn, he has feasted ;
 Thus then, great Aias the Telamonian offspring,
 Trojans magnanimous and auxiliars called from a distance,
 Striking his shield with their darts, continual chased from the battle.
 Then, one while, Aias his mighty valour remembered,
 And then back he turned and delayed, with his might, the phalánxes

Of the Trojans tamers of steeds ; then again 'gan retreating ;
 Yet still he hindered them all from assailing the swift-going vessels,
 And, in his ire, he stood between the Greeks and the Trojans, 570
 And of full many a dart despatched by the hands of the valiant,
 Some in his mighty buckler struck, fierce driven against him,
 Some did midway fall nor yet to the white flesh attained,
 And, in the earth, they stood, while for flesh all in vain was their craving.

Aias then was seen by the glorious son of Euaimon,
 Eurupulos, as o'erwhelmed he stood 'neath the storm of the jav'lines ;
 Near to Aias he went, then stayed and darted his bright spear,
 And Apisaon he struck with the dart, a shepherd of nations,
 Deep in his liver, the midriff beneath, and he loosened his knee joints ;
 On Eurupulos rushed, and tore the mail from his shoulders. 580
 But when, him beheld, Alexandros godlike in beauty,
 Bearing off Apisaon's mail, that instant his bowstring
 He 'gainst Eurupulos drew, and struck his right thigh with the arrow.
 Backward he 'mid his comrades went, escaping destruction,
 But, to the Greeks, he cried aloud, the while he retreated :

“ O friends, ye leaders and kings of the host of Achaia,
 “ Turn now again to fight, and save Telamonian Aias
 “ From the evil day ; he, with Trojan spears, is encumbered,
 “ Nor can he 'scape from ill-sounding war ; then stand with your whole
 strength
 “ Round the mighty Aias, the great Telamonian offspring.” 590

Thus cried Eurupulos, though wounded ; and round him the Grecians
 Thronging stood, with their bucklers all leaning on to their shoulders
 And with their spears upraised ; then Aias hastened to meet them ;
 And he turned again when he came to the host of his comrades.
 Thus was the battle fought like the flames all fervently raging.

Nestor, the while, from the war was borne by the horses of Neleus
 Foaming, and with him rode Machaon shepherd of nations.
 Him, as he passed, beheld the swift-footed, noble Achilles,
 As he stood on the poop of his huge and swift-going vessel,
 Gazing upon the combat's toil and the woeful retreating. 600

Instantly then he called to his dear companion Patroclus,
 Crying aloud from the ship ; he heard, in the lofty pavilion,
 And, like Ares, he issued forth ; then his woes had beginning.
 Then thus the first did speak the valiant son of Menoitios :

“ Why dost thou call me ? what wouldst thou with me Peleides ? ”
 Him then, responding, thus addressed swift-footed Achilleus :

“ Noble son of Menoitios, who still to my mind art the dearest,
 “ Now, I think, the Greeks will surround my knees, supplicating,
 “ For a mighty need now weighs on the sons of Achaia.
 “ But, Patroclus, beloved of Zeus, make inquiry of Nestor, 610
 “ What wounded chief he has but now brought back from the battle ;
 “ Seeing his back, I thought that it was the physician, Machaon,
 “ Son of Asklepios, but I saw not the eyes of the hero ;
 “ For the steeds right swiftly passed, hasting on to a distance.”

Thus he spoke, and Patroclus obeyed his beloved companion ;
 And he began to run 'mid the tents and the ships of the Grecians.
 But when that twain had now arrived at Nestor's pavilion,
 They, to the fruitful earth, from out the war-car descended ;
 And Eurumedon loosed the steeds of the ancient hero
 From the car ; and the chiefs, from sweat, their tunics stood drying 620
 In the breeze by ocean's side ; then they sought the pavilion,
 Taking their seats on the couches fair with which it was furnished,
 And, for them, a potion made, the curled Hecamedè,
 Whom the old chief had from Tenedos ta'en when 'twas sacked by Achilleus,
 She was the daughter dear of Arsinöos the great-hearted,
 And her the Greeks to Nestor gave for his excellent counsel ;
 She then first of all set forth the table before them,
 Beauteous it was with dark, polished feet, then instant upon it
 Placed she a brazen dish, and an onion to flavour the potion,
 Then freshest honey and the sacred flour of the barley ; 630
 Next, the beautiful goblet, she placed, from his home brought by Nestor,
 Studded about with gold, and a fourfold handle possessing,
 And, on each handle, two doves seemed in gold to be feeding,
 Bottoms twain the goblet had for containing the wine-flood,

Hard had it been, to another man, from the table to raise it,
 When it was filled with wine ; but, to ancient Nestor, 'twas easy.
 In it, for them, was mixed by the damsel, fair as a goddess,
 Pramnian wine and o'er it she scraped the cheese of the goat's milk
 With a brazen rasp, and sprinkled the cheese with the white meal ;
 Then she invited the chiefs to drink, when the potion was ready. 640
 They, therefore, drinking, allayed the heat of their thirsting,
 And they each other pleased, the while, with mutual converse ;
 Then appeared at the door, the godlike hero, Patroclos.

Seeing him, from his brilliant throne, arose ancient Nestor,
 And he led him in by the hand, and bade him be seated ;
 But Patroclos the seat refused, and thus he addressed him :

“ Ancient, noble chief, thou canst not persuade me to linger.
 “ Awful and fierce is he who hither hath sent me, inquiring
 “ Whom thou hast wounded brought from the war ; but now I myself know,
 “ Since I behold Machaon here, the shepherd of nations. 650
 “ Now, to tell the tale, I needs must return to Achilles ;
 “ For well thou knowest, O ancient chief, that Peleides
 “ Terrible is, and prompt to blame e'en a man that is guiltless.”

Him then thus answered Gerenian Nestor the horseman :
 “ Why does Achilles pity thus the sons of Achaia
 “ Who are stricken with wounds ; yet feels no ruth for the army,
 “ Whose best and bravest, among their ships, lie smitten and wounded ?
 “ Struck with a shaft is Tudeus' son, the strong Diomedes,
 “ Wounded Odusseus spear-renowned, wounded, too, Agamemnon ;
 “ And Eurupulos stricken is, in the thigh, with an arrow ; 660
 “ And this other chief I but now have brought from the battle,
 “ Struck with a shaft from the bowstring sent ; but mighty Achilles
 “ Cares not now for the Grecian host, nor pities their sorrows.
 “ Does he then wait till the vessels swift, by the side of the ocean,
 “ Spite of the Argives' will, shall, by hostile flames, be consumèd,
 “ While we, heaps upon heaps, are slain ? mine, strength is, no longer
 “ Such as I once possessed in my agile, flexible members.
 “ Would I were now as young, and my strength as perfect within me

- " As when contention arose between us and the Eleians
 " As to the taking of oxen, when I slew Itumonëus, 670
 " Brave Hupeirochides, who had his dwelling in Elis,
 " I, the booty, was carrying off ; he, his oxen defending,
 " Stricken was 'mid the foremost ranks by the spear which I darted,
 " And, as he fell, the rural folk fled in terror around him ;
 " Great, indeed, was the spoil we seized, that day, on the champain,
 " Fifty flocks of sheep, and as many herds of the oxen,
 " So many herds of swine, and of goats as mighty a number ;
 " Of the chestnut steeds, we took a hundred and fifty,
 " Female all ; and many a foal was running beside them.
 " These we bore away in the night to Nelëian Pulos, 680
 " And within the city we brought ; then was Neleus glad-hearted,
 " That so great a booty had fall'n to me new to the warfare.
 " Loud did the heralds proclaim, in the early dawn of the morning,
 " That they should come who our creditors were in beautiful Elis ;
 " Then when the leaders of men through Pulos all were assembled,
 " They divided the spoil (for to many owed the Epeians ;
 " For we in Pulos were few and broken with evils.
 " Hercules, coming there in former years, had undone us,
 " For his might had slain the chiefest heroes among us.
 " Twelve most noble sons were born to illustrious Neleus, 690
 " I alone was left, each one of the others had perished.
 " Proud, on this account, the brass-mailed men of Epeia,
 " Treated us with injurious minds, meaning evil against us) ;
 " Neleus chose a mighty herd of sheep and of oxen,
 " Thrice a hundred of each he took, and also their keepers,
 " (For to him a great sum was owed in beautiful Elis,
 " For four steeds victorious in race and their chariots with them,
 " Which to the games had gone, about to contend for a tripod ;
 " Cars and steeds were kept by Augeias monarch of heroes,
 " And the driver he sent away grieved for the sake of his horses.
 " Neleus by words and deeds being thus provoked unto anger 700
 " Took of the spoil a mighty share), and the rest 'mid the people

" Fairly divided was, nor was any deprived of his portion.
 " We ourselves divided the spoil, and then, in the city,
 " Sacrifice we gave to the gods ; the third day the Epeians
 " Came with all their forces of men and round-footed horses ;
 " With them two of Molion's sons came, juvenile heroes,
 " Young as yet, and ignorant all of impetuous valour.—
 " There is a city of lofty place, and its name Thruoessa,
 " From the Alpheios far, near the limits of Pulos the sandy, 710
 " It they did besiege, to o'erturn it, greatly desiring ;
 " But when all the plain they had crossed, then Pallas Athenè
 " Came in haste from Olumpus down in the midst of the dark night,
 " Bidding us all to arm. The people were willing, in Pulos,
 " And most prompt the war to wage, but Neleus forbad me
 " Arms to bear, and concealed from me my steeds and my war-car ;
 " For he deemed that I knew not as yet the works of the battle ;
 " But, though on foot I was forced to go, I won fame 'mid our horsemen,
 " Since I was to the combat impelled by Pallas Athenè.—
 " There the Minuëian stream rolls on to the ocean 720
 " Near to Arenè, and there we awaited the dawning,
 " We, Pulos' horsemen, there troops of infantry joined us.
 " There in full force, with our arms and clad in our armour,
 " With the mid-day we came to the sacred flood of Alpheios.
 " There, to mightiest Zeus, was rendered sacrifice noble,
 " And, to Alpheios, a bull, and a bull to the mighty Poseidon,
 " But, an unbroken ox, we gave to Pallas Athenè ;
 " Then we supped in troops throughout the whole of the army ;
 " And then lay down to sleep, each warrior clad in his armour,
 " By the river's flow ; meanwhile the mighty Epeians, 730
 " Came the city around, right eagerly bent to destroy it ;
 " But ere that they saw a mighty work of the war-god ;
 " For, as soon as the brilliant sun uprose o'er the champain,
 " We the battle sought, praying well to Zeus and Athenè ;
 " But when the Pulians and Epeians joined in the conflict,
 " First of all, I a hero slew, and seized on his horses,

" Moulíos was the warrior's name, son-in-law to Augeías,
 " Who for his eldest sister had yellow-haired Agamedè,
 " She full well all medicines knew produced by the wide earth.
 " Him, as he came to the front, I struck with my brass-pointed jav'lin; 740
 " Down in the dust he fell; then I, leaping into his war-car,
 " Stood 'mid the first in the fight; at this, the noble Epeians
 " Rushed in terror away, when they saw the fall of their hero,
 " Leader of horsemen brave and ever the best in the battle.
 " Onward then I rushed like the dark and terrible tempest;
 " Fifty war-cars I took, two heroes, from every war-car,
 " Dying, bit the dust, o'ercome by the stroke of my jav'lin.
 " And then I should have slain the Actorian sons of Molíon,
 " But that their father, the wide-commanding Poseidon,
 " Folding them in a darkling cloud, bore them safe from the battle. 750
 " Then Zeus bestowed on the Pulians victory mighty;
 " Fierce the Epeians we chased o'er the shield-studded champain,
 " Slaying them as we went, and seizing their beautiful armour.
 " Till, to Bouprasios rich, we urged our round-footed horses,
 " And the Olenian rock, and Alesios namèd Kolonè,
 " And there Athenè restrained our forces from battle.
 " There I left my last man slain; and then the Achaians
 " Back from Bouprasios urged on their round-footed horses;
 " Praising Zeus as the greatest of gods and Nestor of mortals.
 " Such was I once among men; but now, in his anger, Achilleus 760
 " Holds his valour back from war; though he, well I believe it,
 " Will feel much woe when our army has perished before him.
 " O my friend, to thee Menoitios gave a commandment,
 " In that day when, from Phthia, he sent thee to aid Agamemnon
 " (For in the palace we, myself and noble Odusseus,
 " Heard all his counsel and all thy father's injunctions;
 " For at that time we had come to the pleasant palace of Peleus,
 " Stirring up men to the war through the land of fertile Achaia);
 " There 'twas our lot to find thy sire, Menoitios noble,
 " Thee, and Achilleus, too; and the ancient warrior Peleus 770

" Offered fattest beeves to Zeus who delighteth in thunder,
 " In his well-fenced court; and the well-carved goblet he lifted,
 " Pouring upon the sacrifice warm, the dark-coloured vintage;
 " Ye, the while, flesh of oxen prepared, but we, at that moment,
 " Stood at the gates; in great surprise, up started Achilleus,
 " Led us in by the hand, and bade us be seated in honour,
 " Placing before us a plentiful feast, the due of the stranger.
 " But when we had allayed both hunger and thirst with the banquet,
 " I my speech began, exhorting you both to the warfare;
 " Ye were most ready both, and to both much counsel was given; 780
 " Peleus, that ancient man, to this exhorted Achilleus—
 " Others in fight to excel and stand superior ever;
 " But to thee, Menoitios said, the offspring of Actor:
 " ' Son, than thine, more excellent is the descent of Achilleus,
 " ' But thou the elder art; though he is by far the more valiant;
 " ' Then to him prudent counsel give, and good admonition,
 " ' Thus do thou him command; while he, for his good, must obey thee.'
 " Such were the words of that ancient man, but thou now hast forgot them;
 " But e'en now wert thou so to speak, peradventure, Achilleus
 " Might obey thy voice; perchance, by the favour of fortune, 790
 " Thou by thy friendly word might'st affect the mind of the hero:
 " For full oft much good results from a comrade's advising.
 " But if his mind is bent to avoid some vaticination,
 " Or if, from mighty Zeus, his reverend mother informs him
 " Of some coming ill; let him send thee forth to the battle
 " With the Murmidonian troops, that thou, to the Grecians,
 " Mayst some gleam of victory lend; let him lend thee his armour'
 " That, taking thee for him, the Trojans may shrink from the conflict,
 " And some breathing time be giv'n to the sons of Achaia;
 " For full small is the time for rest they have found in their warfare. 800
 " Easily ye, being unfatigued, will repel toward the city
 " Foes exhausted by war, and save our ships and pavilions."

Thus he spoke; and moved the soul in his bosom within him;
 And by the ships he ran toward Aiakidéan Achilleus,

But by the time, in his course, he came to the ship of Odusseus,
 Where the court of assembly was placed in the midst of the army,
 And where the altars stood dedicated to all the immortals,
 There by him was Eurupulos met, who sorely was wounded,
 Noble Euaimon's heir, for his thigh was pierced by an arrow,
 And from the war he limping went; while the sweat was down pouring 810
 From his shoulders and head; while forth from the terrible wound's mouth
 Gushed the black blood; but still, unmoved, was the mind of the hero.
 Pity, moved at that sight, the valiant son of Menoitios,
 And, in compassion, with winged words he addressed him:

"Oh! most wretched now are the leaders and kings of the Grecians;
 "Must ye thus, far away from your friends and the land of your fathers,
 "Fill the swift-footed Trojan dogs with the fat of your fairness?
 "But now tell me true, O chief by Zeus ever cherished,
 "Can the Greeks endure the assault of the furious Hector,
 "Or are they now consumed beneath his conquering jav'lin?" 820

Then did Eurupulos the wise thus address him in answer:
 "Noble Patroclos, lost is all the defence of the Grecians,
 "And, in their dark-coloured ships, must fall, the sons of Achaia.
 "For those heroes all, who once were the first in the conflict,
 "In their ships lie helpless now with the wounds they have suffered
 "From the Trojan hands; while Troy's might ever increases.
 "But do thou save me now, and lead to my dark-painted vessel;
 "Cut thou the shaft from out my thigh, and wash off the black blood
 "With tepid water, and soothing medicaments sprinkle
 "Full of healing, which, as men say, thou hast learnt from Achilleus, 830
 "Whom old Cheiron taught, who of all was most just of the Centaurs.
 "For our physicians Podaleirios, also Machaon,
 "One, I believe, now wounded lies within his pavilion
 "Wanting in person the aid of the skilful physician,
 "And, on the plain, Podaleirios stems the assault of the Trojans."

Then thus responded the valiant son of Menoitios:
 "What, Eurupulos, shall we do; what way must we follow?
 "I now am going back to bear, to the warlike Achilleus,

“ Words from Gerenian Nestor’s mouth, the defence of Achaia;
“ Yet not for that will I pass thee by in the time of thine anguish.” 840

Seizing him then ’neath the breast, he bore the shepherd of nations
To his pavilion; where his attendant stretched out the bulls’ hides.
Then, as he lay, with a knife, Patroclus cut forth the arrow,
Bitterly sharp, from the hero’s thigh; then washed off the black blood
With tepid water; then, of bitter root, made application,
Crushing it in his hands;—soon soothed it his every torment,
For the wound was at once dried up, and stanchèd was the blood-flow.

END OF THE ELEVENTH BOOK.

BOOK XII.

THE BATTLE AT THE GRECIAN WALL.

THUS, the pavilions among, the valiant son of Menoitios
 Cured Eurupulos wounded sore; meanwhile, the Achaians,
 Mixed with the Trojans, confusedly fought, for soon, unavailing
 Was their trench to screen the Greeks, and the rampart above it
 Wide, which they lately had made;—they drew the trench round their vessels,
 But they gave not the mighty gods their hecatombs costly;
 That themselves, their rapid ships, and infinite booty,
 It might surround and defend; it was made the while the immortals
 Unpropitious were; and, therefore, most brief was its being.
 While yet Hector lived and Achilleus raged in his anger, 10
 And the city of Priam the king was unsacked by the foemen,
 So long firmly stood the mighty wall of the Grecians;
 But when down to death were sunk all the best of the Trojans,
 And, of the Greeks, full many were slain and many survived,
 And the city of Priam was sacked in the tenth year of battle,
 And the Greeks had returned, in their ships, to the land of their country;
 Then did Poseidon take thought with darting Apollon
 To abolish the wall, pouring on it the force of each river
 Which, from Ida's lofty mount, flowed down to the ocean,
 Rhesos, Heptaporos, and Rhodios, also Karesos, 20
 Granicos, Aisépos, and the flood divine of Scamandros,
 And Simoeis, where many a helm and buckler of bull's hide
 Fell in the sands, and men almost to the deities equal;

All these rivers' mouths were turned by Phoibos Apollon ;
 Nine full days on the wall they rushed ; while Zeus, without ceasing,
 Rained from above, that so the wall might submerged be the sooner,
 Grasping his trident in his hands, went onward, Poseidon ;
 And, with the force of his waves, he swept away the foundations
 Of fall'n trees and stones, which were laid by the toil of the Grecians ;
 Flat he made them lie by the swift-flowing Hellespontos ;
 And with sands he hid again the wide shore of the ocean,
 When the wall was gone ; and he turned the floods of the rivers
 To that course where erst had run their bright-flowing water.

30

This, in a future day, Poseidon and Phoibos Apollon
 Were about to work ; but then the shouts and the battle
 Raged around the well-built wall, and the beams of the turrets
 Rang to the strokes ; by the scourge of Zeus, now quelled, the Achaians
 Back to the hollow ships were forced and crowded together.—

Hector it was they feared, that mighty master of terror ;
 He, as before, to the battle came like a furious tempest.

40

As sometimes, the dogs among, and the throng of the hunters,
 A wild boar or a lion stalks, in his vigour rejoicing,
 But when they, in a square, have formed their force for the onset,
 Then they oppose his might, thick darting many a jav'lin
 Forth from their hands ; meanwhile, his glorious spirit refuses
 Either to fear or fly ; and his courage brings his destruction ;
 Oftentimes he turns and tries the ranks of the hunters ;

And, wheresoe'er he rushes on, their ranks yield before him ;
 Thus, through the crowded war, rushed Hector on to the conflict,

Urging his comrades the trench to pass ; but the swift-footed horses
 From the trench shrank back, and loud was the voice of their neighing

50

As they stood on the brink ; for the trench, by its wideness, appalled them,
 Hard it was to overleap, and uneasy its passage ;

Dark it yawned with precipitous sides prohibiting access,
 And beneath, throughout, with sharpened stakes, it was furnished,
 Frequent and great, which placed had been by the sons of Achaia,
 Their protection to be from the rush of the on-coming foemen.

Difficult there it was for the horse to speed with the war-car,
 But the heroes on foot burned all to accomplish the passage.
 Then these words, bold Hector near, Poludamas uttered :

60

“ Hector, ye other Trojans, and ye auxiliar heroes,
 “ Rash will it be, through the trench, to drive the swift-footed horses,
 “ For it is arduous all to pass ; and the stakes placed within it
 “ Are most sharp, and beyond them stands the wall of the Grecians ;
 “ Hence impossible 'tis to descend and continue the combat
 “ With our steeds ; for the space is cramped, and they will be wounded.
 “ If high-thundering Zeus intends a total destruction
 “ For the Greeks, and wills to help the arms of the Trojans,
 “ I, for my part, should wish that this destruction were instant,
 “ And that, from Argos far, the Greeks unhonoured should perish ; 70
 “ But if they turn again and backward rush on their foemen
 “ From their ships, and we in flight in the trench be entangled,
 “ Then, I think, that from thence scarce one live messenger 'scaping
 “ Will to the city return from the backward charge of the Grecians ;
 “ But come now, and what I say let us all put in action ;
 “ Let our attendants, at the brink of the trench, stay our horses,
 “ While we ourselves, with our arms in our hands, and clad in our harness,
 “ Hector, follow together all ; and then the Achaïans
 “ Will not our assault sustain, if they're marked for destruction.”

Thus spoke Poludamas, and Hector was pleased with his counsel ; 80
 Then all armed to the ground he sprang from the height of his war-car ;
 Nor did the rest of the Trojans remain with their horses assembled ;
 But to the ground they sprang, imitating Hector the noble.
 Every chieftain then to his charioteer gave commandment,
 In due rank the horses to hold by the side of the deep trench ;
 While they the while by troops divided themselves in close order
 Into five separate bands, and thus their leaders they followed.
 Some with the great Poludamas went, and illustrious Hector,
 These were the most and best, and also by far the most eager,
 Breaking down the wall, by the hollow vessels to combat ; 90
 Kebriones, in the third place, came ; and the while with the war-car

One, a weaker than he, was left by the mandate of Hector.
 Paris the others commanded and Alcatöös and Agenor ;
 Thirdly came Helenos and Deiphobos, godlike in beauty,
 Two sons of Priam, and third came Asios mighty,
 Asios Hurtakides, whom his horses bore from Arisbè,
 Full of fire they were and large, from the river Selléis.
 On the fourth company led, the mighty son of Anchises,
 Aineias, and with him came two sons of Antenor,
 Archilokos, Akamas, both skilled in the lore of the battle. 100
 Of the renowned auxiliar bands, Sarpedon was leader,
 And with him Glaucos he brought, and the warlike Asteropaios ;
 For, to his discernment, these seemed by far the most valiant
 After himself, for he, than them all, was more famous in battle.
 When all these had closely joined their bucklers of bull's hide,
 Straight and fierce 'gainst the Greeks they went, nor did they consider
 They could sustain their assault, but must fall by the dark-coloured vessels.

When all the Trojans, and auxiliars called from a distance,
 Followed the counsel safe which was giv'n by Poludamas famous ;
 Asios Hurtakides the hero, ruler of nations, 110
 Thought not well his horses to leave and his driving attendant,
 But, with them both, wended on amain toward the swift-going vessels,
 Mad that he was, for it never was his, from ^{his} fate escaping,
 With his horses and chariot back to wend from the dark ships,
 Glad at heart, to his home in the breezy turrets of Ilion ;
 Him, before that time, an evil fate had enveloped
 By Idomeneus' spear, the noble heir of Deucalion.
 Now he rushed toward the left of the fleet, where the Greeks were accustomed,
 With their horses and chariots all, to return from the champain.
 Thither he drove his horses and car, the gates were unfastened, 120
 Nor did he find the portals closed by the long-stretching crossbar ;
 But the heroes kept them wide, that so their companions,
 Flying back from the war, might save themselves 'mid the vessels.
 Proudly there his horses he urged ; with him came his companions
 Shouting high ; for now they deemed that no more the Achaians

Could abstain their assault, but must fall by the dark-coloured vessels ;
Mad that they were, at the gates they found two of the bravest of heroes,
Sons of the Lapithæ, the great magnanimous warriors,
One Peirithöös' son, the fierce and strong Polupoites,
And the other Leonteus was, like the man-slaying Ares ; 130
These had taken their stand by the lofty gates of the Grecians,
Like to oaks of wondrous height which stand on the mountains,
And for aye endure the assault of the rain and the tempest,
Firmly fixed in the soil by their great and far-spreading roots' hold.
Just so that mighty pair, in their hands and valour confiding,
Waited for furious Asios' charge, never thinking of flying.
They, on the other side, drove straight for the well-built rampart
Raising their shields of dried bull's hide, with loud exclamations,
Round their king Asios and Iamenos, also Orestes,
And Asian Akamas, and Thöon, and Oinomáos. 140
But that pair called loud on the well-greaved sons of Achaia
Who stood, the wall within, to repel from their vessels the foemen ;
But, when the Greeks beheld the Trojans rush to the rampart,
Then, 'mid their host, arose the mighty cry and a fearful,
But that pair rushed forth and, before the portals, did battle,
Like to two wild boars which, amid the slopes of the mountains,
Meet the clamour of men and dogs as it gathers about them,
And, with their rushing oblique, crush the stems of the wild wood around them,
Tearing it off by the root, while their tusks resound as they grind them,
Till some one, with the stroke of the dart, deprives them of being. 150
Such was the sound of the shining brass, on the breasts of the heroes,
Struck by the darts in the front amain ; for they combated fiercely,
Trusting well to the strength of their troops and their personal valour.
They, from the well-built towers, flung mighty stones from the hand-grasp,
Fighting fierce for themselves, their tents, and the swift-going vessels ;
Thickly as snows in the wintry time on the earth are down falling,
Which the fierce blast of the wind, the shadowy clouds agitating,
Pours down thickly and fast on the face of the all-feeding champain ;
Thus flowed the frequent darts from the hands of the Greeks and the Trojans ;

Meanwhile the helmets struck with stones, and the bosses of bucklers 160
Sounded harshly and loud amid the roar of the conflict.

Then, groaning deeply, his thighs fierce struck with his hands' palms,
Asios Hurtakides, and spoke these words in his anger :

“ Father Zeus, and is it thus thou art found a deceiver ?

“ Well I deemed that the Grecian chiefs no more could sustain us

“ Coming on in our might to the war, and our hands yet unconquered ;

“ They're like the many-coloured wasps, or bees by the wayside

“ Making their nests by the dusty road, nor will they relinquish

“ Their deep-hollowed hall, but await the assault of their foemen,

“ Combating well to the last for the sake of their home and their offspring ;

“ Thus these chiefs will not from the gates retire, though two only, 171

“ Till they slaughtered shall be, or else in captivity taken.”

Thus he spoke, but the mind of Zeus was unmoved by his sayings ;

Glory, his mind within, he thought to bestow upon Hector.

Meanwhile other chiefs, round other portals, were warring ;

Hard it is for me, like a god, to tell ev'ry occurrence ;

Everywhere round the walls the flight of stones was incessant,

While the Greeks, with saddened hearts, for their vessels, were fighting

On dire compulsion, and the gods in spirit were grieving,

Whosoe'er were wont to assist the Greeks in the conflict. 180

Then the fierce Lapithæ together rushed to the battle,

And Peirithöos' offspring bold, the strong Polupoites,

Struck with his spear Damasos through the brazen cheek of his helmet,

Nor might the brazen helm endure, but through penetrating,

Crushed the bone, the brazen point, and the brain of the hero

All within was shattered ; and he, though mighty, was conquered ;

Ormenos then and Pulon fell by the strong Polupoites ;

Then Antimachos' son, by Leonteus, branch of the war-god,

Hippomachos, was struck with the spear on the glittering sword-belt.

Instantly then, from its sheath, he drew his brilliant falchion, 190

And Antiphates struck, fierce charging on through the tumult ;

Hand to hand in fight, he headlong fell on the champain ;

Then he slew Menon and Iamenos, also Orestes,

One o'er another they fell on the earth, the feeder of mortals.

While those twain their foes despoiled of their brilliant armour,
 Then, with Poludamas, rushed on those youths, and with Hector,
 Who most numerous were, and best and most fiercely desirous
 Through the wall to burst, and with flames to burn up the vessels ;
 These as yet pondered, standing close to the brink of the deep trench,
 For to them an omen appeared while they wished to pass o'er it ; 200
 'Twas an eagle of lofty flight, on the left of the army,
 Bearing a bleeding serpent vast, alive in its talons,
 Struggling still with death, nor as yet oblivious of battle.
 For he struck the eagle which held him, 'twixt neck and bosom,
 Twisting himself right back ; and to earth the eagle released him,
 Stricken with pain, and down he fell in the midst of the army ;
 And then the eagle, shrieking, flew on the breath of the wild wind.
 Struck were the Trojans with fear when they saw the many-streaked serpent
 Fall in the midst, a sign from Zeus who swayeth the Egis.
 And thus Poludamas addressed the valiant Hector :

210

" Hector, full oft thou blamest me in the council of Trojans,
 " Though I speak rightly ; for, by thee, not at all 'tis permitted
 " To any man to render advice, in the war or the council,
 " Unless such advice, thy potency, ever increases :
 " Yet now again will I speak the things that to me seem the better.
 " Let us not farther advance to fight with the Greeks for their vessels ;
 " For I think we shall profit nought, if now, to the Trojans
 " Anxious all to cross, this ominous bird has appearèd,
 " Eagle of lofty flight, on the left, the army restraining,
 " Bearing a bleeding serpent vast, alive in its talons ; 220
 " But he swiftly let it go, nor nest-ward he bore it,
 " Nor availed he to carry it off and to give it his young ones ;
 " Thus we, although we may burst the gates and walls of the Grecians,
 " With our great strength, and now the Greeks are retreating before us,
 " Yet shall we not, with good fortune, return by the way we advanced in ;
 " We shall many a Trojan leave, whom the sons of Achaia
 " With the brazen spear shall slay as they fight for their vessels.

" Thus would an augur answer give who had good understanding
 " Of omens wondrous, and to him should the host yield obedience."
 Him then, frowning, bespoke the brilliant-helmeted Hector : 230
 " Poludamas, unpleasing to me is the counsel thou givest ;
 " And much better words than these thou well might'st have uttered.
 " But if indeed thou hast spoken now the best of thy counsel,
 " Certainly, now thy mind is ta'en, by the deities, from thee ;
 " Dost thou bid us now to forget the Thunderer's counsel ?
 " Who to me has a promise giv'n, and his nod has confirmed it.
 " Thou to me recommendest to heed the birds of the wide wing ;
 " Which, from me, shall never have or care or attention,
 " Whether toward the right they wend, and the sun, and the morning,
 " Or to the left they bend their course to the darkness of evening. 240
 " We, of the mightiest Zeus, are now the counsel fulfilling,
 " Who doth every mortal sway, nor less the immortals.
 " This is of auguries best, to fight our best for our country.
 " Wherefore dost thou this day shun the brunt of the war and the battle ?
 " Since if every soul of the host should perish together
 " By the Argive ships, thou hast no fear of destruction,
 " For thy heart awaits not the foe, nor art thou a warrior.
 " Yet if thou dar'st from the fight abstain, or turnest another,
 " With thy coward words, from rushing on to the battle,
 " Instantly thou thy life shalt lose by the stroke of my jav'lin." 250

Thus having spoken, to fight he led ; and his warriors followed
 With an amazing shout ; while Zeus, who delighteth in thunder,
 Sent from Ida's peaks a hurricane fierce of the wild wind,
 Bearing the dust right on toward the ships ; while the sons of Achaia
 Stricken were, in their minds, with fear, since Zeus was bestowing
 Glory upon the Trojans all, and most upon Hector ;
 Trusting the portents of Zeus, and the strength that was in them,
 On they went to try to break the great wall of the Grecians.
 First they the parapets dragged down and demolished the bulwarks,
 And tore up, with levers, the props which the sons of Achaia 260
 First in the earth had placed, to be the support of their towers.

These they tore up, and they hoped the wall of the Grecians
 To burst through ; but the Greeks shrank not from the path of the battle ;
 But, with their bucklers of bull's hide, they closed up the breastworks,
 And from thence they darted on foes who ventured the wall near.
 And the Aiantes both made speed from tower to tower,
 Crying aloud, and exciting the force of the sons of Achaia ;
 Some they exhorted with blindest words, and others with sternest,
 If they any Greek observed who shrank from the conflict :

“ O friends, ye best, and also ye worst, of the Grecians, 270
 “ And ye of middle rank ; since all men cannot be equal
 “ In the works of war, each one has now his employment,
 “ And this well, yourselves, ye know ; let none be retreating
 “ Backward toward the ships at the voice of the threatening Hector ;
 “ But to the front push on, each chief his fellow exhorting,
 “ If mighty Zeus, perchance, who wields the Olumpian thunders,
 “ Will permit us to turn the war, from the ships, to the city.”

Thus that pair exclaimed, and stirred up the war of Achaia,
 Then, as the snow-flakes fall thickly and fast in the winter,
 When the provident will of Zeus exerts its intention, 280
 Snows to send upon men, and he shows the weapons of heaven,
 Then having hushed the winds, the snows he incessantly pours forth,
 Till the lofty mountain crags and summits are covered,
 And the lotus-bearing plains, and the rich works of mortals,
 And the snows are poured on the harbours and shores of the ocean,
 But the on-rolling wave forbids, while all things beside it
 Are wrapt up from above, while the shower of Zeus overwhelms them ;
 Thus from either host flew the stones most frequent and thickly,
 Some toward the Trojans, and some toward the sons of Achaia,
 As from each side they threw ; and the whole wall rang with the tumult. 290
 But not e'en then would the Trojan host, and illustrious Hector,
 Have availed to break through the gates and the long bars that closed them,
 If the sapient Zeus had not roused Sarpedon, his offspring,
 'Gainst the van of the Greeks, as, 'mid crooked-horned oxen, a lion.
 Instant before him his buckler he bore, which was equal on all sides,

Beautiful, brazen, plated ; o'er which, the armourer skilful,
 Outwardly plates of metal had drawn, and within sewn the bulls' hides
 Thick, with rods of gold continuous quite through the circle ;
 This before him he placed, and, the while, two spears he was shaking ;
 And he began to advance like a lion fed on the mountains, 300
 Which, for long, has been lacking food, and his fierce soul impels him
 To attempt the sheep to find in the thick-crowded sheep-fold,
 E'en though there 'tis his lot to find the shepherds awaiting,
 Keeping guard o'er the sheep, the while, with dogs and with jav'lines,
 But, the deed undone, he will not be turned from the sheep-fold ;
 Either o'erleaping he seizes his prey, or else he himself dies
 Stricken, the shepherds among, by a dart dismissed from a swift hand ;
 Thus, by his courage, was prompted then Sarpedon the godlike
 Through the wall to break, and dash down the props which sustained it.
 Instant to Glaucos, Hippolochos' son, these accents he uttered : 310

" Why, O Glaucos, have we, amid the Lukians, honour,
 " In place and meats and amid the fulness of goblets,
 " Why do the Lukian host, us twain as divinities honour ?
 " Why do we hold wide-spreading lands by the banks of the Xanthos,
 " Beautiful all, and cultured well both with corn and with orchard ?
 " Therefore it us becomes, with the best of the Lukians wending,
 " In the burning fight to stand, and be busy in battle,
 " Lest some one should say, of the well-armed Lukian heroes,
 " Certainly, all inglorious reign, our Lukian monarchs ;
 " True it is they feed on the fattest sheep of the sheep-folds, 320
 " And the most exquisite wine they drink ; but where is their valour,
 " When they should lead the Lukian host to the front of the battle ?
 " O my friend, if we were sure, from this warfare escaping,
 " Ever to live, from old age free, in existence immortal,
 " Then neither I myself would fight in the front of the conflict,
 " Nor thee would I bid to march to the glorious battle ;
 " But now, while a thousand fates of destruction surround us,
 " Which no mortal man may escape by flight or by cunning,
 " Let us advance, and glory give or win it from others."—

Thus he spoke, nor was Glaucos averse from obeying his mandate. 330
 Forward then they went, leading on the great Lukian nation.
 Seeing them, thrilled with fear, great Peteus' offspring Menestheus ;
 For 'twas against his tower they came bringing with them destruction ;
 Eagerly then he cast his eyes through the host of Achaia,
 Striving some chief to behold who from them might repel their destruction ;
 Then, the Aiantes twain, he beheld, insatiate of combat,
 And near them Teucros, who just came from out his pavilion ;
 But he could not make them hear with his loudest exclaiming,
 Such and so great was the battle's sound ; for the roar reached to heaven
 Of the stricken shields and helmets with horsehair adorned, 340
 And the gates ; for to all they came, and standing at each one,
 Hard they tried to break them through, and by force win an entrance.
 Instantly, to Aias, he sent the herald Thöotes :

“ Noble Thöotes, run thou hence and call the Aiantes,
 “ Both I wish to have ; for here, the best of our heroes
 “ Should be seen, for here full soon will be terrible slaughter ;
 “ Here the Lukian leaders rush, who often, aforetime,
 “ Have been wont with fury to charge in the terrible conflicts ;
 “ But if they, where they stand, by labour and strife are surrounded,
 “ Let by himself come on the strong Telamonian Aias, 350
 “ And let Teucros with him wend, in archery skilful.”

Thus he spoke, and hearing his word, the herald obeyed it,
 And he ran by the wall of the brass-mailed sons of Achaia ;
 Then he stood, the Aiantes near, and thus he addressed them :

“ Aiantes, leaders of the brass-mailed sons of Achaia,
 “ Menestheus, great Peteus' son, by Zeus ever cherished,
 “ Bids you come to him, some succour to lend in the combat ;
 “ Both of you he would have, for there the best of our heroes
 “ Should be seen ; for there full soon will be terrible slaughter ;
 “ For there the Lukian leaders rush, who often, aforetime, 360
 “ Have been wont with fury to charge in the terrible conflicts ;
 “ But if ye, where ye stand, by labour and strife are surrounded,
 “ Let by himself come on the strong Telamonian Aias,

“ And let Teucros with him wend, in archery skilful.”

Thus he spoke, and the great Telamonian Aias obeyed him.
And to Oileus' son these wingèd accents he uttered :

“ Aias, do you now here, with the help of the strong Lucomedes,

“ Standing firm, exhort the Greeks to fight stoutly in battle,

“ I myself will yonder wend, and assist in the combat ;

“ Then will I swiftly return when our friends I well shall have aided.” 370

Thus having spoken, went the great Telamonian Aias.

With him his brother Teucros went, of the same sire, the offspring,

And with them Pandion, who bore the curved bow of Teucros.

When to the tower they came which was held by the noble Menestheus,

Passing the wall within, they aided the warriors struggling ;

Then 'gainst the breastworks came as fierce as a storm in the winter

Those heroes mighty, the Lukian leaders and chieftains ;

'Gainst them, the Greeks to the combat thronged, and up rose the clamour.

First a hero was slain by Telamonian Aias,

Magnanimous Epicles, a comrade of noble Sarpedon, 380

With the stroke of a pointed stone, which, within the inclosure

Of the wall by the breastwork lay ; nor had it been easy

For one to bear it in both his hands, although he were youthful,

Such as are mortals now ; but Aias seized it and flung it,

And his four-crested helmet he crushed ; and dashed into pieces

All the bones of his head ; he, like to a diver, descended

Down from the lofty tower, and his soul, from his bones, separated.

Teucros the while did Glaucos hit, Hippolochos' strong son,

From the lofty wall, as he came rushing on to the conflict,

Where he espied his naked arm ; and he stayed him from combat. 390

Down from the wall in secret he leapt, lest one of the Grecians

Should his wound perceive, and with boastful accents upbraid him ;

Sorrow upon Sarpedon came at the going of Glaucos,

Soon as he saw it ; but he was not oblivious of battle ;

But Alkmæon, Thestor's son, he smote with the jav'lin

And drew forth the spear ; he headlong followed the drawn dart,

Loud was the clang of his beautiful arms with their brazen adorning.

Then did Sarpedon, with his strong hands, seize on the breastwork,
 And he tugged till down it came, and widely on both sides
 Seen was the naked wall ; thus made he an entrance for many. 400

Aias and Teucros, with one accord, smote the hero ;
 One with an arrow struck the shining belt on his bosom,
 Which supported his mighty shield ; but Zeus, from his offspring,
 Warded the death, and suffered him not to be slain near the vessels ;
 Aias struck his buckler through, and repelled him, though eager.
 Somewhat back from the breastwork he went, but yet not entirely
 Did he retreat, for his mind within was hopeful of glory.

Then, turning back, he exhorted the godlike Lukian heroes :

“ Lukians, why do ye now thus shrink from your strenuous valour ?

“ Hard it is for me, however strong, unassisted 410

“ Down the wall to break, and clear a path to the shipping.

“ But come with me now ; for the deed will to many be easy.”

Thus he spoke ; and they obeyed their king's exhortation,
 And full thickly they crowded around their counselling monarch.
 Then the Greeks on the other side thick closed their phalánxes
 Within their bulwark, for a great work then loomed before them.
 Nor could the Lukians brave break through the wall of the Grecians
 And, across its ruins, make a way to the shipping ;

Nor could the warlike Greeks repel the Lukian heroes,
 Quite from their wall away, when once they availed to approach it. 420

But as two men, o'er their boundaries, have a contention,
 Holding a measure in their hands, in some field that is common,
 Who, in a narrow space, for their equal rights are contending ;
 So, the two hosts, did the breastworks divide ; while mutual o'er them
 Struck were the shields of strong bull's hide on the breasts of the heroes,
 Both the well-rounded bucklers huge and the lighter made targets.
 Many were wounded in their flesh by the pitiless weapons ;
 Some, as they turned their backs, 'gainst the coming steel, were defenceless,
 Many were pierced right through the strong defence of their bucklers.
 Everywhere the lofty towers and breastworks were sprinkled 430
 With the blood of men, as well of the Greeks as the Trojans.

Yet not even then could they turn to flight the Achaians.
 And in such state they seemed as when a dame who is honest,
 Working in wool, holds up aloft the wool and the balance,
 Noting the equal weight, to bring her small gain to her children,
 Thus, all equal poised, remained the war and the battle ;
 Till Zeus to Hector decreed the loftier glory,
 That he, first of all, should burst through the wall of the Grecians ;
 And, with a mighty voice, he cried to the following Trojans :

“ On, ye Trojans, tamers of steeds, and dash down the bulwark, 440
 “ And the devouring flame impel ’mid the ships of Achaia.”

Thus he spake to cheer them on ; with their ears they all heard him,
 ’Gainst the wall, in a mass, they rushed ; and up to the breastworks
 Held their way, while each in his hand kept his sharp-pointed jav’lin.

Hector seized and bore a stone, which lay by the gateway ;
 Thick it was below, but above it was sharper, and pointed,
 Two of the strongest men could not in a waggon have placed it,
 Raising it up from the ground, such men as now are existing ;
 He alone did poise it with ease, for light was it rendered
 By the power of Zeus, the son of the sapient Kronos. 450

As when a shepherd easily bears the fleece of a male sheep,
 Lifting it up, with either hand, with but little exertion ;
 So Hector, the uplifted stone, bore on toward the door-planks,
 Which well guarded the gates, being fitted closely and strongly,
 Double and lofty they were ; and within they doubly were fastened
 With strong crossing beams, but with one key they were fitted.

Very near he went, then stood and with energy flung it,
 Standing with feet full wide apart, lest the stroke should be fruitless ;
 Off he broke the hinges both ; and the weighty stone, inward
 Fell, and loudly the portals groaned ; nor yet could the cross-bars 460
 Hold, and the planks of the doors were scattered hither and thither,
 ’Neath the stroke of the rock ; in bounded illustrious Hector ;
 Like the swift night, was his aspect then ; while he gleamed in his brass mail
 Terribly ; in it his body was clad ; two spears in his hand-grasp
 Fiercely he held ; none less, in that hour, than a deity deathless

Could have repelled his rush through the gate ; his eyes with fire blazèd.
Then on the Trojans he called, turning back to the crowd of the heroes,
Over the wall to make their way, and they heeded his calling ;
Instantly some over-climbed the wall, while others, beneath them,
Poured through the well-made gates ; while away in their fear fled the
Grecians
Toward their hollow ships ; and immense was the roar of the conflict.

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END OF THE TWELFTH BOOK.

BOOK XIII.

THE ACTS OF IDOMENEUS.

WHEN, to the fleet of the Greeks, Zeus had brought the Trojans and Hector,
 There he left them, the ships beside, to bear labour and anguish
 Ceaselessly ; he, the while, turned his shining eyes from the combat,
 Looking down on the earth amid the equestrian Thracians,
 And the Musians great in fight, and the famed Hippomolgi,
 Eaters of milk, and long of life, the justest of all men.—
 But, on Troy, no more he turned the shine of his eyeballs ;
 Thinking that no immortal would dare to render assistance,
 Or to the Trojans tamers of steeds, or the brass-mailed Achaïans.

But no blind watch kept the earth-shaking monarch Poseidon ; 10
 Who sat, with wondering gaze, beholding the war and the battle,
 High on the loftiest woody peak of the Thracian Samos ;
 And, from that seat, he beheld the total mountain of Ida,
 And the city of Priam, too, and the ships of Achaïa.
 There, from the sea forth issued, he sat and pitied the Grecians
 Conquered by Trojan might ; and with Zeus he was highly indignant.
 Instantly down he came from the rugged peak of the mountain,
 Hastily striding along, while mountain and forest were trembling
 'Neath the immortal feet of the swiftly-wending Poseidon.
 Thrice, as he went, he his foot advanced, the fourth time to Aigè 20
 On he came, to his beautiful home in the depths of the ocean,
 Golden and brilliantly shining it stood, incorruptible ever.
 Being there, to his chariot he yoked the brass-footed horses,

Swift in flight and with flowing manes all golden adorned.
 He then his form indued with gold ; and the scourge he assumed
 Golden, skilfully made, and then he the chariot ascended ;
 And o'er the waves he began to speed ; while the whales joyed beneath him,
 Each one issuing forth from his lair, nor ignored they their monarch ;
 Gladly the sea did before him divide, and his horses flew swiftly
 So that the brazen axle beneath was unspashed by the water ; 30
 He, to the fleet of the Greeks, was borne by his swift-footed horses.

There is a spacious cave in the deepest gulfs of the ocean,
 Half way twixt Tenedos and the rocky summits of Imbros ;
 There, his horses stayed, the great earth-shaker Poseidon,
 Loosed he them from the car, and ambrosial food set before them,
 And around their feet he placed the foot-bands all golden,
 Not to be broken, not to be loosed, that in stillness remaining
 They might await their king ; but he went to the host of Achaia.

Meanwhile the Trojans thronging close, like the fire, or the tempest,
 Followed Hector, Priam's son, with an energy boundless, 40
 Boisterous, shouting aloud ; for they hoped that the ships of Achaia,
 Then would captured be, and every Greek slain beside them ;
 But then Poseidon, of earth the surrounder and shaker,
 The Greeks exhorted, having come from the depths of the ocean,
 Being in form and potent voice resembled to Chalcas ;
 First the Aiantes twain he addressed, though eager for battle :

“ Aiantes, ye two will preserve the host of Achaia,
 “ Being of valour mindful, and not of chilly retreating.
 “ At the other parts, the mighty bands of the Trojans
 “ Nought I fear, though a numerous host the great wall has ascended ; 50
 “ For their assault will be borne by the well-greaved sons of Achaia.
 “ But, for this spot, I am greatly afraid lest ill should befall us
 “ While Hector furious, like a flame, leads hither his heroes,
 “ Hector who boasts himself the son of the mighty Kronion.
 “ But may some god from above inspire your minds with intention,
 “ Strongly to stand yourselves, and exhort your comrades to battle ;
 “ So that his onset fierce may be repelled from the vessels

"Swift of speed, though Zeus himself urge him on to the combat."

Thus did speak the earth-surrounding and shaking Poseidon,
And with his sceptre he struck them both, and filled them with courage. 60
And he made their limbs to be light, feet and hands, too, above them,
He himself, like a swift-winged hawk, betook him to flying,
Which being lifted up from a rock unscaled by the goat's foot
Rushes the champain along in pursuit of its prey 'mid the wild birds ;
So from them did fly the great earth-shaking Poseidon.

Him then first detected the swift Oilean Aias,
And to the other he spoke, the great Telamonian offspring :

"Aias, certainly one of the gods who inhabit Olumpus
"In the form of the seer now bids us to fight for the shipping,
"For no Chalcas was he, the prophet, expounder of omens, 70
"For, as he went, I descried the form of his limbs and his footsteps,
"And full easy it is to know the divinities deathless ;
"And he has mightily roused the soul in my bosom within me
"With new force to sustain the shock of the war and the combat,
"Feet beneath and hands above are all eager to battle."

Him then, responding, addressed Telamonian Aias :
"So now with me round my spear the mighty strength of my hand-grasp
"Clings, and my courage is roused, and both my feet now beneath me
"By some force are impelled ; and alone I am greatly desirous
"Hector the son of Priam to fight, though greedy of battle." 80

Thus the Aiantes twain in turn discoursed to each other,
Glad with the joy of the fight by the deity kindled within them.
Next did Poseidon excite the rear of the army,
Who, by the side of the rapid ships, their spirit refreshèd ;
They whose limbs were relaxed by the terrible toil of the battle,
While their souls were with grief o'ercome, beholding the Trojans
Who now, over the mighty wall, in troops were ascending ;
As they looked on these they poured down tears from their eyelids,
Thinking they could not the evil escape ; but amid them Poseidon,
Gently coming among them, exhorted the mighty phalánxes. 90
First he to Teucros and Lëitos gave exhortation,

Then Peneleus the hero he sought, Deipuros, Thoas,
 Meriones and Antilochos, well skilled in the combat ;
 These he exhorted well, and with wingèd words he addressed them :

“ Shame on ye, Argive youths, for I to your prowess have trusted
 “ In the battle to save unharmed the fleet of the Grecians ;
 “ But if thus you now shall shrink from the terrible conflict,
 “ Now doth shine the day in which ye by Troy will be conquered.
 “ Gods ! what a wondrous thing is this mine eyes are beholding,
 “ Dreadful, and such as never I should have thought could have being, 100
 “ That the Trojans our ships should approach ; who before were accustomed
 “ Like the flying deer to run, which still through the forest
 “ Are of jackals, pards, and wolves, the usual booty,
 “ Vainly fleeing away, all weak and unapt for the battle.
 “ Thus the Trojans, heretofore, were unwilling to wait for
 “ Grecian hands and Grecian might ; no, not for a little ;
 “ Now, from their city afar, by the hollow ships they are fighting,
 “ Through our leader’s fault and the negligence faint of his army,
 “ Who, with him displeased, are now unwilling defenders
 “ Of our rapid ships, and so are slaughtered beside them. 110
 “ But although in truth our ruler is much to be blamèd,
 “ Atreides the hero, the wide ruling king Agamemnon,
 “ For that, injuriously he treated swift-footed Achilleus,
 “ ’Tis not, therefore, for us to shrink from the labours of warfare ;
 “ But let us remedy this ill ; for the brave soon recover.
 “ Then ye no more can honestly shrink from your strenuous valour,
 “ Being the bravest and best of the host ; for I, for my own part,
 “ Would not care to upbraid a man who shrank from the combat
 “ If he were weak ; but with my whole heart I you am upbraiding.
 “ O sluggards, soon some greater ill ye will bring down upon ye 120
 “ By this your slothfulness ; but let each within him be mindful
 “ Of the shame of men’s reproach ; for now great is the contest.
 “ Hector now, by the Grecian ships, waxes strong in the battle.
 “ Great in fight, and the gates he has crushed and the long-stretching cross-bar.”

Thus did Poseidon, exhorting, rouse the Achaians ;

Then, around the Aiantes twain, were set the phalánxes
 Strongly ranked, whom Ares himself could never have blamed,
 Had he among them been, nor the rouser of nations, Athenè ;
 For the best of the Greeks, the Trojans and Hector, awaited,
 Clustering spear with spear and buckler with thick-ranked buckler, 130
 Shield propped up shield, helmet, helm, and hero a hero ;
 Touched each other, the shining crests with horsehair adorned
 Of the nodding helms, as closely they stood by each other ;
 And the spears seemed, as by bravest hands they were shaken,
 Intertwisting, while straight went their lords all eager for battle.
 Meanwhile the Trojans thick-thronging, headed by Hector,
 Rushed to the fight, as a rounded stone falls down from a summit,
 Borne from some hilly height by the strength of a winterly torrent,
 When the infinite rain breaks the reckless rock from its holding,
 Bounding aloft it flies, while the wood resoundeth beneath it ; 140
 It incessantly rushes, the while, till it reaches the champain,
 When it boundeth again no more howsoever incited.

Thus great Hector still was threatening, that to the ocean
 Easily he would reach through the tents and ships of Achaia,
 Slaying men as he went ; but, when he approached the thick phalanx,
 Stayed he was, though striving hard ; while the sons of Achaia,
 Striking with swords, and spears which, at both ends, with metal were armèd,
 Drove him from them back ; he, repulsed, some little space yielded,
 But, with a mighty voice, he called to the following Trojans :

“ Trojans, and Lukians and Dardans great in close conflict, 150
 “ Persevere, for not long the Greeks can sustain my attacking,
 “ Though, in a mighty square, they have ordered themselves for the combat,
 “ But, I deem, to my spear they must yield, if indeed I’m supported
 “ By that best of the gods, the loud thundering husband of Herè.”

Crying thus, he aroused the strength and the spirit within them.
 Deiphobos then, Priam’s son, moved on to the battle,
 Great in intent, while before him he held his shield equal on all sides,
 Bounding along with lightest foot, and concealed by his buckler ;
 Merion instantly aimed at him with his sparkling jav’lin,

Nor missed his aim, but struck his buckler equal on all sides, 160
 Formed of bull's hide ; but he pierced it not, for his long spear was broken
 Where the head was joined to the shaft ; Deiphobos, far off
 From his form, held the shield of hide, for his soul was afraid of
 Warlike Merion's spear, but instantly backward that hero,
 'Mid his friends, retreated quick in desperate anger,
 Both for the loss of his conquest hoped and the spear he had broken ;
 Hastily then he went by the tents and ships of the Grecians,
 Back to bring a lengthened spear which was in his pavilion ;
 Meanwhile the others fought, and uprose the unquenchable war-cry.

Telamonian Teucros first did slaughter a hero ; 170
 Imbrios great in war, son of Mentor, wealthy in horses ;
 In Pedaios who dwelt ere came the sons of Achaia,
 And for his bride he had Priam's daughter Medesicastè
 Born of unlawful love ; but, when came the ships of the Grecians,
 Back to Ilion then he turned, and consorted with Trojans ;
 And near Priam he dwelt ; by him, like a son, held in honour.
 Him then Telamon's son, 'neath the ear, did pierce with the jav'lin,
 And he tore away the spear ; he fell like an ash-tree,
 Which, on some mountain summit, stood conspicuous ever,
 And, by the brazen axe cut off, let its tender leaves sink down 180
 To the earth ; 'twas thus he fell ;—rang his beautiful armour.
 Onward Teucros went, all eager to strip off his harness ;
 But, as he came, at him Hector aimed with his sparkling jav'lin ;
 He, by a little space, avoided the stroke of the brass spear,
 But it struck Amphinachos' breast as he marched to the conflict ;
 Great was the sound of his fall, and loud clanged his armour upon him.
 Onward rushed Hector to seize the well-fitted helmet
 From the fallen head of Amphinachos mighty of spirit,
 But Aias then threw his shining spear at Hector advancing ;
 But he wounded not his flesh, for in armour tremendous 190
 He was covered well, but he smote the boss of his buckler,
 And repelled him with mighty force ; he then backward retreated
 From the heroes slain, who were both borne off by the Grecians ;

Amphimachos was by Stichios ta'en and noble Menestheus
 Leaders of Athens, and borne 'mid the host of Achaia.—
 By the Aiantes was Imbrios ta'en in their strenuous valour ;
 As, by two lions, a goat is torn from the keen-toothèd wild dogs,
 Carried away by force to the deep recess of the forest,
 Holding their prey aloft from the ground in the grasp of their jawbones ;
 Just so Imbrios, high was held by the warlike Aiantes 200
 While they stripped off his arms, and Oileus' son from the soft neck,
 Cut the head, being moved with wrath for Amphimachos slaughtered ;
 It like a ball on whirling he threw 'mid the host of the Trojans,
 And in the dust it fell near the feet of illustrious Hector.

Then, in his heart within, was enraged the mighty Poseidon
 For his grandson Amphimachos slain in the terrible conflict ;
 And he began to wend by the tents and ships of Achaia,
 The Greeks exhorting, and devising woes to the Trojans.
 Idomeneus he encountered then, the excellent spearman,
 Coming from his companion away who but late, from the battle 210
 Had arrived, being struck in the thigh by a sharp-pointed jav'lin ;
 Him his comrades had borne to the tent, he charged the physicians,
 And from the tent went forth ; for yet, to the war, he was eager
 Back to wend ; him then the earth-shaking monarch accosted,
 Imitating the voice of Thoas the son of Andraimon,
 Who, in all Pleuron and Kaludon's mighty possessions,
 O'er the Aitolians ruled, as a god, by the populace, honoured :

“ Idomeneus, thou ruler of Crete, where are vanished the threat'nings
 “ Which 'gainst the Trojans uttered were by the sons of Achaia ? ”

To him Idomeneus, the Cretan leader, responded : 220
 “ O Thoas, no mortal man in this matter is guilty
 “ So far as I can discern ; for we all are prompt for the battle ;
 “ None is oppressed by heartless fear ; nor are any so slothful
 “ As to shrink from the brunt of war ; but this our retreating
 “ Seems just now to be the will of the mighty Kronion,
 “ And that the Greeks in dishonour should die, far distant from Argos.
 “ But, Thoas, thou who heretofore wert wont to be warlike

" And to exhort each warrior to fight whom shrinking thou sawest,
 " Do not thou fail thyself from the war, but each hero encourage."

Him then thus answered the great earth-shaker Poseidon :

230

" May that man from the Trojan shore ne'er joy in returning,
 " But let him here remain, a prey and sport of the wild dogs,
 " Who, on a day like this, shall willingly shrink from the combat.
 " But come now, thine arms assume, let us haste on together ;
 " If it may hap that together we aid the cause of Achaia.
 " For the power of many is great though weak they be singly ;
 " But we two have known what it is to fight with the strongest."

Speaking thus, again went the god 'mid the combat of mortals ;

But when Idomeneus came to his well constructed pavilion,

Beautiful arms on his form he placed, and took hold on two jav'lines ;

240

Then went he forth like the lightning bright, which mighty Kronion,

Seizing it in his hand, has flung from glowing Olumpos,

Giving to mortals a sign, while great is the sheen of its splendour ;

So the brazen armour blazed on the breast of him running.

Him then Meriones did meet, his valiant attendant,

Near to the tent door ; as he went about to take with him

A spear brass-pointed ; then thus spoke Idomen mighty :

" Merion, son of Molos, swift-footed, dearest of comrades,

" Why hast thou hither come, forsaking the war and the conflict ?

" Hast thou been wounded, and does the point of the weapon afflict thee ? 250

" Or art thou here with some message to me ? but know that I do not

" Will, within the tents, to remain, but return to the battle."

These words, Meriones the prudent, answering, uttered :

" Idomeneus, the lord of the Cretans clad in their brass-mail,

" Hither I come for a spear, if one thou hast in thy pavilion ;

" For but now I have broken the dart which erst I possessèd,

" Striking it 'gainst Deiphobos' shield, the haughty in battle."

Then thus Idomeneus, the Cretan leader, responded :

" Spears, if thou wilt, thou indeed shalt find, both single and twenty,

" Leaning against the shining walls which surround my pavilion,

260

" Taken by me from Trojans slain ; for it is not my custom

" Standing at distance far from the foe to engage in the combat.

" Wherefore many spears are mine, and well-bossèd bucklers,

" And high-crested helmets, and breastplates splendidly shining."

These words Meriones the prudent, uttered in answer :

" I, in my tent, and within the sides of my dark-coloured vessel,

" Many spoils of the Trojans keep, but 'tis distant to fetch them ;

" Nor do I think that I myself am of valour forgetful,

" For 'tis my wont to stand with the first in glorious battle,

" Whensoever arises near the tug of the combat.

270

" It may be that less than one of the brass-mailed Achaïans

" I in the combat shine ; and him I think that thou knowest."

Then thus Idomeneus, the Cretan leader, responded :

" I know thy valour, what thou art ; why need'st thou to speak thus ?

" For if now, by the ships, the best of the Grecians were chosen

" To wait in ambush, (where the valour of men is best witnessed,

" Where the fearful man and the valiant, best are discovered ;

" Then the coward's colour turns from ruddy to paleness,

" Nor does his mind within permit his tranquilly sitting,

" But he crouches with bended knees, and sits upon both feet,

280

" And, his bosom within, his heart owns great palpitatiôn ;

" As he thinks of death ; and his teeth in his mouth chatter trembling ;

" But the brave no changed countenance knows, and little emotion,

" When for the first time he sits amid an ambush of heroes,

" For he hopes full soon to join in the terrible conflict ;)

" Not, e'en in ambush, would any dare to scoff at thy prowess.

" And if from far in the fight thou wert hurt, or in closest encounter,

" Not on thy neck would the weapon strike, nor yet on thy shoulders,

" But in the front, on the breast as thou goest with the best to the combat.

" But let us now no longer talk, as some of the foolish,

290

" Standing, lest some Greek should superabundantly blame us ;

" But do thou, a strong spear, take from within our pavilion."

Thus he spoke, and Merion then, like the swift-footed Ares,

Instantly seized a brazen spear from within the pavilion ;

Then with Idomen forth he went most eager for battle.

As man-slaying Ares goes forth to the terrible conflict,
 While his dear son, the strong, imperturbable Terror
 Follows, who well might alarm a warrior bold in his spirit ;
 They, in the Thracian land, 'gainst the Ephuroi wend in their armour,
 Or the Phleguans great of heart, nor both do they favour ;
 But, by both besought, they to one side only give honour ;
 So then Meriones and Idomen, leaders of heroes,
 Clad in brilliant brass went forth to the war and the battle.
 And thus Meriones first addressed the lord of the Cretans :

300

“ Son of Deucalion, where wilt thou join in the conflict ?
 “ On the right of all the host, or else in the centre,
 “ Or on the extreme left ? for never before, to my thinking,
 “ Were so pressed in fight the long-haired sons of Achaia.”

Then thus Idomeneus, the Cretan leader, responded :
 “ Others there are to defend the ships in the midst of the army,
 “ The two Aiantes, and Teucros the best of the Grecians
 “ In the bowman's art, and brave in the standing combat ;
 “ They will employment give to Hector, the offspring of Priam,
 “ Though of mighty force he be, and fierce for the onset.
 “ It will be an arduous thing for the foeman, though eager,
 “ To overcome the strength of their invincible prowess,
 “ And to burn the fleet, unless the mighty Kroníon
 “ Should himself the mighty ships invade with the fireband.
 “ No man alive can quell the great Telamonian Aias
 “ If he mortal be, and eat the fruits of Demeter,
 “ And may be wounded by brass, or by vast rocks hurled from the hand-
 grasp ;

310

“ He would not yield at all to the great rank-breaker, Achilleus,
 “ In the standing fight, but in swiftness he may not approach him.
 “ Let us then go to the left of the host, that so the more swiftly
 “ We may glory obtain from the foe or upon him bestow it.”

320

Thus he spoke ; and Merion then, like the swift-footed Ares,
 'Gan to run that soon they might come to the left of the army.
 Then when Idomeneus they saw like the flame in his valour,

And his attendant, rushing on in their exquisite armour
 And exhorting the crowded troops, then all closed around them ; 330
 And condensed the battle stood by the poops of the vessels :
 As when the storms are impelled along by the whistling wild winds,
 In a day when the ways are full of the dust thickly gathered,
 And they raise a mighty cloud of the dust in its whirling ;
 So round them the battle arose, as in mind they were eager,
 Through the hosts, each other to slay with the point of the sharp brass.
 Rough with spears was the battle then pernicious to mortals,
 Long and sharp they were ; and the eyes the while were all dazzled
 With the sheen of the brass from the helmets splendidly beaming,
 And the freshly polished mail, and the bright-shining bucklers 340
 Rushing together ; right brave were he in his spirit
 Who could rejoice at the sight of the toil, nor faint at beholding.

Thus the two sons of Kronos the strong, with diverse intention,
 For the heroic sons of men, dread woes were devising.
 Zeus the victory willed to the Trojan race and to Hector,
 Being mindful glory to give to swift-footed Achilles,
 Nor intending the race of the Greeks to perish at Ilion,
 Giving glory to Thetis and her magnanimous offspring ;
 But the Greeks were roused the while by the mighty Poseidon,
 Secretly issuing forth from the depths of the old, hoary ocean, 350
 Much he grieved for the conquered Greeks, and 'gainst Zeus was most
 wrathful.

Of both gods, the race was the same, and derived from the same source ;
 But Zeus was the elder born, and of mightier knowledge.
 Wherefore Poseidon abstained from openly helping,
 But, by stealth, he urged ever the host, in the form of a mortal.
 Both, then the line of destructive war, and powerful discord,
 Mutual interwove, and stretched o'er the nations contending,
 Not to be broken nor loosed, but loosing the knees of the heroes.
 Then, though partly grey, Idomeneus urging the Grecians
 Rushed upon the Trojan troop and put them to flying ; 360
 Orthruoneus then the Cretan slew, who had come from Kabesos ;

He but late to the war had come, desirous of glory ;
 And for his bride he asked the fairest daughter of Priam,
 Cassandra, without a dower ; but he promised a great deed
 In repelling from Troy the unwilling sons of Achaia.
 Her old Priam promised to him, and well was consenting
 To bestow the maid ; and he warred, on this promise, relying.
 But Idomeneus aimed at him with his far-shining jav'lin,
 And he struck him as lofty he strode ; nor availed the breastplate,
 Though of brass, with which he was clad, but the spear pierced his belly ; 370
 Loud was the sound of his fall, and Idomen gloried above him :

“ Orthruoneus, thy fate I had praised o'er every mortal,
 “ If in truth thou hadst all things done the which thou hast promised
 “ To Dardan Priamos ; who to thee had promised his daughter.
 “ Had the Greeks made a promise like, we should well have fulfilled it ;
 “ And have given to thee the fairest child of Atreides,
 “ Forth from Argos to lead as a bride ; if thou with the Grecians
 “ Hadst overthrown the walls of the well-inhabited Ilion.
 “ But follow now with us to the ocean-traversing vessels,
 “ And on the wedding confer ; kind fathers-in-law are we Grecians.” 380

Thus spoke Idomeneus, and dragged through the terrible conflict
 The slain Orthruoneus ; then Asios came to avenge him,
 Standing on foot his horses before ; they breathed on his shoulders
 Held by his charioteer ; he much in his mind was desirous
 To strike Idomeneus, but first Idomeneus him struck
 On the throat, the chin beneath, and he drove through the brass spear ;
 Down he fell, as falls to earth the oak or the poplar,
 Or the lofty pine which the workmen, high on the mountains,
 Have cut down with the sharpened axe as timber for shipping ;
 So lay he stretched at length before his chariot and horses 390
 Grinding his teeth, and grasping the bloody dust, in his death pangs.
 Lost was that mind by his charioteer, which erst he possessed,
 Nor did he dare his horses turn to escape from the foemen ;
 Him then, smote with the spear, Antilochos strong in the conflict ;
 Nor did his brazen breast-plate avail, in mid stomach he pierced him.

He, deeply panting, fell down from the exquisite war-car ;
 And then Antilochos, the son of magnanimous Nestor,
 Drew the Trojan steeds 'mid the well-greaved sons of Achaia.
 Deiphobos, for Asios grieved, to Idomen came near,
 And at the Cretan king with his shining jav'lin he darted ; 400
 He beheld it in time and the brazen jav'lin evaded,
 For he was hidden behind his buckler equal on all sides,
 Which he bore, of brilliant brass and rounded with bulls' hides,
 And which was fitted within with two convenient handles,
 Under this he crouched while the brazen jav'lin flew o'er him ;
 Hoarsely sounded the shield while the brass-pointed jav'lin was glancing ;
 Nor from Deiphobos' mighty hand in vain did it issue,
 But Hupsenor it struck, son of Hippasos, shepherd of nations,
 In his liver, the midriff beneath, soon loosed were his strong knees.
 Deiphobos then boasted high, right loudly exclaiming : 410

" Not unavenged lies Asios now ; and well I believe, he
 " Wending down to Aidoneus' realm with gates adamantine
 " Will in his soul rejoice ; for that I have sent him a comrade."

Thus he spoke ; and grief on the Argives came on his boasting,
 Most is disturbed the soul within of Antilochos warlike ;
 Yet was he not, though grieving sore, of his comrade forgetful,
 But rushing up he paced him around and concealed with his buckler.
 Two of his loved companions then came up to the rescue,
 Mekisteus, of Echios son, and noble Alastor,
 And to the hollow ships they bore him, heavily panting. 420
 Idomen nought from his fierceness relaxed ; but ever was eager
 Either in blackest night to hide some chief of the Trojans,
 Or himself in falling to sound, defending the Grecians.
 Next in the war he smote Alkathöos brave among heroes,
 Who was Aisuetos' son, by Zeus ever cherished ;
 (Alkathöos was the son-in-law of the noble Anchises,
 And his eldest daughter did wed, bright Hippodameia,
 Her, in their hearts, did love her sire and reverend mother
 In their palace home, for she all her fellows exceeded

Both in beauty and skill, and in mind ; and therefore her bridegroom 430
 Was, all spacious Troy within, 'mid the best of the heroes ;)
 He, by Idomeneus' hands was conquered then by Poseidon,
 Who his shining eyes did blind and fettered his fair limbs,
 So that he could not backward fly, and escape from the combat ;
 But like a column tall or a tree of loftiest branches
 Still he stood while Idomen pierced his mid breast with the jav'lin ;
 And his brazen tunic burst which ever aforetime
 Had from his flesh destruction turned ; right hoarsely it groanèd
 Being cloven through with the spear of the lord of the Cretans ;
 Loud was the sound of his fall, and the spear in his heart was inserted, 440
 And, as he panted, so shook the end of the jav'lin ;
 Till at last the force of the mighty spear was exhausted.

Greatly did then Idomeneus boast, thus loudly exclaiming :

“ Deiphobos, we think that now, if thou reckonest rightly,
 “ For one Greek three Trojans are slain, then why art thou boasting ?
 “ Now then, mighty man, do thou thyself come against me,
 “ That thou mayst know what man I am, having Zeus for my father,
 “ Who did first beget great Minos prince of the Cretans,
 “ Then a son did Minos beget, Deucalion famous,
 “ My father Deucalion was, and I sway many heroes 450
 “ In Crete's spacious land ; now here the vessels have brought me,
 “ To thee, thy father, and the rest of the Trojans, pernicious.”

Thus he spoke, and at his words Deiphobos doubted
 Whether to fetch to his aid some chief of the great-minded Trojans
 Backward retreating ; or alone to peril the combat.
 And while thus he thought he deemed in his mind 'twould be better
 To Aineias to wend ; he found him last in the army
 Standing still, for he ever was wroth with Priam the noble,
 For that he honoured him not, although he was brave among heroes ;
 Standing Aineias near, with wingèd words he addressed him : 460

“ Prince of the Trojans, Aineias, it behoves thee to succour
 “ Thy sister's husband if about him at all thou art grievèd ;
 “ Follow me now and Alkathöos aid, who, in times that are passèd,

“ Being thy sister’s lord, thy youth in his palace supported ;

“ He now lies by Idomen slain, the excellent spearman.”

Thus he spoke, and aroused the soul in his spirit within him ;

And toward Idomeneus he went, most eager for battle.

Nor was Idomeneus afraid like one that is youthful,

Still he stood, as a mountain boar, in his valour confiding,

Which awaits of on-coming men the resonant tumult, 470

In some lonely field, while his back with bristles is roughened,

While his eyes are gleaming with fire ; and he gnashes his white teeth,

Eager to turn to flight the dogs and also their masters.

So stood Idomen spear-renowned, nor thought of retreating,

Waiting Aineias swift in fight ; but he called his companions,

Looking at Askalaphos, Deipuros and Apharéus,

Merion too and Antilochos, the masters of battle ;

These, with wingèd words, he addressed and thus he exhorted :

“ Come, friends, and help me, left alone, for greatly I’m fearful

“ Of Aineias swift of foot who now is attacking ; 480

“ Who is of mighty power in fight to slaughter the heroes ;

“ And he possesses the flower of youth, when man’s strength is the greatest.

“ But were we of equal age, as equal in anger,

“ Soon he mighty glory should win, or of him I should win it.”

Thus he spoke ; and all those Greeks, being one in intention,

Stood to him thronging near, their shields on their shoulders reclining.

Then on the other side Aineias called his companions,

Deiphobos and Paris fair and noble Agenor,

Who the Trojan leaders were ; and with them their people

Followed on to the war, as the sheep, the ram, follow after 490

From the pastures to drink ; while the mind of the shepherd is joyful ;

Thus Aineias’ mind rejoiced in his bosom within him,

When the mass of the peoples he saw coming on at his calling.

Then round Alkathöos, hand to hand they joined in the combat

With their long spears ; while the mail which their bosoms surrounded

Terribly rang as the heroes all at each other were striking ;

But two warriors great, by far excelling the others,

Aineias and Idomeneus like, in valour, to Ares,
Burned to wound each other's flesh with the pitiless jav'lin.
Aineias then first against Idomeneus darted ; 500
But he, being aware, avoided the brass-pointed jav'lin.
And the point of Aineias' spear in the ground held vibration,
Since in vain it had leapt from the mighty hand of the hero.
Idomeneus, Oinomaos smote in the midst of the belly ;
And he burst the hollow mail, and the brass-pointed jav'lin
Poured out his entrails ; he fell in dust and, the ground, he lay grasping.
Idomeneus, from the dead man, tore his long-shadowed jav'lin ;
But he failed, the beautiful arms, to strip from his shoulders ;
For the darts around thickly falling urged his retreating.
And his feet no more were strong to sustain him in onset, 510
Nor to rush on to regain his spear, nor avoid the foes' jav'lin ;
Wherefore in standing fight he repelled the pitiless death-day,
For his feet would not rapidly bear him retreating from battle.
Him as he slowly retired Deiphobos sought with his bright spear ;
For he ever to Idomen bore an enmity ceaseless,
Idomeneus he missed, but Askalaphos struck with the jav'lin,
Ares' son, and the mighty spear rushed on through his shoulder ;
He in the dust down falling clutched the earth in his hand-grasp ;
Nor as yet had heard of this the strong, loud-shouting, Ares,
Of his son who slaughtered was in the terrible conflict ; 520
He 'neath the golden clouds which decked the Olumpian summit,
Sat, restrained by the will of Zeus from joining in battle,
And the other immortal gods were forbidden the combat.
Then round Askalaphos the heroes rushed to close conflict ;
Deiphobos, the shining helm of Askalaphos held then,
But then Meriones, the equal of swift-footed Ares,
Leaping on pierced his arm with the spear, and then from his hand-grasp
Down fell the helmet's cone, and rang as it clanged on the champain.
Instantly Meriones, like a vulture, rushed on the hero
And, from his lower arm, he tore the impetuous jav'lin ; 530
Then 'mid the crowd of his comrades he went ; but meanwhile Polites

His brother dear, with his strong hands round the waist, having seized him,
 Bore him away from dire-sounding war, till they gained his swift horses
 Which were standing at distance behind the war and the battle,
 Having with them the charioteer and the beautiful war-car ;
 Him distressed, to the city they bore right heavily groaning,
 While the blood from his wounded hand was rapidly pouring.
 But the other heroes warred 'mid unquenchable tumult.
 On rushed Aineias, Aphareus Kaletorides piercing
 In his throat, as his head he turned, with his sharp-pointed jav'lin ; 540
 Backward then his head was bent, and his buckler the same way,
 And his helmet ; death round him was poured, the destroyer of being.
 Then did Antilochos, observing Thöos retreating,
 Rush in and wound him ; and that great vein he divided
 Which doth traverse the total back, at the neck then arriving ;
 This he divided all ; in the dust the foe tumbled supinely,
 Stretching out both his hands in death to his much-loved companions.
 Forth leapt Antilochos and tore the mail from his shoulders
 Gazing around the while ; while the Trojans thronging around him
 Struck his broad and beautiful shield, nor had they the power 550
 Inward to mark his tender skin with the pitiless jav'lin ;
 For round Nestor's son the great earth-shaker Poseidon
 Kept good guard, although he was aimed at by many a weapon :
 Antilochos shunned not the foes, but ever, among them,
 Held his course ; nor still was his spear, but restlessly ever
 In his grasp was shaken well ; for his mind was prepared
 Either to dart 'gainst the distant foe or rush 'gainst the near one.
 But he escaped not Adamas' sight, great Asios' offspring,
 As through the crowd with high purpose he went, for he, with the sharp brass,
 Struck his shield while near him he rushed ; but the dart was enfeebled 560
 By Poseidon the azure-haired, who prevented the death-blow.
 In Antilochos' shield one half of the spear was remaining
 Like a fire-sharpened stake, the other half fell on the champain ;
 Back amid his companions he went, avoiding the death-blow ;
 Him, while thus he retreated, Meriones struck with the jav'lin

'Twixt his navel and secret parts ; where most dire is the torment
Of the stroke received in war by mortals unhappy.
Merion there the jav'lin drove ; he fell and when fallen
Lay convulsed with the spear ; as an ox on the mountains, which herdsmen,
Unwillingly, with osiers bound, drag away from the pasture ; 570
Thus was the wounded man convulsed, but not for a long space,
Only till Merion coming near tore the spear from his body,
The hero Merion ; then darkness sank o'er his eyelids.—
Helenos then, with his Thracian sword, struck Deipuros' temples,
And with the mighty blade he dashed the helm from its station ;
Down to the ground at the stroke it fell ; and one of the Grecians
Warring there the helm took up as it rolled by his swift feet ;
But Deipuros' eyes were shaded with night in its blackness.—
Grief seized Atreus' son, Menelaos, brave in the conflict ;
Helenos the heroic king with loud threat'nings he came near 580
Shaking his jav'lin sharp ; then Helenos drew back his bow's horns.
At one time each 'gainst the other rushed ; the one with the sharp spear
Longed to strike, the other to send the shaft from the bowstring :
Helenos first Menelaos' breast fierce struck with the arrow
On his hollow mail ; but the bitter arrow rebounded.
As through the spacious breadth of the field, where men the grain winnow,
Leap away the black-coloured beans or the seeds of the chick-peas,
'Neath the shrilly blast produced by the winnower's labour ;
So from the breast-plate of Menelaos the noble,
Stricken back, the bitter shaft flew away to a distance. 590
But then Atreus' son, Menelaos brave in the conflict,
Struck the hand which held the bow, all skilfully polished,
And, through both bow and hand, was driven the brass-pointed jav'lin,
Back 'mid his comrades Helenos went, the death-stroke avoiding,
Hanging down his hand ; trailing on the ash shaft of the jav'lin ;
Forth the spear from his hand was drawn by great-hearted Agenor,
Who the wound did skilfully bind with wool, from a sling, ta'en,
Which for him, the shepherd of men, ready held, an attendant.
Brave Peisandros next against Menelaos the noble

Onward went ; by evil fate impelled to destruction,
 That he might fall in the terrible fight by thee, Menelaos,
 Then when near they came against each other advancing,
 Atreides missed and his spear was turned away from the foeman ;
 Peisandros in turn struck the shield of great Menelaos,
 But he failed to drive the brass through the plates of the buckler ;
 For the broad shield its advance forbad and the jav'lin was broken
 Near the shaft ; but yet he rejoiced, for victory hoping.
 But then Atreides drew his falchion studded with silver,
 And 'gainst Peisandros he leapt ; but he 'neath his shield held a war-axe
 Long and formed of beautiful brass with a handle of olive 610
 Polished well ; and each at the same moment aimed at his foeman,
 Peisandros struck at the crest of the helm of Atreides
 Adorned with horsehair, and hit it fair on the summit ;
 But Atreides smote Peisandros full on the forehead
 Above his nose ; then crashed the bones, and down from his eyelids
 Near his feet, on the bloody ground, fell his eyes 'mid the deep dust ;
 Shrunken up he fell ; then his heel on his breast Menelaos
 Placed, and stripped off his arms and thus cried, loudly exulting :
 " Thus shall ye leave the ships at last of the swift-riding Grecians,
 " Ye faithless Trojans, for ever greedy of battle ; 620
 " Now ye lack not the shame and disgrace with which ye have wronged me,
 " Ye evil dogs ; nor ever at all in your minds have you dreaded
 " To incur the terrible wrath of Zeus the loud thund'rer,
 " Hospitality's lord, who will give your proud town to destruction.
 " Ye my virgin wife, and much of my riches, have stolen,
 " Having been entertained by her hospitality noble ;
 " And now ye yearn, on our ocean-traversing vessels,
 " Flames and destruction to cast, and to slay the Achaian heroes ;
 " But ye shall be disappointed, although ye be fierce in the combat.
 " Father Zeus, they say that thou in wisdom excellest 630
 " Both gods and mortal men ; yet all these ills are thy doing ;
 " Since to the Trojans injurious all, thy favour thou grantest,
 " Trojans whose might is criminal still, who can never be sated

“ With the contention of battle fierce, destruction to both sides.
 “ All things satiety own, sweet sleep, and exquisite loving,
 “ Honied melody’s sound, and the joy delicious of dancing,
 “ Which are things of which mankind are far more desirous
 “ Than of war ; but the Trojans still are unsated with battle.”—

Speaking thus, stripped off the bloody arms from the carcass
 Menelaos the great, and gave them to bear to his comrades ; 640
 Then again he himself was mixed with the foremost in battle.
 Harpalion then against him rushed, son of Pulaimenès,
 Who had followed his father dear to the war ’gainst the Grecians,
 And who never returned to the much-loved land of his country ;
 He then coming near, with his lance, struck the shield of Atreides,
 But he might not avail to drive the brass through the buckler ;
 Then ’mid the crowd, he retreated back, avoiding the death-blow,
 Heedfully gazing around lest his flesh should be reached by the jav’lin.
 Meriones, as he backward went, shot a brass-pointed arrow,
 And on the right hip him he struck ; and the shaft penetrated 650
 Near the bladder beneath the bone. He sank down on the instant
 Breathing out his life ’mid the hands of his much-loved companions,
 And, like a writhing worm, he lay stretched out on the champain ;
 While the black blood outpoured bedewing the soil all around him.
 Of his corse took care the magnanimous Paphlagonians ;
 In a war-car they placed it, and went to Ilion sacred,
 Grieved at heart ; with them wended his sire down-pouring the salt tears.
 But no revenge was ta’en for his son thus slain in the conflict.—

Paris, beholding him slain, was mightily wroth in his spirit ;
 For he oft was a guest ’mid the Paphlagonian heroes. 660
 Angry therefore for him, he shot a brass-pointed arrow ;
 There was a chieftain Poluïdos’ offspring, Euchenor,
 Rich and brave, a prophet’s son who in Corinth had dwelling,
 Who, well knowing his evil fate, yet ascended his vessel ;
 Often to him had told the good old man Poluïdos,
 That he must perish by dire disease, in the palace, remaining,
 Or, if he went to the Argive ships, must be slain by the Trojans ;

He at once escaped the mulct of disgrace 'mid the Argives
 And the evil disease, and the bearing of woes in his spirit.
 Him did Paris strike 'twixt the jaw and ear ; his soul swiftly
 Flew from his limbs and terrible night surrounded the hero.

670

Thus they fought like the blazing flame ; but not as yet Hector
 Dear to Zeus, perception had nor had any man told him,
 How, on the left of the fleet, his friends were slain in the battle
 By the Greeks ; and nearly then was the victory Grecian,
 So great a helper was the earth-surrounding Poseidon
 To the Greeks, and such was the strength he caused to be in them ;
 Hector stayed where he first the gates and the wall penetrated,
 Breaking the throngèd ranks of the Grecians armed with the buckler ;
 There the ships of Aias lay and of Protesilaos

680

Drawn on the shore by the hoary sea ; and there too, above them,
 Lowest in height was built the wall, and therefore most chiefly
 Fiercest in the combat joined both the heroes and horses ;
 There the Boiotians were and the longly-vested Iàons,
 Locrians, Phthians, and the Epeians famous in battle,
 Him they opposed as on he rushed ; nor yet they availèd
 Backward by force to repel the noble, fiery Hector ;
 There the choice Athenians stood ; by Menestheus commanded,
 With him came Pheidas, Stichios and Bias the valiant ;
 Phuleides, Meges, Amphion who ruled the Epheians,
 Medon who o'er the Phthians ruled with the mighty Podarkes.

690

(Medon was the spurious son of godlike Oileus,
 Great Aias' brother ; and 'twas his lot to have dwelling
 In Phulakè, afar from the much-loved land of his country,
 Having slain the brother of her whom Oileus wedded,
 Eriopes her name ; but Podarkes was son of Iphiklos ;)
 These then in armour clad, in the front of the great-hearted Phthians,
 Guarding well the ships, the Boiotians aided in battle.

Never did Aias the swift-footed son of Oileus

From Telamonian Aias' side depart in the combat,

700

But as when dark-coloured oxen twain draw the plough o'er the fallows

Labouring on with equal will, while ever, around them,
 From the roots of their horns rolls down the vast perspiration ;
 Them indeed one polished yoke confines and oppresses,
 As o'er the clods they go, and cut the depth of the cornland ;
 So the Aiantes, standing near, gave aid to each other.
 Comrades many and brave went with Telamonian Aias,
 Who, from time to time, by turns held the weight of his buckler,
 When with the sweat and toil of the war his knees were aweary ;
 But the Locrians followed not close to Oilean Aias ;
 For their heart awaited not the brunt of the battle ;
 No brazen helms did they wear with nodding horsehair adornèd,
 Nor rounded bucklers, nor ashen spears, did they carry ;
 But they, trusting in their bows and slings lined with sheep's wool,
 Came on to Ilion ; and then incessantly throwing
 With their arrows and slings they broke the ranks of the Trojans.
 In the front the Aiantes warred in their brilliant armour
 'Gainst the Trojan power and Hector clad in his brass-mail ;
 In the rear the Locrians lay incessantly darting
 Till Troy's sons to fight forgot, by the arrows tormented.
 And then woefully back from the tents and ships of the Grecians
 Would the Trojans have fled to the breezy turrets of Ilion,
 Had not Pouludamas thus addressed the strenuous Hector :

710

720

" Hector, thou art unwilling to heed the counsel of others.
 " But, because thee hath the deity given to excel in the combat,
 " Shouldst thou, therefore, expect to excel all others in counsel ?
 " But thou thyself canst not excel all others in all things ;
 " For to one hath the deity given the deeds of the battle ;
 " To another the dancer's art, to another the harp-song ;
 " In yet another breast is placed by far-seeing Kronion
 " Prudent intelligence to benefit many a mortal,
 " Many a city to save ; he who has it best understands it.
 " Hence now to thee I will tell the course which to me seems the better.
 " All around thee now the garland of battle is blazing ;
 " And of Troy's magnanimous sons, since they broke through the rampart,

730

"Some with spoil have departed hence, while some are contending

"Few in number, with many Greeks, 'mid the ships separated.

"Do thou then, retreating, call hither all the more noble,

"That in this crisis we may come to a determination,

"Either in force to rush on the many-banked ships of the Grecians, 740

"If the deity give us strength, and the power of returning

"Woundless from the vessels back ; but I for mine own part

"Fear lest to-morrow we shall be repaid by the Grecians

"Our this day's full debt, since amid their vessels yet dwelleth

"A hero valiant, insatiate ever of battle,

"Nor do I think that he will quite abstain from the combat."

Thus he spoke, and Hector was pleased by his counsel for safety ;

Forth from his chariot down he leapt, all armed, on the champain,

And thus, bespeaking with wingèd words, he addressed him :

"Pouludamas, do thou here retain the best of the Trojans ; 750

"I myself will onward go confronting the battle ;

"And again I will instant return when well I have charged them."

Onward he rushed as he spoke, like a snowy mountain in brightness,

Shouting aloud, through the Trojans he flew and through the auxiliars.

They to Pouludamas, Panthos' son, the lover of courage,

Hastened all as soon as they heard the crying of Hector.

He went seeking the while king Helenos, strong in the battle,

Deiphobos, Adamas, and Asios Hurtakos' offspring,

Speeding on through the foremost ranks, if so he might find them ;

Them he found, but not at all unslain or unwounded ; 760

Some of them by the poops of the foremost ships of Achaia,

Lay in death, having lost their lives by the hands of the Grecians ;

Some the wall within, far off or nearer, were stricken.

Soon he found in the war, on the left of the terrible conflict,

Noble Alexandros, the lord of the beauteous-haired Helen,

Cheering his comrades and exhorting them on to the combat ;

Hector staying near, with opprobrious words, thus addressed him :

"Evil Paris, in form most fair, woman mad and seducer,

" Where are Deiphobos, and the might of Helenos kingly,

" And Asian Adamas, and Asios Hurtakos' offspring? 770

" Where is Orthruoneus?—now fallen is Ilion lofty

" From its high summit; now thine is certain perdition."

Him then thus answered Alexandros, godlike in beauty :

" Hector, it is thy will to reproach me, though I am blameless ;

" True it is that, heretofore, I have ceased from the warfare,

" Although my mother bore me, a son not wanting in prowess ;

" But since thou by the ships didst exhort thy comrades to battle,

" We incessantly here have fought 'gainst the men of Achaia,

" And those comrades of ours are slain, for whom thou art seeking ;

" Only Deiphobos and the might of Helenos royal 780

" Have to Troy returned, being wounded sore with the long spears,

" Both in the hand are wounded, but Zeus prevented their slaughter.

" Then do thou now lead where thy mind and spirit impel thee ;

" We with fury will follow thee on, nor do I believe that

" Thou our valour wilt lack, so far as strength dwelleth in us ;

" No man beyond his strength, though fierce, is able to combat."

Speaking thus, the hero appeased the mind of his brother ;

Onward they went where fiercest raged the fight and contention,

Where warred Kebriones, Pouludamas noble in conflict,

Phalkes, Orthaios, and Poluphoites the godlike, 790

Palmus, Askanios, and Morus, Hippotion's offspring,

They, in their turn, had come from the fertile land of Askania

On the preceding day ; then Zeus impelled them to combat.

On they rushed, like the wind arousing the terrible tempest

Which 'mid the thunder of father Zeus swoops down on the champain,

And, with a roar amazing, blends with the flowings of ocean :

Up then arise the foaming waves of the main loud-resounding,

Hollow, and yeasty, and white, one swift surging after another ;

hus seemed some of the Trojan ranks while others behind them

Glist'ning in brazen mail pursued the steps of their leaders ; 800

Hector, the son of Priam, led like the man-slaying Ares,

While before him he held his buckler equal on all sides,
 Thickened within with hides, while a weight of brass was drawn o'er it.
 And, his temples above, his brilliant helmet was nodding.
 Everywhere the phalánxes he tried, striding first in his valour
 If they would anywhere yield to him, rushing on 'neath his buckler ;
 But he alarmed not the souls in the breasts of the sons of Achaia.
 Aias challenged him first, in the first rank mightily striding :

“ Come near now, brave chief, why thus wouldst thou frighten the
 Argives ?

“ Seeing that we ourselves are not unskilful in combat, 810
 “ But, 'neath the evil scourge of Zeus, succumb the Achaians.
 “ Now, thy heart within, thou hopest to bring to destruction
 “ The Grecian shipping, but as yet we have hands to defend it.
 “ And long ere that time your well-inhabited city,
 “ By our hands, shall taken be and giv'n to destruction,
 “ And I tell thee the hour is nigh, when thou in thy flying
 “ Shalt in thy woe make prayers to Zeus and the other immortals,
 “ That thy beautiful-manèd steeds may be swifter than vultures,
 “ When toward Troy they shall whirl thee back through the dust of the
 champain.”

While Aias was speaking these words, a high-flying eagle 820
 Passed o'er the host on the right ; loud shouted the men of Achaia,
 By the good omen emboldened ; then answered illustrious Hector :

“ Boastful Aias, erring in speech, what words hast thou uttered ?
 “ Would that I were the son of Zeus who swayeth the Egis,
 “ Ever immortal, and born of Herè majestic,
 “ And were ever in honour held as Athenè and Phoibos,
 “ Sure as this day shall bring mighty woe to the sons of Achaia ;
 “ Thou too among the rest shalt fall, if ever thou darest
 “ Wait for my lengthened spear, which shall tear thy beautiful
 person ;
 “ And thou shalt glut the Trojan dogs and the birds of the heaven, 830
 “ With thy fat and flesh, having fallen by the ships of Achaia.”

Thus having spoken, forward he went, and his troops followed after
With an amazing shout, while the host was shouting behind them.
Loudly the Greeks that cry returned ; nor failed to remember
Their former valour, and awaited the best of the Trojans ;
While the tumult of both reached the splendours of Zeus 'mid the ether.

END OF THE THIRTEENTH BOOK.

BOOK XIV.

ZEUS IS DECEIVED BY HERÈ.

NESTOR, although he was drinking, yet heeded the sound of the battle,
And to Asklepiades these wingèd accents he uttered :

“ Tell me to what these deeds will tend, O noble Machaon ?

“ Louder, the ships around, is the cry of the youths in the combat.

“ Do thou now sit here, and quaff the dark-coloured grape juice,

“ Till the warm bath, by the damsel the beautiful-haired Hecamedè,

“ Heated be to wash away the gore from thy woundings ;

“ I, for my part, will quickly go to make observation.”

Speaking thus, he took the shield of his son Thrasumedes,

Skilfully made, which lay in the tent, all brazenly shining ;

10

For Thrasumedes tamer of steeds, bore the buckler paternal.

Next a mighty spear he took, well pointed with sharp brass ;

Then, without the tent, he stood, and a sad sight he witnessed ;

Greeks in flight confused, while fiercely thronging behind them

Came the Trojans proud, and fall'n was the wall of Achaia.

Then as blackens the mighty main, though silent its heaving,

Presentient of the coming swift of the shrill-sounding tempest,

Yet still it stays, and rolls its waves nor hither nor thither,

Until some appointed blast descends from Kroníon ;

So was the ancient chief disturbed, in his vexed mind revolving

20

Methods twain,—to rush 'mid the force of the swift-coursèred Grecians,

Or to Agamemnon to wend, the shepherd of nations.

Then while thus he thought, it seemed to him to be better
 To seek Atreides.—Meanwhile the hosts in contention
 Slew each other ; while on their forms rang the durable armour
 Stricken by swords, and spears the which at both ends were sharpened.

Nestor soon was met by the kings by Zeus ever cherished,
 Coming up from the ships, who all by the brass spears were wounded,
 Tudeides, Odusseus, and Atreus' son, Agamemnon.
 For their ships were drawn to land far away from the battle, 30
 On the shore of the hoary sea ; for the first coming vessels
 Were to the plain dragged up, and close to their poops was the rampart.
 For, though wide was the shore, the total fleet it contained not,
 And the nations, for room to place their vessels, were straitened.
 Rank after rank they drew them up, and the wide space they fillèd
 Of the total shore as far as the headlands extended.
 Then the kings, desirous to see the fight and the tumult,
 Propped on their spears, together came ; while the minds in their bosoms
 Grievèd were, them chanced to meet the ancient Nestor,
 And he alarmed the souls within the breasts of the Grecians ; 40
 Him then addressing, thus spoke the king Agamemnon :

“ Nestor, Neleus' son, the mighty glory of Grecians,
 “ Wherefore, leaving destructive war, to this place hast thou wended ?
 “ Greatly I fear lest the word should be kept by the terrible Hector,
 “ Which heretofore he threat'ning spake 'mid the council of Trojans,
 “ That from before the ships he ne'er would return unto Ilion,
 “ Ere those ships were burnt with fire, and ourselves put to slaughter.
 “ It was thus he spake, and now all his words have fulfilment.
 “ And e'en now, ye gods, the rest of the well-greaved Achaians,
 “ Upon me their wrath bestow, as erst did Achilleus ; 50
 “ Nor are they willing longer to fight by the poops of the vessels.”

Him then thus answered Gerenian Nestor the horseman :
 “ True it is that Hector's threats, hitherto, have performance,
 “ Nor could high-thundering Zeus have had any other intention,
 “ For the rampart is broken down in which we were trusting,
 “ An unbroken fence to be to us and our shipping ;

" Yet a continual fight is kept up near the swift-going vessels,
 " Nor would any man know, however heedfully marking,
 " On which side the thronging Greeks took part in the battle,
 " So both hosts commingling are slain, while their cry reaches heaven. 60
 " But let us now consult as to what these combats are tending,
 " If consulting may aid ; for we may not enter the conflict,
 " For it is not for wounded men to engage in the battle."

Him then thus answered the king of men Agamemnon :

" Nestor, since yet they continue to fight by the poops of the vessels,
 " But the trench hath profited nought, nor the wall which we builded,
 " Which the Greeks, with labour, made, and hoped in their spirits
 " That it would be an unbroken fence for them and their vessels ;
 " And now thus it seems to mightiest Zeus to be pleasing,
 " That the Greeks inglorious fall, at a distance from Argos. 70
 " I the time have known when he willingly aided the Grecians ;
 " But now, like to the blessed gods, he honours the Trojans ;
 " While our strength and hands he hath bound with the might of his anger.
 " But come now, and to what I shall say let us all be obedient ;
 " Let us launch those ships which nearest ocean are stranded,
 " Dragging them down till they meet the wave of the spacious ocean ;
 " And in the deep let us anchor them fast until the descending
 " Of the sacred night ; if the Trojans then cease from the combat,
 " In the night we may launch the whole of the vessels remaining ;
 " 'Tis no harm from our woe to fly, although in the night time ; 80
 " Better it is to escape by flight than to stay for destruction."

Him then, sternly beholding, spoke the sagacious Odusseus :

" Atreides, what words are these which thy lips have now uttered ?
 " Would that it had been thine to command an army of cowards,
 " Lost as thou art, not to rule over us ; to whom Zeus hath given,
 " From our youth to our age, to urge the terrible warfare,
 " Till we, each in turn, must yield to fate and destruction.
 " Thus then dost thou long to abandon the town of the Trojans
 " With its spacious streets, for which such woes we have suffered ?
 " Keep silence then, lest thy thought be heard by one other Achaian, 90

" Which no man would at all permit through his lips to gain passage,
 " Who, in his mind within, could devise a sapient counsel,
 " Though he a sceptre bore, and as many nations obeyed him
 " As those over which thou, among the Argives, commandest.
 " I, for my part, utterly blame the advice which thou givest ;
 " Who recommendest that, in the time of war and contention,
 " We draw down to the sea the ships, that so yet more fully
 " May the hopes of the Trojans be blessed, who already are victors ;
 " While on us deep destruction falls ; for ne'er will the Grecians
 " Continue fighting when the ships are drawn toward the ocean, 100
 " But their looks they will backward turn, and cease from the battle.
 " Then will thy counsel hurtful be, O prince of the nations."

Him then thus answered the king of men Agamemnon :

" Odusseus, thou hast pierced my heart with thy stern reprobation ;
 " But I have given no command to the sons of Achaia,
 " If they unwilling be, to launch their ships on the ocean ;
 " But now let any man propound a more sapient counsel,
 " Be he young or old, for to me 'twill be wondrously pleasing."

Then were the heroes addressed by the brave-in-fight Diomedes :

" Near is the man, not long need we seek, if ye will but regard him, 110
 " And each chief will refrain from wrathful vituperation,
 " For that I the youngest stand 'mid the heroes assembled ;
 " But I was born of a valiant sire, and I boast that my father
 " Tudeus, whom, by Thebè's walls, the heaped earth now covers.
 " Heretofore three noble sons were by Porthæus begotten,
 " And in Pleuron their dwelling was and in lofty Kalúdon,
 " Agrios and Melas, and the third was Oíneus the horseman,
 " He was my father's sire, in valour the others excelling.
 " He at home remained, but my sire inhabited Argos,
 " Wandering, such was the will of Zeus and the other immortals. 120
 " He did Adrastós' daughter wed, and dwelt in a palace,
 " Rich with the goods of life, and the fruit of his fields was abundant,
 " Many his trees, and far and wide his vineyards extended.
 " Many the sheep that were his, he all the Achæians surpassèd

" In the use of the spear ; you must needs to this truth give attention,
 " Lest, supposing me of a race ignoble and coward,
 " Ye should despise the frank advice which now I will offer.
 " Let us, though wounded, move on to the war, to necessity yielding ;
 " But let us, going near, remain out of reach of the missiles,
 " Lest some of us receive, to our wounds, new wounds in addition ;
 " But let us urge the others to fight who, but for our coming,
 " Gratify their own minds by abstaining quite from the battle."

130

Thus he spoke, they listened intent, nor at all disobeyed him ;
 On they passed, and first went the king of men Agamemnon.

No careless watch was kept by the famed earth-shaker Poseidon,
 But he approached their band, an ancient hero, resembling ;
 The right hand he seized of Atreus' son Agamemnon,
 And, him addressing, these wingèd accents he uttered :

" Atreides, this day, the malicious mind of Achilleus
 " In his bosom is glad at the slaughter and flight of the Grecians ;
 " No understanding in him remains, not even a little.
 " So let him perish quite, and the gods in their anger disgrace him ;
 " But with thee the immortal gods are not utterly wrathful ;
 " True it is that as yet the leaders and chiefs of the Trojans
 " Fill with dust the spacious plain ; but thou yet shalt behold them
 " Toward their city flying fast from the ships and pavilions."

140

Thus he spoke, then rushed o'er the plain amazingly shouting.
 Loudly as nine or ten hundred men can utter their war-cry,
 When in the fight they join and the strife of the terrible Ares ;
 Such and so loud a voice did the mighty earth-shaking monarch
 Pour from out his breast ; much strength'ning every Argive
 In his soul, unceasing to toil in the war and the conflict.

150

Then, with her eyes, on the fight looked down the golden-throned Herè,
 Standing near Olumpos' peak ; and she saw on the instant,
 Busying him in the midst of the Greeks and the glorious battle,
 Poseidon her brother, and much at that sight she rejoicèd ;
 Zeus she beheld, on the highest peak of the fountainous Ida,
 Sitting alone ; and hateful he was to the mind of the goddess.

Deeply then revolved the large-eyed Herè majestic,
 How to beguile the mind of Zeus who swayeth the Egis ; 160
 And this plan, to her mind, at last appeared as the surest ;
 To wend to Ida when herself she had fairly adornèd,
 If perchance to recline by her side in love he might covet,
 For her beauty's sake, while she the deep sweetness of slumber
 Would on the eyelids shed and the sapient mind of Kroníon.
 Then to her chamber she went, which Hephaistos her dear son had
 builded,
 And had fitted well the massive doors to their doorposts,
 With a secret key ; that no other god could have oped it.
 Having entered, she closed the portals splendidly shining ;
 Then with ambrosia first she washed, from her exquisite person, 170
 All that defiled, and then with richest oil she anointed,
 Ambrosial, fragrant, which to her was pleasant of odour ;
 Which had it been shaken in the brass-floored dome of Kroníon,
 Would both earth and heaven have filled with its odorous breathings ;
 With this, her beautiful skin she bathed, then combed she her bright locks,
 And, with both hands, she plaited the curls all splendidly shining,
 Beautiful, ambrosial, on the deathless head of the goddess.
 Next her ambrosial robe she assumed, the work of Athenè,
 Brightly adorned and varied well with many devices ;
 And, her bosom beneath, with golden clasps she confined it. 180
 Then her zone she bound, with a hundred fringes adornèd,
 And her ear-rings she placed in her ears all skilfully piercèd,
 Exquisite, triple-gemmed, and great was the grace of their shining.
 Then, o'er her head, a fillet placed, the glorious goddess ;
 Beautiful, newly made, and white it was as the sun-beam.
 Then on her shining feet she bound her beautiful sandals.
 When, at length, on her form she had placed its perfect adorning,
 Forth from the chamber she went, and called to her fair Aphroditè,
 From the other gods apart, and thus she addressed her :

“ Daughter dear, wilt thou heed me now in the thing I shall ask thee ?
 “ Or wilt thou deny me, because thou art wroth in thy spirit 191

"For that I assist the Greeks, but thou aidest the Trojans?"

Her then thus answered the daughter of Zeus, Aphrodite :

"Herè, majestic goddess, sprung from the mightiest Kronos,

"Say what thou thinkest ; for my mind impels me to grant thee

"This thy wish, if perform it I may, and it can be performed."

Then, devising wiles, thus answered Herè majestic :

"Give to me that love and desire with which thou subduest

"All the mortal men, and all the deities deathless ;

"For I am wending to see the bounds of the earth the fruit-bearing, 200

"Ocean, too, the sire of the gods, and Tethus their mother,

"Who in their palace me brought up and heedfully tended,

"Taking me from Rheias' arms, when Zeus the loud sounding,

"Kronos sent down, the earth beneath, and the harvestless ocean.

"These I am wending to see, to end the contention between them ;

"Since, for a lengthened space, they by mutual will, have abstained

"From the rites of wedded love, for wrath has possessed them.

"If I with softest words shall prevail, their minds, in persuading,

"That again they may joined be in their love and their wedlock,

"Ever by them shall I be revered and accounted as dearest." 210

Then thus responded, the lover of smiles, Aphrodite :

"'Tis not right nor be seeming that I thy request should deny thee,

"Who dost sleep in the dread embrace of the mighty Kronion."—

As she spoke, from her bosom, she loosed the girdle embroidered,

Various in its beauty, and all her enchantments possessing ;

In it were love and desire and the sweet conversation of lovers,

And bland persuasion, which from wise men hath stolen their wisdom ;

This in her hand she placed, then spoke, and these were her accents :

"Take now this girdle, and place its circle around thee,

"Various in work and containing all loves ; and I think that thou wilt not

"Baffled return in the thing whatsoe'er in thy mind thou desirest." 221

Thus she spoke, then smiled the large-eyed Herè majestic ;

And, as she smiled, the cestus she placed in her beautiful bosom.

Then to the palace returned the daughter of Zeus, Aphrodite :

Herè the while, in utmost haste, left the peak of Olumpos,

Over Pieria then she passed, and Emathia pleasant,
 And o'er the snowy hill she passed of the Thracian horsemen,
 Over their highest peaks, nor touched she the earth with her foot-prints.
 Then, from Athos, down she swooped to the wild-waving ocean ;
 And to Lemnos she came, the city of Thoas the godlike, 230
 There with pleasing Sleep she met, Death's loveliest brother,
 And his hand she grasped, then spoke, and these were her accents :

“ Sleep, thou king of every god and every mortal,
 “ If thou hast ever my bidding done, now once more perform it,
 “ So will I thee in my favour hold for aye and for ever :—
 “ Lull to rest the shining eyes of Zeus 'neath his eyebrows,
 “ Soon as I shall have lain by his side in love and embraces.
 “ Then will I give thee a beautiful throne, incorruptible ever,
 “ Formed of gold, which for thee shall be made by my dear son Hephaistos,
 “ Lame of both feet, who, beneath it, shall place a footstool all golden 240
 “ On which thou mayest rest thy glowing feet in thy banquets.”

Then thus, responsive, the pleasing Slumber addressed her :

“ Herè, majestic goddess, the daughter of mightiest Kronos,
 “ I any other god, of all the deities deathless,
 “ Easily can in slumber lull, e'en the rushings of Ocean,
 “ Who the father is of all the gods of the heaven ;
 “ But I will not approach to Zeus, the mighty Kroníon,
 “ Nor will I lull him at all unless he himself should direct me ;
 “ For your commandment, with other lore, did inform me,
 “ In that day when Heracles, Zeus' magnanimous offspring 250
 “ Did, from Ilion sail, having sacked the town of the Trojans ;
 “ That day I lulled the mind of Zeus who swayeth the Egis,
 “ Gently descending ; but you the while devised ill in your spirit,
 “ Having aroused the blasts of the terrible winds on the ocean ;
 “ And thou didst drive Heracles then to the populous Kōos,
 “ Far from all his friends : but, when Zeus awoke, he was angry ;
 “ And in his palace the gods he perturbed ; me most was he seeking,
 “ And, had he found me, had certainly cast me from ether to ocean,
 “ Had not Night preserved me, the victor of gods and of mortals,

"To whom I fled ; Zeus restrained himself although he was angry, 260

"For he feared lest to rapid Night he should make himself hateful.

"And now again thou wouldst have me do this dangerous action."

Him then thus answered the large-eyed Herè majestic :

"Why, O Sleep, art thou these things, in thy spirit, revolving ?

"Dost thou think that the Trojans are dear to Zeus the far-seeing,

"As when with thee he was wroth for the sake of his offspring, Heracles ?

"Come now, and I will give to thee the youngest of Graces

"For thy bride, and she shall be called the consort of Slumber,

"Pasithèè, whom, every day, in thy heart thou desirest."

Thus she spoke, then Sleep was glad, and thus he responded : 270

"Come then, swear to me now by the awful Stygian waters,

"And do thou touch the while the fruitful earth, with thy one hand,

"And, with the other, the shining main ; that to us may give witness

"All the gods who dwell beneath, old Kronos, surrounding ;

"That, indeed, thou wilt grant to me the youngest of Graces,

"Pasithèè, whom I to possess, ev'ry day am desirous."

Thus he spoke, and obeyed the white-armed Herè the goddess,

And, as he bade, she swore, each dread divinity naming

Who 'neath the depths of Tartaros dwell, and are callèd the Titans.

When she thus had sworn, and the words of her oath were concluded, 280

Forth went the twain from Lemnos' isle and the city of Imbros,

Clad in darkest air, and swiftly making their journey :

To many-fountained Ida they came, the mother of wild beasts,

At Lectos, where they left the main ; they high o'er the mountain

Wended ; and 'neath their feet the tops of the forests were shaken.

There did Sleep remain, lest the eyes of Zeus should behold him,

Having ascended a lofty pine, which then, on mount Ida,

Loftiest quite of all the wood, pierced, through air, to the ether ;

There he sat concealed 'mid the thickest boughs of the pine-tree,

Likened to that shrill bird, which ever among the mountains 290

Chalkis is, by the deities, called, but by mortals, Kumindis.

Then did Herè in haste ascend to Gargaros summit

Of highest Ida ; Zeus, who driveth the tempest, beheld her.

And, when he saw her, love threw its veil o'er the heart of his wisdom,
 As it did when first that pair in loving were mingled,
 When the couch together they sought, unknown to their parents;
 Then before her he stood, then spoke, and these were his accents :

“ Herè, why art thou hither come in haste from Olumpoſ ?

“ Here thy horses and chariot are not, in the which thou might'st else
 mount.”

Him, with deceitful intent, thus answered Herè majestic :

300

“ Here I am come, about to behold the bounds of the rich earth,

“ Ocean, too, the sire of gods, and Tethus their mother,

“ Who in their palace brought me up and heedfully tended ;

“ These am I wending to see, and end the contention between them,

“ Since, for a lengthened space, they by mutual will have abstained

“ From the rites of wedded love, while wrath has possessed them.

“ My fleet horses stand at the base of the fountainous Ida,

“ Which will bear me o'er arid earth and the moisture of ocean.

“ But for this cause I now have come to the peak of Olumpoſ,

“ Lest with me thou shouldst after be wroth, if I, without speaking,

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“ Should my journey have made to the palace of deep-flowing Ocean.”

Her then, thus answered, great Zeus who driveth the storm-cloud :

“ Herè, there thou mayst go, but upon some future occasion ;

“ But let us now together recline in amorous pleasure,

“ For never thus did love before for goddess or woman,

“ Pouring itself my bosom around, thus conquer my spirit ;

“ No, not when I loved the beautiful spouse of Ixion,

“ Who Penthöos bore, to the deities equal in wisdom ;

“ Nor when I loved Danaë, Acrisios' fair-ankled daughter,

“ Who did Perseus bear, by far the most famous of heroes ;

320

“ Nor when I loved the far-renowned daughter of Phoinix

“ Who Rhadamanthos and Minos bore, to the deities equal ;

“ Nor when I loved Semelè nor Alamenè dwelling in Thebès,

“ Who my son Heracles bore, the bravest in spirit ;

“ But Semelè Dionusos bore, the pleasure of mortals ;

“ Nor thus I loved the queen the beautiful-haired Demeter ;

“ Nor famous Leto, nor thus wast thou thyself lovèd,
 “ As I love thee now, and sweet desire overcomes me.”

Him, with deceitful intent, thus answered Herè majestic :

“ Dread son of Kronos, what words are these thou hast spoken ? 330

“ If in love to rest with me is what thou desirest,

“ Here on Ida’s peak, where all things plain may be witnessed,

“ How will it be if one of the gods who liveth for ever

“ Shall behold us as we sleep, and, the other gods seeking,

“ Point us out ? I never again could return to thy palace

“ Rising thus from thy couch ; it would be reprehensible ever.

“ But if, indeed, ’tis thy will, and this thing pleases thy spirit,

“ Thou hast a chamber which was made by thy dear son Hephaistos,

“ Who fitted well the solid doors to the posts which sustain them ;

“ There let us go, since gentle love to thy spirit is pleasing.” 340

Thus then, responding, spake Zeus who driveth the storm-cloud :

“ Herè, fear not that thou shalt, by gods or men, be beholden ;

“ I, such a golden cloud, will now pour round to conceal us,

“ That not the Sun himself with his rays shall be able to pierce it,

“ Whose bright light most piercing is in the power of perception.”

Thus spoke the son of Kronos, and clasped his wife in embraces ;

While, beneath them, the Earth divine raised the grass newly springing,

And the lotos fresh with dew, hyacinth too, and crocus

Thick and soft ; which raised them high from the ground beneath them.

So there they lay ; concealed by the cloud with which they were veiled 350

Beautiful and golden ; while fell the glittering dew-drops.

Peacefully thus slept father Zeus on Gargaros’ summit,

Overpowered with sleep and love, and his consort embracing.

Then did pleasing Sleep haste away to the ships of Achaia,

His message bringing to the earth-surrounding Poseidon ;

Near him then he stood, and, with wingèd words, he addressed him :

“ Zealously now, Poseidon, afford thy help to the Grecians,

“ Giving them glory, although it be but for a short time,

“ While Zeus is sleeping, whom I, with soft slumber, have veiled ;

“ He by Herè has been betrayed, through love, into slumber.” 360

Thus having spoken, he went to the famous nations of mortals ;
But he had much Poseidon urged to assist the Achaians.

Instantly far in the front he leapt, and thus made exhortation :

“ Argives, shall we again permit the conquest to Hector
“ Priamides, that the ships he may take and win excellent glory ?
“ For thus it is he thinks and boasts, since mighty Achilleus
“ In his hollow ships remains, in his spirit indignant ;
“ But we for him shall have less desire, if we heroes remaining
“ Shall each other incite to give due aid one to the other ;
“ But come now, to what I shall say, let us all be obedient ;
“ Let us bucklers take the largest and best in the army,
“ And our heads protect the while with our glittering helmets,
“ And let us take our largest spears in our strenuous hand-grasp,
“ And rush on ; I myself will lead ; nor am I believing
“ Hector Priamides will, fierce though his soul be, await us.
“ Let each warlike man, who bears a small shield on his shoulder,
“ Give it to some less bold, and let him take his mightier buckler.”

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Thus he spoke, they listened all, and obeyed his commandment.
And the kings did order them well, although they were wounded,
Tudeides and Odusseus too, and the king Agamemnon,
Passing through all the ranks of the host and their armour exchanging,
Armour strong, to the strong, they gave, and weak to the weaker.
Then, when upon their forms they had placed the glittering brass-mail,
Onward they went, and before them passed the earth-shaking Poseidon,
Bearing a long and terrible sword in his mightiest hand-grasp,
Like to the lightning it blazed, and he had no need to be mingled
In the direful fight, for his fear each hero did conquer.

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Meanwhile, the Trojans were ranked by illustrious Hector ;
And the direst effort of war was made at that instant
By Poseidon the azure-haired and illustrious Hector ;
One assisting the Trojan cause, and the other the Argive.
Then did the ocean rise by the Grecian ships and pavilions ;
And they, assembled together, came with a clamour amazing.
Not so loud is the ocean wave, 'gainst the shore, in its roaring,

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When, from the far-off sea, it is driv'n by the violent north wind ;
 Not so loud is the sound of the roaring conflagration
 'Mid the mountain glades, when its rising burns up the forests,
 Nor is the sound of the wind so loud 'mid the tall-crested oak-trees
 Where, when the tempest rages high, its war is the fiercest,
 As was the voice of the Trojans and Greeks as they met in the battle, 400
 Terribly shouting aloud, as each 'gainst the other was rushing.—

First, 'gainst Aias darted his spear, illustrious Hector,
 Straight against the hero it flew with unerring intention ;
 But it struck where both the belts o'er his breast were extended,
 One bore his silver-studded sword, and the other his buckler ;
 These defended his tender flesh ; then wrathful was Hector,
 That his javelin swift had fled in vain from his hand-grasp ;
 Back then among his companions he went, avoiding the death-blow,
 But, as away he went, the great Telamonian Aias
 Hurl'd a stone, of which many lay to prop the swift vessels, 410
 And 'mong the feet of the warriors rolled ; he, lifting a vast rock,
 Dashed it 'gainst Hector's breast, near his throat, o'er the edge of his buckler ;
 Like to a whirlwind he drove it on, and it spun in its flying.
 As, 'neath the stroke of father Zeus, an oak is uprooted,
 And, its fall around, full dire is the sulphurous odour,
 So that no courage is left in his soul who nearly beholds it,
 For the thunder of mighty Zeus is ever tremendous ;
 Thus did the noble Hector fall 'mid the dust of the champain ;
 Down from his hand he dropped his spear, and down fell his buckler
 And his helm, and loud was the clang of his beautiful brass-mail. 420
 Then, with a mighty shout, up rushed the sons of Achaia,
 Hoping to bear him away, and thickly they darted their jav'lines ;
 But no Greek could closely wound the shepherd of nations,
 Nor from afar infix a dart, for the best of the Trojans
 Round him stalked ; Pouludamas came, and noble Agenor,
 Sarpedon the Lukian lord, and illustrious Glaucos,
 With them Aineias came, nor did any hero neglect him,
 O'er him they held their circling shields ; and then his companions

Him with their hands from the battle bore, till they came to his horses,
Which were standing somewhat behind the war and the conflict, 430
Having with them the charioteer, and the beautiful war-car ;
Then toward the city they bore him away, right heavily groaning.

When at length to the ford they came of the sweet-running river
The eddying Xanthos, the son of Zeus the undying,
Out of the car, his form, they took, and placed on the greensward,
And upon him water they poured, and he looked up reviving ;
And, on his knees, supported the while, black gore he rejected,
Backward then to the earth he fell, and dark o'er his eyelids
Loomed the blackness of night ; for the blow, his spirit, was quelling.

But when the Argives saw great Hector borne from the conflict, 440
Then on the Trojans rushed they the more, and the battle remembered.
Far then the first of the Greeks the swift Oilean Aias
Satnios wounded, rushing on with his sharp-pointed jav'lin,
Enops' son, who erst was born of the exquisite Naiad
To Enops, as his herds he fed by the Satnian river,
To him then most near Oilean Aias approaching
Wounded him in the flank ; back he fell, and instantly round him
Trojans and Greeks together combined in obstinate combat.
Then did Pouludamas, shaking his spear, come on to avenge him,
Panthos' son, Prothoënor he struck on the dexter shoulder, 450
Son of Aréilucos ; and, through his shoulder, the strong spear
Passed ; in the dust he fell, and clutched the earth in his hand-grasp ;
Then did Pouludamas mightily boast, thus loudly exclaiming :

“ I do not believe that Panthos' great-hearted offspring
“ From his mighty hand in vain has sent forth the weapon,
“ Some Argive form has its point received, and now I am thinking
“ That leaning on that lance he will sink to the palace of Hades.”

Thus he spoke, and the Argives grieved at the words of his boasting ;
But warlike Aias was the most disturbed in his spirit,
The son of Telamon ; near him was the fall of Prothoënor ; 460
Instantly, Pouludamas against, he darted his jav'lin,
But he retreated, and dark destruction avoided,

By leaping sideways ; but a son of Antenor received it,
 Archilochos ; for, to him, the gods had destruction appointed ;
 Him he struck where the head and neck are joined to the backbone ;
 And, through both the tendons, passed the pitiless jav'lin ;
 Instantly then fell forward his head, his mouth, and his nostrils
 On the ground, as happens to one on his knees who is falling.
 Then, to noble Pouludamas cried, Telamonian Aias :

“ Think now, Pouludamas, and to me true answer deliver, 470
 “ Does not this man's death compensate for the slain Prothœnor ?
 “ He to me no base man seems, nor from base men descended,
 “ But is a brother of Antenor, the tamer of horses,
 “ Or a son ; for mightily him in race he resembles.”—

Thus he spoke, for he knew him well, then grief seized the Trojans.
 Then Acamas, Boiotian Promachos, struck with the jav'lin
 As he walked his brother around ; by his feet, too, he drew him.
 Then did Acamas mightily boast, thus loudly exclaiming :

“ Ye prating Greeks, insatiate still of your boastings,
 “ Not on us alone shall fall the toil and the sorrow, 480
 “ But ye too, as well as we, shall die 'mid the slaughter.
 “ Look now where Promachos, by my spear conquered, is sleeping,
 “ So that not long for a brother is due the ransom of vengeance ;
 “ Wherefore well it may be the hope of some other of heroes
 “ To have a friend in his palace left to avenge him in conflict.”

Thus he spoke ; and the Argives were grieved at the sound of his boasting ;
 But most disturbed of all was the mind of Penéleus the warlike ;
 And against Acamas he rushed ; but he stood not the onset
 Of Penéleus the king ; then he, Ilioneus, wounded,
 Son of Phorbas in cattle rich, whom, most of the Trojans 490
 Hermes loved, and favouring gave him mighty possessions ;
 And, to him, his spouse did bear Ilioneus only ;
 He, to the roots of the eye, beneath the eyebrow, was stricken,
 And the eyeball was driven forth ; he sat with outstretched hands ;
 Then did Penéleus draw forth his sharp-edged falchion,
 And the midst of his neck he smote ; and struck to the champain

Head and helmet both ; while still remained the strong jav'lin
Fixed in the eye ; then thus he spoke, the slain head, uplifting,
And these, against the Trojans, were the words of his boasting :

“ Tell for me, ye Trojans, the sire of Ilioneus noble, 500
“ And his mother dear, to lament for him in their palace ;
“ Since never now shall Promachos' spouse glad the heart of her husband,
“ Meeting him with joyous looks, when we sons of Achaia
“ Shall, from conquered Troy, return with our swift-going vessels.”

Thus he spoke, and pallid fear took hold on the Trojans ;
And each looked around to escape pernicious destruction.

Tell to me now, ye Muses, who dwell in Olumpian mansions,
Who, to seize the gory spoils, was the first of the Grecians
When the tide of the battle was turned by the mighty Poseidon.

Aias, Telamon's son, was the first, he Hurtios wounded, 510
Gurtiades, the leader of Musians mighty in spirit ;
Antilochos, Phalkes and Mermeros, stripped of their armour ;
Hippotios and Moros, too, were by Merion slaughtered ;
Prothöos was by Teucros slain, and with him Periphetes ;
Atreides then, Huperenor the great, the shepherd of nations,
Wounded about the flank ; and the javelin tearing the entrails
Poured them forth, and, driv'n from the wound, rushed the life of the hero,
And the thick shadow of death concealed his eyes with its blackness.
Many a one did Aias slay, the fleet son of Oileus ;
For there was no man like to him, with swift feet, for pursuing 520
The flying heroes when Zeus brought terror upon them.

BOOK XV.

THE ACTS OF AIAS.

WHEN the Trojans in flight, the stakes and the trench, had o'erpassèd,
 And full many of them were quelled by the hands of the Argives,
 Where the war-cars remained, they stood, and paused from their flying,
 Pale with fear and terror they were ; but Zeus did awaken
 On Ida's summit, by the side of golden-throned Herè ;
 Hastily up he arose and beheld the Trojans and Grecians,
 These put to rapid flight, those thronging fiercely behind them ;
 And, among the Greeks, he espied the monarch Poseidon.
 Hector he saw on the champain lie ; and around him his comrades
 Sat ; while his breathing laboured was, and his mind was gone from him, 10
 As he rejected the blood ;—not the weakest of Grecians had struck him.
 Him, with pity, beheld the father of gods and of heroes,
 And right sternly on Herè he looked, while thus he addressed her :

“ Certainly, thou deviser of ills, thy treachery, Herè,
 “ Noble Hector hath stayed from the war, and brought fear on his people.
 “ I am not sure, but that thou shalt taste for thy vile machination
 “ The bitter first-fruits due, and I, with stripes, shall now lash thee.
 “ Hast thou forgotten the time, when from heaven's high vertex suspended,
 “ I, to thy feet, hung anvils twain, while thy hands were surrounded
 “ With a golden chain infrangible ?—thou, 'mid the ether 20
 “ And the clouds, didst hang, while the gods on Olumpos bewailed thee ;
 “ But, to loose thee, they might not avail ; and if I had seized one
 “ I would have whirled him down from heaven, until he attained

" To the earth half dead ; but not thus my wrath did impel me,
 " Fierce for the grief that I felt for the woes of the godlike Heracles,
 " Against whom you rousèd up the blasts of the north wind,
 " And o'er the barren seas impelled, devising him evils,
 " And from his course you drove him then to the populous Kōos.
 " I, from that shore, the hero freed, and caused his returning,
 " After lengthened woes, to Argos famous for horses. 30
 " These things I tell thee that thou mayest cease from deception ;
 " And mayest know how little this love will be to thy profit,
 " In which, apart from the gods, thou now hast shared, to deceive me."

Thus spake Zeus, then feared the large-eyed Herè majestic,
 And, him addressing, these wingèd accents she uttered :

" Let now the Earth know this, and Heaven spreading above it,
 " And the deep-flowing Stygian wave, the most binding of sanctions
 " E'en to the blessed gods, the deepest oath and tremendous ;
 " And by this sacred head, and the primal couch of our marriage,
 " By which I not lightly should pledge mine oath as a goddess ; 40
 " Not, at my bidding, does the great earth-shaker Poseidon,
 " Aiding the Greeks in the fight, bring woe to the Trojans and Hector ;
 " But his own mind within impels and commands him to combat ;
 " Since he saw and pitied the Greeks hard pressed near their shipping.
 " But, to him, it shall be my part, this counsel to render,
 " Thither to wend where thou, O compeller of clouds, shalt direct him."—

Thus she spoke ; then smiled the sire of men and of heroes,
 And thus, responding, with wingèd words he addressèd her :

" If then thou henceforth, O large-eyed Herè majestic,
 " Wilt among the immortals sit, with my sentence agreeing, 50
 " Soon shall Poseidon, howe'er his heart may oppose us,
 " Change his intention as thy and my will shall bid him ;
 " But, if now thou speakest the truth without dissimulation,
 " Seek from hence the assembled gods, and bid to come hither,
 " Iris the messenger swift and the famous archer Apollon,
 " That she may hence depart to the host of the brass-mailed Achaians,
 " And my command may tell to the ocean monarch, Poseidon,

" From the war to cease, to his ocean mansion returning.
 " Hector, the while, to the fight shall be roused by Phoibos Apollon,
 " Who shall his strength renew and bid the pains be forgotten 60
 " Which, his soul, are tormenting now ; and he then, the Grecians
 " Back shall drive again, and in helpless flight shall o'erwhelm them ;
 " Till in their flight they shall fall at last on the many-banked vessels
 " Of great Achilleus, Peleus' son ; he shall urge on his comrade
 " Patroclus, who shall die by the spear of illustrious Hector,
 " In the front of Troy, having slain full many a hero,
 " And, for the last of all, my son, Sarpedon the noble ;
 " Then, in revenge, shall Hector be slain by the noble Achilleus.
 " And from that very day when Troy retreats from the shipping,
 " Ever against her my hand shall be, until the Achaians 70
 " Lofty Troy shall take by the aid and counsel of Pallas.
 " Sooner than this, I cease not from wrath, nor sooner will suffer
 " Any immortal god to yield to the Greeks his assistance,
 " Till the stern desire of Peleus' son be completed ;
 " As I promised him first, and bent my head in assenting,
 " In that day when my knees were clasped by Thetis the goddess,
 " When she implored me to honour Achilleus spoiler of cities."
 Thus spake Zeus ; nor was disobeyed by the white-armed Herè ;
 And, from Ida's peaks, she went to the lofty Olumpus.
 Swift as the mind of man can speed, who erst having traversed 80
 Many a land, of his journeying thinks in his sapient bosom,
 " Here I wended, or there"—full many a pathway rememb'ring ;
 With a flight, as fast as his thoughts, speeded Herè majestic,
 And to the lofty Olumpus she came, where gods were assembled
 In the palace of Zeus ; they arose, when first they beheld her,
 All at once, and welcomed her well to share in the goblet.
 She the rest passed by ; but received from Themis the fair-cheeked
 The wineful goblet, for she met her first in her swift course,
 Then did Themis speak, and these were her swift-wingèd accents :
 " Herè, why hast thou come, and why dost thou look thus amazed ? 90
 " Has the son of Kronos, thy lord, thus caused thee to tremble ?"

Her then, thus answered, the goddess, white-armed Herè :
 " Do not, O Themis divine, inquire of this ; for thou knowest,
 " How most proud and fierce is the mind of the mighty Kronion ;
 " But do thou preside o'er the gods in their feasts in the palace ;
 " And thou my tale shalt hear, among the rest of the deathless,
 " Of what ill deeds are by Zeus declared ; nor do I consider
 " That any mind will be pleased of mortals or of immortals,
 " E'en though now each shares the feast all joyous in temper."

Having spoken thus, the majestic Herè was seated ; 100
 Wroth were the gods in Zeus' palace home, but Herè was smiling
 With the lips only, but her eyebrows dark, and her forehead,
 Were not glad ; then to all the gods thus spake she indignant :

" Foolish are we and of senseless mind, with Zeus to be striving,
 " And endeavouring him to subdue, approaching him nearly
 " By fair words or force ; for, hence far sitting, he heeds not,
 " Nor is moved ; for himself he holds, 'mid the deities deathless,
 " Both in courage and strength, to be by far the most mighty.
 " Wherefore each of us must endure the evils he sends us ;
 " And e'en now I think that evil has fall'n upon Ares ; 110
 " Whose son lies, in the battle, slain, the dearest of heroes,
 " Askalaphos, who is claimed as his own by impetuous Ares."

Thus she spoke, then his strenuous thighs by Ares were smitten,
 With his hands dashed down, and these, in grief, were his accents :

" Be not now wroth with me, ye who dwell in Olumpian mansions,
 " If I avenge my slaughtered son, by the fleet of the Grecians,
 " E'en if I meet my fate, and be stricken by Zeus with his thunder,
 " And must lie in dust and blood 'mid the dead on the champain."—

Thus he spoke, and Fear and Flight, he instant commanded,
 To his car his horses to join, while he donned his bright armour. 120
 Then would soon have been some great and terrible action
 Wrought by Zeus, in his fierceness and ire, on the deities deathless,
 Had not Pallas Athenè, alarmed for all the immortals,
 Leaving her wonted throne, passed swift through the hall of the palace ;
 From his head the helmet she took, and the shield from his shoulders,

And from his mighty hand she tore the brass-pointed jav'lin,
And in the ground she struck it, then thus reproached she fierce Ares :

“ Furious fool, hast thou lost thy wits ? is it thus that all vainly
“ Thou hast ears to hear, yet hast lost both mind and discretion ?
“ Hast thou not heard the words of the goddess, white-armèd Herè ? 130
“ She has but just now, from Zeus Olumpian, parted ;
“ Or dost thou wish thyself, having suffered many a sorrow,
“ Back in woe to Olumpos to come, by necessity driven,
“ And to create for the other gods some terrible evil ?
“ Soon great Zeus would leave the haughty Trojans and Grecians,
“ And, 'mong ourselves would, a tumult vast, excite in Olumpos ;
“ Each in his turn would he seize, the guiltless as well as the guilty.
“ Wherefore I bid thee now repress this wrath for thine offspring ;
“ For, at this very hour, some stronger man and more skilful
“ Dies, or full soon will die ; for 'tis an arduous action 140
“ To defend the whole race of men from death and destruction.”

Speaking thus, she compelled to his throne impetuous Ares.
Then did Herè, the palace without, have speech with Apollon,
And Iris, 'mid the deathless gods, ambadress ever,
And, them addressing, these wingèd accents she uttered :

“ Zeus commands you to Ida to wend with infinite swiftness ;
“ And when there ye arrive, and behold the face of Kroníon,
“ Ye must do whate'er ye, by his commandment, are bidden.”

Thus having spoken to them, back wended Herè majestic ;
And on her throne she sat ; swift Iris fled, and Apollon, 150
And, to the fountainous Ida, they came, the mother of wild beasts ;
Then they found the far-seeing Zeus on Gargaros' summit
Sitting, with an odoriferous cloud, in a garland, around him ;
Then that pair, approaching Zeus who driveth the storm-cloud,
Stood ; nor, when he beheld the twain, was he wrathful in spirit,
Since they had swiftly obeyed the message sent by his consort.

Then first, to Iris, these wingèd accents he uttered :
“ Fly from hence, with thine utmost speed, to the monarch, Poseidon,
“ And tell him all my words, nor be a reporter of falsehood ;

" Bid him, once for all, to cease from the war and the conflict, 160
 " And repair to the band of the gods, or to sacred ocean.
 " And, if he will not obey my words, but dares to despise them,
 " Let him then revolve in the mind and spirit within him,
 " If he dare, albeit strong, to wait for my onslaught ;
 " Since I think that I, than he, am mightily stronger,
 " And by birth elder ; since his heart abstains not from holding
 " Himself my equal, while the rest of the deities dread me."

Thus spake Zeus, nor was disobeyed by the swift-footed Iris ;
 Down she speeded, from Ida's peaks, to Ilion sacred.
 Swiftly as, down from the clouds, fall thick the snows or the hailstorm 170
 Chilling, beneath the force of Boreas cleaving the ether ;
 Thus rapid, right on her way, fled amain the swift-wingèd Iris,
 Then, standing near him, bespoke the noble Poseidon :

" Hither, to thee, I am come, O blue-haired circle of islands,
 " Bringing a message from Zeus above, who swayeth the Egis ;
 " Thee he bids, at once, to cease from the war and the conflict,
 " And to repair to the band of the gods, or to sacred ocean.
 " And if thou wilt not obey his words, but dar'st to despise them,
 " 'Tis his threat that he will hither come to compel thee ;
 " But yet he bids thee avoid to provoke his wondrous puissance, 180
 " Since he affirms that he, than thou, is mightily stronger,
 " And by birth elder ; though thy mind abstains not from holding
 " Thyself his equal, while the rest of the deities dread him."

Her, in furious wrath, thus addressed the noble Poseidon :
 " Gods ! although Zeus be great, methinks he has now spoken rashly,
 " If thus, being of equal renown and unwilling, he force me.
 " For we three were to Kronos born by Rheia his consort,
 " Zeus and I, and the third was Aidoneus the monarch infernal,
 " Into three parts were all things divided, and each took his portion ;
 " I, by my lot, must for ever abide 'neath the hoary ocean, 190
 " Aidoneus by his lot received the blackness of darkness ;
 " Zeus the wide heaven above among the clouds and the ether.
 " But the earth was left common to all, and lofty Olumpus ;

" Wherefore, I heed not the will of Zeus ; let him then at his leisure,
 " Albeit mighty, remain in his tertial portion ;
 " Nor let him try, with threats of force, as a coward, to fright me.
 " Better for him will it be to alarm his sons and his daughters,
 " Who from him are sprung, and rebuke them with terrible threat'nings,
 " Who must needs give heed to his imperious bidding."

Him then Iris answered again, the fleet as the wild winds : 200
 " Must I then bear from thee, O blue-haired shaker of earth's shores,
 " To high Zeus, this speech so harsh, and stern in its sayings ?
 " Or will you somewhat change it ? such change suits the mind of the
 prudent.

" Thou know'st the Furies, for the elder, ever are vengeful."

Her then, in turn, addressed the great earth-shaker Poseidon :
 " Iris, goddess, this speech of thine most rightly is spoken ;
 " And a good thing it is when a messenger knows what is fitting ;
 " But this direful grief is my heart and spirit invading,
 " When me of equal lot with himself, and fated his equal,
 " It is his will to abuse with words of injurious anger. 210
 " But now I, though justly enraged, will the battle relinquish :
 " Yet I tell thee another thing, and threaten in spirit,
 " If against my will, and that of Athenè the spoiler,
 " Herè's and Hermeias', and that of the monarch Hephaistos,
 " Lofty Ilion's walls he spare, nor permit their destruction,
 " Nor give mighty fame to the conquering sons of Achaia ;
 " Let him know that, for ever shall rage, our implacable anger."

Speaking thus, the Earth-shaker left the host of Achaia ;
 And 'neath the sea he plunged, and the Argive heroes desired him.
 Then, to Apollon, thus spake Zeus who driveth the storm-clouds : 220

" Go now, dear Phoibos, to Hector clothèd in brass-mail,
 " For now, from the fight, the great earth-shaker Poseidon,
 " To the sacred main is gone, and escaped our fierce anger ;
 " For our contention would well have been heard by the deities other
 " Who, in infernal regions, dwell, old Kronos surrounding.
 " But this thing is better for me, and also Poseidon,

" That, although angry, he has my hands yet avoided ;
 " Since full great would have been the strife and sweat of our combat.
 " But do thou take in thine hand the Egis with fringes adornèd,
 " And fiercely shake it, to appal the heroes of Argos. 230
 " And let thy care, Far-darter, rest on illustrious Hector ;
 " In him arouse puissance vast, until the Achaïans
 " In their flight shall reach the ships and the Hellespont hoary ;
 " After that, I myself will devise by words and by actions
 " That, in their turn, the Grecian host may breathe from their war-toil."

Thus spoke Zeus, and Apollon obeyed the words of his father ;
 And, like a rapid hawk, from Ida's peaks he descended ;
 Much a slayer of doves is the hawk, and the fleetest of all birds ;
 Warlike Priam's son he found, illustrious Hector,
 Sitting, for now no more he lay, and collecting his fresh mind, 240
 Recognising his comrades around ; and the sweat and the panting
 Ceased when removed by the will of Zeus who swayeth the Egis.
 Then, standing near him, thus spoke the far-darting Apollon :

" Hector Priamides, why sittest thou far from the battle
 " Thus deprived of strength ? what woe has now overcome thee ?"
 Him then, languidly answered the brilliant-helmeted Hector :
 " Who art thou, O best of gods, who thus me addressest ?
 " Hast thou not heard that while, by the poops of the ships of Achaia,
 " I slew his comrades, great Aias, mighty in battle,
 " Struck me upon the breast with a stone, restraining my valour ? 250
 " And I deemed, to behold the dead and the hall of Aidoneus,
 " Would have been this day mine, when in death I had breathed out
 my spirit."

Him then thus answered the king, far-darting Apollon :
 " Be of good cheer, for I, to thine aid, am sent by Kronion,
 " Down from Ida's peak to stand by thee and to aid thee,
 " I, Phoibos of the golden brand, who have erst been accustomed
 " Thee to defend, and thy lofty town, from the hands of the Grecians.
 " But now arouse thy might, and bid thy numerous horsemen
 " Toward the hollow ships to urge their swift-footed horses ;

" I, myself, will before thee go, and will level the pathway 260

" For thy steeds, and will turn to flight the heroes of Argos."

Speaking thus, with vast strength, he inspired the shepherd of nations.

Like to a stallèd horse who has long, with barley, been pampered,

When he breaks his chain and, leaping, flies o'er the champain,

Having been used of old to bathe in the sweet-flowing river,

Glorious on he speeds with his head uplifted and haughty,

While his mane o'er his shoulders waves, he, proud of his beauty,

Speedily bounds on his way to the haunts and the pastures of horses ;

Thus with all speed did Hector, his feet and his limbs, set in motion,

Urging his horsemen on, when he heard the voice of Apollon. 270

On they sped as dogs after hornèd deer or the wild goat,

When to the chase they are urged amain by the men of the country ;

Him, indeed, some lofty rock or thick-growing forest

Shields from his foes, and impossible 'tis for them to attain him ;

Meanwhile, aroused by the clamour, comes a mighty-maned lion,

And far away the hunters fly, how eager soever ;

So did the Greeks, till then, throng in crowds pursuing the Trojans,

Smiting them with their swords and jav'lins pointed at both ends ;

But when Hector they saw, as he marshalled the ranks of the heroes,

Fear they felt, and the hearts of all fell as low as their footsteps. 280

Then did Thoas, Andremon's son, thus speak to the Grecians,

Of the Aitolians he was the best, and well skilled in the jav'lin,

Brave too in standing fight, while in council few of the Grecians

Him could excel whenever the chiefs with speeches contended ;

He then wisely harangued the Greeks, and these were his accents :

" O ye gods, a marvellous thing, mine eyes are beholding ;

" Hector I see is risen again, from black death, escaping ;

" Who, in his mind within, each Greek was fervently hoping

" Would have died by the hands of Telamonian Aias ;

" Certainly one of the gods has Hector saved from destruction, 290

" Hector, who has relaxed the knees of many a Grecian ;

" As I think that now 'twill be ; for without the assistance

" Of Zeus high thund'ring he rushes not on 'mid the foremost.

" But come now, and to what I say, let us all be obedient ;
 " Let us bid the mass of the host to return to the shipping ;
 " But let us, who boast ourselves the best of the army,
 " Wait for him here, that so we may turn him back by resisting
 " With our uplifted spears ; then I think that e'en he, in his fury,
 " Will, in his mind, own fear to attack the host of Achaia."

Thus he spoke ; they listening all to his word were obedient. 300
 And, great Aias around, and Idomen monarch of Cretans,
 Teucros, and Merion, and Meges equal to Ares,
 They their battle ordered again, calling all of their bravest,
 'Gainst the Trojans by Hector led ; but the mass of the army
 Back retired, their guard to keep o'er the ships of Achaia.
 Onward the thronging Trojans came ; and the first of them Hector
 Wending with mighty strides ; while before him Phoibos Apollon,
 With his shoulders clothed in cloud, bore the terrible Egis,
 Awful, fringed all round, magnificent, which, by Hephaistos
 To Kronos was given to strike all mortals with terror ; 310
 Bearing this in his hands, he led on the host of the Trojans.
 Waited their charge, the thronging Greeks ; while up flew the clamour
 Loudly from either host ; while the arrows leapt from the bowstrings,
 And full many a spear, dismissed from the hands of the valiant,
 Struck the forms of warlike youths as they strove in the battle ;
 While full many fell between, their fair forms not harming,
 And in the ground they stood, while still for blood they were thirsting.
 Long as the shield was held still in the hands of Phoibos Apollon,
 So long on both sides flew the darts, and the people were falling ;
 But when full in the faces he looked of the swift-coursered Grecians, 320
 And did shake the shield, and shouted his war-cry tremendous,
 Then their souls he cowed, and no more they their valour remembered.
 And as a herd of oxen, or numerous flock from the sheep-fold,
 Are disturbed, by wild beasts twain, at the falling of dark night,
 When the beasts on a sudden come, while the shepherd is absent ;
 So were the weakened Greeks dismayed ; for Apollon among them
 Dread inspired, while fame he gave to the Trojans and Hector.

Then one another they slew amid the scattering battle ;
 Stichios was by Hector slain, and Arkesilaos ;
 One the leader was in war of the brass-mailed Boiotians, 330
 One the faithful friend of the noble-minded Menestheus.
 Iasos and Medon, Aineias slew in the conflict ;
 Medon was the illicit son of godlike Oileus,
 Brother of Aias ; and he in Phulakè dwellèd,
 From the land of his country far, having slaughtered a hero,
 Brother of Eriops his step-dame whom Oileus had wedded ;
 Iasos was ranked as the brave Athenian leader,
 And he was called the son of Sphelos Boukolidéan.
 Pouludamas, Mekistes slew, Echios too, Polites,
 In the battle's front ; Klonios fell by noble Agenor, 340
 Dëiochos was by Paris pierced through the back of his shoulder,
 As, 'mid the last, from the fight he flew, and he drove the brass through him.

While they stripped, from the slain, their arms, the retreating Achæians
 Flew astounded, the stakes among, and the deeply dug trenches,
 Here and there in confusion ; and entered the wall by compulsion.
 Then thus Hector, shouting aloud, to the Trojans commanded
 On to the ships to speed, and the gory spoils to relinquish :

“ If I a man behold who wends away from the shipping,
 “ That man I to death will doom, nor ever his body
 “ Shall by his brothers and sisters dear to the flames be commended, 350
 “ But the dogs, our city before, shall tear him to pieces.”

Speaking thus with the thong he smote his steeds on the shoulders,
 Calling aloud on the Trojan ranks ; then they, with their chieftain,
 Raising threatening cries, urged on the steeds of their war-cars,
 With an amazing shout ; while before them Phoibos Apollon
 Easily struck with his feet the edge of the deeply sunk trenches,
 And in the depth the ruin he threw, and a passage created,
 Long it was and wide as far as the cast of a jav'lin,
 When some hero darts it well, his puissance essaying.
 Onward the Trojan phalanx poured ; while Phoibos Apollon 360
 Held the grand Egis, and destroyed the wall of the Grecians,

Easy as doth a child, on the sands, by the murmuring ocean,
 Who, as soon as he playthings has made for his infantile pleasure,
 Instant again, with sportive feet and hands, overwhelms them ;
 So didst thou, Phoibos, the toil and woe of the Argives
 Instantly then destroy, and put them to flight from the battle.
 When to the ships they came they stood and ceased from retreating,
 Each exhorting the other well, while to ev'ry immortal
 Lifting his suppliant hands, each, offerings mighty, was vowing,
 Nestor the most of all, the grace and defence of Achaia,
 Prayed, uplifting his ancient hands to the star-studded heaven :

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“ Father Zeus, if any Greek in Argos the fertile,
 “ Sacrificing the fattened thighs of sheep and of oxen
 “ Prayed to return, and thou didst then assent to his praying ;
 “ O now remember, Olumpian king, and from ill fate defend us ;
 “ Nor permit the Greeks to be thus subdued by the Trojans.”

Thus spoke he praying, and sapient Zeus loudly thundered,
 Listening to the prayer of the old Neléiadan.

But Troy mistook the intent of Zeus who swayeth the Egis,
 And the more on the Grecians rushed, and the battle remembered.
 On they went like some mighty wave of the wide-spreading ocean
 Dashing over the sides of a ship, when the force of the wild wind
 Urges it on ; for great is its power in upheaving the billows ;
 So, with a mighty shout, the Trojans dashed o'er the rampart.
 Urging on their horses, they went to the poops of the vessels,
 And there, hand to hand, they fought with darts doubly pointed ;
 These in their chariots stood, the others, their black ships ascending,
 Fought with lengthened spears, which on the decks were laid ready
 For the naval fight, well joined and furnished with brass points.

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Long as the Greeks and Trojans fought, the rampart surrounding,
 Quite beyond the spot where lay the swift-going vessels,
 In Eurupulos' tent the hero, lover of valour,
 Patroclus remained, and, with sweet discourse, he amused him,
 And on his wound medicaments cast, to relieve the dark anguish ;
 But, when he knew the Trojan host had rushed o'er the rampart,

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And had heard the cry of the Greeks as they fled from the battle,
Then aloud he exclaimed in woe, and smote on his strong thighs
With his dashed down hands ; and thus he spoke in his sorrow :

“ Eurupulos, no more I may, however desirous,
“ Here remain ; for great indeed, this hour is, the conflict ; 400
“ Thee some comrade must now amuse ; but I, for mine own part,
“ Will to Achilleus haste, and urge him on to the combat.
“ Who can tell if my speech may be by some deity favoured,
“ And excite him to war ; for good are the words of a comrade.”

Swift by his feet was Patroelos borne, as he finished his saying ;
Meanwhile the Greeks right firmly endured the assault of the Trojans.
Nor could the Greeks, in number less, drive them back from the vessels,
Nor could the Trojans avail, having crushed the array of the Grecians,
The pavilions to reach, and the sides of the swift-going vessels.
But as the line makes straight some mighty timber for shipping 410
In the hands of a workman skilled, who well is instructed

In his perfect art by the wise information of Pallas ;
Thus was equally stretched the state of the war and the battle.
Others, meanwhile, around the other ships were contending,
But ever Hector attacked the glorious Aias.
These by one vessel toiled in the war, nor Hector was able
To drive back Aias and burn the ships of the Grecians,
Nor could Aias him repel urged on by Apollon.
Then was Kalétor slain by the hand of illustrious Aias ;
As, to the ship, the fire he brought, his breast met the jav'lin ; 420
Loud was the sound of his fall, and the fire-brand fell from his hand-grasp.

Hector beheld with wrathful eyes the fall of his kinsman,
As in the dust he lay near the poop of the dark-coloured vessel,
Trojans and Lukians he then, loud shouting, exhorted :

“ Trojans and Lukians and Dardans great in close conflict,
“ Do not, in this extremity, now recede from the battle ;
“ But take care of Klutios' son, for fear the Achaians
“ Should his armour seize as he lies in the strife by the shipping.”

Speaking thus, he darted his spear at illustrious Aias,

Him he missed, but Lucophron struck, the offspring of Mastor, 430
 Aias' comrade, who with him lived, having fled from Kuthera,
 Having a hero slain within that glorious country ;
 Him did Hector strike on the ear with his brass-pointed jav'lin
 As by Aias he stood ; 'mid the sand and dust, he fell headlong
 From the poop of the ship to the earth ; and his members were loosened.
 Then did Aias shudder, and thus addressed he his brother :

“ Teucros, brother beloved, our faithful comrade is dying,
 “ Mastor's son, who came to us from his native Kuthéra,
 “ Whom, as parents dear, we still in our dwelling have honoured ;
 “ Him hath magnanimous Hector slain ; where now are thine arrows 440
 “ Swift to kill, and the bow which was giv'n thee by Phoibos Apollon ? ”

Teucros his word understood, and running near him he halted,
 Holding his bended bow in his hand, and his dart-bearing quiver,
 And right swiftly his arrows he sent 'mid the host of the Trojans ;
 Kleitos then he struck, the noble son of Peisenor,
 Friend of Pouludamas, the illustrious offspring of Panthos,
 While in his hands the reins he held controlling his horses ;
 There he had urged them on in the thickest crowd of the battle,
 Pleasing the Trojans and Hector well ; but, instant, upon him
 Evil came which none might avert, although he were eager ; 450
 For in his neck behind he was pierced by the woe-bringing arrow ;
 Down from the war-car he fell, while back flew the masterless horses
 Making the empty chariot clang ; this instantly noted
 The chief Pouludamas, and first confronted the coursers.
 These Protiaon's son he gave, Astunöös noble ;
 And the steeds to be kept at hand he strictly commanded ;
 While he mingled himself among the first in the conflict.
 Teucros seized another shaft 'gainst the brass-mailed Hector,
 And would have made him cease from war by the ships of Achaia
 If, as he mightily fought, it had robbed the chief of existence ; 460
 But the wise mind of Zeus, who Hector's safety was guarding,
 Did not forget him, but deprived Telamonian Teucros
 Of his hoped-for fame, for as he drew, against Hector,

His right famous bow, Zeus broke the well-twisted bowstring,
 And the arrow, heavy with brass, from its aim wildly wandered,
 While the bow fell down on the sand from the hand-grasp of Teucros.
 Then shuddered Teucros, and thus addressed he his brother :

“ Gods, some deity surely deprives our battle of wisdom,
 “ And but now my bended bow hath been dashed from my holding,
 “ And hath broken the new-twisted string with which I did bind it 470
 “ This very morn, that it well might endure the oft-leaping arrow.”

Him then thus answered the great Telamonian Aias :
 “ Teucros beloved, lay aside thy bow and thy thick-flying arrows,
 “ Since some god has broken thy bow, to the Greeks unpropitious ;
 “ And in thy hands thy long spear take, and thy shield on thy shoulder,
 “ And against the Trojans war, and others encourage,
 “ That not without some toil, although the Grecians be conquered,
 “ Troy the ships may seize ; but now let us think of the battle.”

Aias spoke, and Teucros laid his bow in his pavilion ;
 And then, upon his shoulders, he placed a quadruple buckler ; 480
 And, on his valiant head, he set a well-fashioned helmet
 With horsehair flowing, whose crest nodded terrible o'er it ;
 Then he seized a mighty spear well pointed with sharp brass ;
 And right swiftly he ran to Telamonian Aias.

But when Hector saw that the bow of Teucros was broken ;
 Trojans and Lukians he thus, loud shouting, exhorted :

“ Trojans and Lukians and Dardans great in close battle,
 “ Now be men, my friends, your strenuous valour remember
 “ By the hollow ships ; for I, with mine own eyes, have witnessed
 “ Bow and shafts of one of their chiefs, by Zeus, brought to destruction. 490
 “ Easy it is to discern when Zeus gives his power to mortals,
 “ As to the Trojans now he has giv'n superior glory,
 “ As our foes he diminishes now, and will not assist them ;
 “ As now he lessens the Argives' strength, while us he is aiding.
 “ But now together the ships attack, and if one among you,
 “ Struck by the shaft or the sword, shall meet with death and destruction,
 “ Let him die ; but not without fame will he die for his country ;

“ And his spouse will in safety live and his children behind him,
 “ And his house and his wealth unharmed, whene’er the Achæians
 “ Shall in their ships depart to the much-loved land of their country.” 500

Speaking thus, he aroused the strength and the hearts of the Trojans.
 Aias then, on the other side, thus urged his companions :

“ Shame on ye, Argives ; do ye now prefer your destruction
 “ To your safety fair, and driving harm from the vessels ?
 “ Or do ye hope if the ships are ta’en by bright-helmeted Hector,
 “ That you can all on foot attain the land of your country ?
 “ Do ye not Hector hear exhorting every Trojan,
 “ Who to give our ships to the flames is fiercely desirous ?
 “ Not to the dance he bids them come, but the furious battle.
 “ Wherefore to us is left no better method nor counsel, 510
 “ Than in closest fight, with hand and spirit to mingle.
 “ Better it were at once to die, or to gain preservation,
 “ Than thus drop by drop to be drained in the terrible combat,
 “ As now we are, and that by the hands of inferior heroes.”

Speaking thus, he aroused the strength and the hearts of the Grecians.
 Then Perimedes’ son was slain by valiant Hector,
 He the Phokæans led ; Laodamas fell by great Aias,
 Chieftain was he of the foot, the famous son of Antenor ;
 Pouludamas then smote in fight Kullenian Otos,
 Meges’ companion, who led the noble Epeians, 520
 ’Gainst Pouludamas, Meges threw, but he bent from the jav’lin
 And he missed his intended aim ; for Phoibos Apollon
 Suffered not Panthos’ son in the foremost fight to be slaughtered ;
 Yet did Meges’ spear strike full in the bosom of Kroisimos ;
 Loud was the clang of his fall, and his mail was stripped from his shoulders.
 Instant, ’gainst Meges, Dolops rushed, well skilled in the battle,
 (Who from Lampos sprang, of fame ’mid the best of the heroes,
 Son of Laomedon, and great in strenuous valour ;)
 Dolops then did strike the midst of the buckler of Meges,
 Rushing on hand to hand ; but his mighty breastplate preserved him, 530
 Which he bore, whose concave was firm ; this breastplate, by Phuleus,

Was from Ephurè brought from near the river Selléïs.
 It was to Phuleus given by Euphètes monarch of nations,
 To be borne in war, from hostile force a protection ;
 And it now, from the form of his son, averted destruction.
 Then in turn did Meges strike with his sharp-pointed jav'lin
 The highest peak of the brazen helm with horsehair adornèd,
 And cut off the horsehair crest, which down on the champain
 Fell in the sandy dust, with freshest purple resplendent.
 But while that pair in combat stood, each for victory hoping,
 Aid on Meges' side was brought by the fierce Menelaos ;
 Secretly on one side he struck the Dolopian shoulder ;
 And the fiercely driven lance passed straight through his bosom
 As it would further speed ; he headlong fell on the champain,
 Up rushed amain that pair to strip the brass mail from his shoulders ;
 But great Hector then to all his kinsmen commanded
 Much, but most of all to the son of Hiketiön,
 Melanippos the strong ; who erst the slow-footed oxen
 Fed in Percotè, afar from the harm of the foemen ;
 But when the ships of the Grecians came oar-driven on both sides,
 He to Ilion came, and among the Trojans was famous ;
 And near Priam he lived, and by him, as his own child, was honoured ;
 Him did Hector upbraid, and spoke, and these were his accents :

540

550

“ Why stand we thus remiss, Melanippos ; is not thy bosom
 “ Wrung with grief for Dolop's sake, thy new-slaughtered kinsman ?
 “ Seest thou not how busy they are in despoiling his armour ?
 “ But follow now ; no more from afar must we war with the Argives,
 “ But we must slay them ere they seize upon loftiest Ilion,
 “ Overturn the town, and all its inhabitants slaughter.”

This said, he went before, followed on, Melanippos the godlike.
 Then were the Greeks urged on by the great Telamonian Aias :

560

“ Now, O friends, be men, your honour fix in remembrance,
 “ Care for each other's honour well 'mid the desperate combat.
 “ More of men, who regard their fame, preserved are than perish ;
 “ They who fly no glory gain, nor any protection.”

Thus he spoke, they also themselves willed repulse to the foemen ;
 And in their minds his words they stored, and they thronged round the vessels
 Like a wall of brass ; but Zeus as yet drove on the Trojans.
 Meanwhile Antilochos was urged by the brave Menelaos :

“ Antilochos, no younger than thou now fights for Achaia, 570
 “ None more fleet of foot, none strong as thou in the battle ;
 “ Leap thou then to the front and smite some chief of the Trojans.”

Thus having spoken he hastened back (Antilochos urgèd),
 He 'mid the foremost warriors rushed and darted his bright spear,
 Glancing around him the while ; then back retreated the Trojans,
 While he hurled the spear, and not in vain did he send it ;
 But Hiketaon's son, the over-bold Melanippos,
 As to the war he went, it struck in his bosom advancing ;
 Great was the sound of his fall and loud clanged his armour upon him ;
 On rushed Antilochos as a hound rushes on 'gainst a young stag 580
 Which the hunter hath wounded sore as it leapt from its wild lair,
 And his keen dart, in death, its agile members hath loosened ;
 So against thee, Melanippos, forth rushed Antilochos warlike,
 Eager thy spoils to seize, but noble Hector perceived him,
 Who did against him swiftly come running on through the battle ;
 Antilochos awaited him not, though a warrior potent,
 But, like to some wild beast, he fled which has ill perpetrated,
 Which having slain a dog, or, amidst his oxen, the herdsman,
 Takes to flight ere yet the throng of shepherds is gathered ;
 Thus fled Nestor's son ; while upon him the Trojans and Hector, 590
 With an amazing shout, poured thick their pitiless jav'lins ;
 But he turned and stood when he came to the host of his comrades.
 And then the Trojans, like lions eaters of raw flesh,
 Did the ships attack ; and of Zeus performed the commandment ;
 Who in them puissance aroused, but weakened the spirit
 Of the Greeks, and their glory took ; but encouraged the Trojans.
 For 'twas the will and counsel of Zeus to give glory to Hector
 Priamides, to bring the blazing flames on the vessels ;
 And thus truly perform the dire supplication of Thetis ;

Wherefore he waited to see the sheen of the swift-burning shipping ; 600
For from that moment he willed to drive again from the vessels
The fierce host of Troy, and glory to give to the Grecians.
Counselling thus, 'gainst the hollow ships he aroused mighty Hector
Priamides, who was of himself most eager to burn them.
And, like spear-shaking Ares, he raged, or like some conflagration,
Raging the mountains among, in the deepest glades of the forest ;
Foam round his mouth was gathering then, while, beneath his dark eyebrows
Glistened his eyes ; and the helmet, the while, on the head of the hero,
Direfully shaken was while Hector rushed to the battle ;
For high Zeus himself, from forth the ether, did aid him, 610
And to him alone among such a number of heroes
Gave fame and glory ; for brief was to be his existence ;
For already his fatal day was, by Pallas Athenè,
Urgèd on, beneath the strength of Peleian Achilleus.
But, as yet, he was striving to break the ranks of the heroes
Wheresoe'er was the thickest throng, the most beautiful armour ;
But those ranks he might not break, though fiercely desirous ;
Squared like a tower, they bore his assault ; like a rock by the wild sea
Lofty and vast of size, o'er the hoary ocean impending ;
Which endureth the swift assaults of the shrill-sounding tempests, 620
And of the swollen waves which hurl their masses against it ;
Thus did the Greeks the Trojans resist ; nor thought they of flying.
Meanwhile Hector, like glittering flame, rushed aye through the battle ;
And he charged as a billow falls on some swift-speeding vessel,
Vehement on it comes, by the clouds impelled and the wild winds,
All the ship is buried in foam, and the blast of the tempest
Groaneth aloud in the sail, and the souls of the sailors are trembling,
And in fear they are hurried along on the verge of destruction ;
Thus were stricken the hearts within the breasts of the Grecians.
But he, the while, came on to the fight as a lion pernicious 630
Comes upon some vast herd of oxen innumerable, feeding
In a mead to a great lake near, whose herdsman is wanting
In due skill with the beast to fight for the crooked-horned oxen ;

Still such a herdsman stays by the first or last of the oxen,
 While the lion rushing fierce in the midst of the wide herd,
 One ox devours, and the others flee ; so then all the Achaians
 Fled through heaven-sent fear 'neath Hector and mighty Kronion ;
 Hector slew only Periphetes born at Mukenè,
 Loved son of Kopreus, who erst for the monarch Eurustheus
 Went as ambassador to meet the might of Heracles ; 640
 He, a goodly son, by an evil sire was begotten,
 In valour better, more swift, more prompt for the combat,
 And in wisdom by far the first of the men of Mukenè ;
 He then afforded exceeding glory to Hector,
 For, as he backward turned, o'er the rim of his buckler he stumbled,
 Which he bore, a defence from the darts, reaching down to his ankles ;
 Thus impeded, he headlong fell, and his helmet above him,
 Terribly rang, his forehead around, as he sank on the champain.
 Swiftly did Hector see his plight, and ran and stood near him,
 Drove to his breast the spear, and slew him near his companions ; 650
 They could not aid him, although they were grieved for their comrade ;
 For in mighty fear they stood of Hector the noble.
 Now full near to the ships they came, and fled till around them
 Stood the hulls of the first landed ships ; still the Trojans pursued them.
 Wherefore the Greeks were then compelled to retreat from the vessels
 Which did foremost stand, but they halted near the pavilions
 Thronged close together, nor through the wide host were scattered ;
 Shame and fear withheld them then, and each other they urged on
 Incessant, but Nestor most, the defence of the Grecians,
 Supplicated each, and by his parents adjured him : 660
 " Now, O friends, be men, let reverence dwell in your bosoms
 " For each other's blame ; and now let each hero remember
 " His wife and children, his parents, too, and possessions,
 " Whether as yet they live or whether death has o'erwhelmed them.
 " I, in the stead of them, who now from you are far absent,
 " Supplicate you to make firm stand, nor fly from the combat."
 Speaking thus, he aroused the strength and the spirit within them ;

And, from their eyes, the heaven-sent mist was cleared by Athenè ;
Great was then the light which burst on the armies contending,
And on the ships, and on the war to both sides destructive. 670
Hector, great in fight, they saw, and saw their companions ;
Both those men who backward stood, abstaining from combat,
And those who did battle fierce for the swift-moving vessels ;
Then no more it pleased the mind of magnanimous Aias,
To remain where halted the rest of the sons of Achaia ;
But to the decks of the ships he went, most mightily striding,
And a most mighty naval spear he swayed in his hand-grasp,
Twenty-two cubits it was in length, and thick studded with iron.
As when a man who well is skilled in equestrian actions,
Who, out of many horses, four, for his purpose, has chosen, 680
Urging them forth from the plain, to the mighty city impels them,
Through the crowded way while many are gazing upon him,
Both men and women ; he, firmly, and ever in safety
Leaping, changes from horse to horse ; while with speed they are flying ;
Thus Aias, over many a deck of the swift-moving vessels,
Went with mighty strides, while his voice ascended the ether ;
Ever terribly crying aloud, he exhorted the Argives
To defend the ships and tents. Nor meanwhile did Hector
Hidden remain in the thronging crowd of the breastplated Trojans ;
But as a tawny eagle swoops on the race of the wild fowl, 690
As, by the river side, they feed, unexpectant of evil,
Either geese, or cranes, or swans by their long necks distinguished ;
Thus went Hector straight to the ship whose prow was adorned
With blue cerulean ; while Zeus was urging him onward
With his puissant hand, and with him chieftains and peoples.
Then once more by the ships arose a vehement combat ;
One would have deemed that, without fatigue, they fought one another,
Carrying on the war with ease ; so fiercely they battled.
And of the combatants this was the mind ; the sons of Achaia
Thought not to fly from the evil hour, but rather to perish ; 700
While, in every Trojan breast, the hope was arising

The swift ships to burn, and slaughter the heroes of Argos ;
Such were the thoughts of the hosts as they strove in mutual conflict.

Hector then seized the poop of an ocean-traversing vessel,
Beautiful, swift on the sea, the ship of Protesilaos,
In the which he sailed to Troy, but which never bore him
Back, from the war away, to the much-loved land of his country ;
Now, this vessel, thronging around, the Greeks and the Trojans,
In close fight, each other slew ; and none of the warriors
Did in that hour await the distant shaft or the jav'lin ;
But to each other close they stood, one intention, possessing,
And each with battle-axe heavy and keen continued the combat,
And with mighty swords and spears sharp-pointed at both ends.
Many a beautiful brand, well hilted, darkly enchasèd
From the hands and the shoulders fell of the combating heroes,
While the blood flowed red and thick on the dark-stainèd champain.
When great Hector seized the poop he never relinquished
His tremendous hold ; but thus he cried to the Trojans :

710

“ Bring now the fire, and all conjoin in one throng of assailants.

“ Now has Zeus on us bestowed the best day of all days,

720

“ These ships to seize which have hither come 'gainst the deities' pleasure.

“ And have wrought us many a woe, through the fault of our elders ;

“ Who did me detain, when I willed at the poops of the vessels

“ To fight in person, and from war, too, the people restrainèd ;

“ But if, before, our minds have been harmed by Zeus the far-seeing,

“ Now, at last, he urges us on and commands us to conquer.”

Thus he spoke ; on the Trojans rushed more fiercely than ever ;

Aias e'en stood his ground no more, with darts overwhelmèd ;

But he retreated a little space, for to die he expected ;

Back to the seven-footed bench he went, and the deck he relinquished, 730

There he stood resolved in soul ; and still with his long spear

Drove each Trojan back from the ships, who brought on the fire-brands ;

Ever terribly crying aloud and exhorting the Argives :

“ O friends, heroes of Greece, ye noble servants of Ares,

“ Be men, O friends, your strenuous valour remember ;

“ Can we believe that auxiliars now are marching behind us ?
“ Or that some mightier wall stands there, to ward off destruction ?
“ We no city have near us now well-furnished with turrets,
“ Where we defended may be by some new fresh-levied army ;
“ But on the plain we stand of the strongly breastplated Trojans, 740
“ Hemmed in all by the sea, and afar from the land of our country ;
“ And our life, on our hands, depends, and not shrinking from battle.”

Thus he spoke ; then fiercely he charged with his spear sharply pointed ;
And whatsoever Trojan came to the hollow-built vessels,
With the blazing flame, to fulfil the commandment of Hector,
Him, as he came, did Aias strike with his sharp-pointed jav'lin ;
And by the ships, in closest fight, twelve heroes he slaughtered.

END OF THE FIFTEENTH BOOK.

BOOK XVI.

THE ACTS AND DEATH OF PATROCLOS.

THUS while in fight they strove by the ship well-constructed for rowers ;
 Patroclos, by Achilleus, stood, the shepherd of nations,
 Shedding forth warm tears, as fast as a black-streaming fountain
 Which, from an inaccessible rock, pours down its dark water.
 Him beholding, pitied the swift-footed, noble Achilleus.
 And him addressing, these wingèd accents he uttered :

“ Why dost thou wail, Patroclos, as an infant damsel bewaileth ?
 “ Who, to her mother, running fast, compels her to raise her,
 “ Pulling her by her robe, and her swift progression preventing,
 “ Wailing still, looking up in her face, till her mother up raise her ; 10
 “ Like her, Patroclos, the tender tear thou art pouring.
 “ Hast thou then ought for my ear alone, or the Murmidons' also ?
 “ Or hast thou heard some message borne from the far-distant Phthia ?
 “ Men yet say that Actor's son, Menoitios, liveth,
 “ Aiakidæan Peleus, too, 'mid the Murmidon nation,
 “ For, if these were to die, we both should be greatly lamenting.
 “ Or dost thou for the Argives weep, beholding them perish
 “ By the hollow ships on account of their mighty transgression ?
 “ Speak, conceal not this thing in thy mind, let us both understand it.”

Thus then, deep groaning, didst thou speak, O noble Patroclos : 20
 “ O son of Peleus, by far the bravest of Grecians,
 “ Be not wroth ; for great is the woe which the Greeks has befallen.

" Every chief, whosoever was best, in the army, accounted,
 " Wounded lies in the ships, struck near or else from a distance.
 " Tudeus' son by an arrow is pierced, the strong Diomedes ;
 " Wounded Odusseus spear-renowned, wounded, too, Agamemnon ;
 " Eurupulos is stricken deep in the thigh with an arrow.
 " Over all these chiefs the wise physicians are busy,
 " Healing their grievous wounds ; implacable art thou, Achilleus,
 " Never may such wrath seize on me, as this that thou nursest ; 30
 " Brave but in vain thou art ; who in future by thee shall be aided
 " If thou wilt not, the evil day, now repel from the Argives ?
 " O pitiless, thou never art sprung from Peleus the knightly,
 " Nor Thetis is thy mother dear ; the blue ocean has bred thee,
 " And the unscalable rocks, for thy mind is implacable ever ;
 " But if the while, thy soul within, thou some augury fearest,
 " Or if aught, from Zeus, thy mother majestic has told thee,
 " Swiftly now send me forth with the rest of the Murmidon nation,
 " If it may be that, light and life, I may bring to the Grecians.
 " Give me the while to bear thy beautiful mail on my shoulders, 40
 " Then the Trojans believing me thee will cease from the conflict ;
 " And will breathe again, the warlike sons of Achaia,
 " Now toil-worn with fight ; for the breathing time brief is in battle.
 " Easily we shall backward drive men weary with combat,
 " Towards their city's walls and away from the ships and pavilions."

Thus, with a mind deceived, the hero made supplication ;
 And, for himself, he prayed an evil death and destruction.
 Him then, deeply grieved, thus addressed the rapid Achilleus :

" Oh me ! noble Patroclos, what words are these thou hast spoken ?
 " I have now no augury heard to restrain me from battle, 50
 " Nor have I heard the will of Zeus from my mother majestic ;
 " But that bitter grief has come on my heart and my spirit,
 " Which doth sway a man when one, of his right, has deprived him,
 " And has taken the prize away from the hand of the mighty ;
 " This is my sad woe, and for this I have suffered in spirit.
 " My bright damsel prize, who was giv'n by the sons of Achaia,

- " And whom I with my spear have earned, having taken a city,
 " Back, from my hands, was torn away by king Agamemnon,
 " Atreus' son, as if I had been the basest of vagrants.
 " But let us think of the past no more ; for it would not be fitting 60
 " Aye to cherish undying wrath ; but ere now I determined
 " Never to cease from my angry mood, until to our vessels
 " Close should come the Trojans' war, and the shout of the conflict.
 " Wherefore do thou now place my splendid mail on thy shoulders,
 " And, the war-loving Murmidons, lead to the thick of the battle,
 " Since the dark cloud of the Trojan host has the shipping surrounded ;
 " And the Argive power is hemmed in by the shore of the ocean,
 " Having but little space of land whereon they may combat ;
 " For it seems the whole Trojan town has come forth in its boldness ;
 " For they behold not now the front of my glittering helmet 70
 " Nearing them with its blaze ; full soon they had fled the contention
 " And each stream's bed been of carcases full, if the king Agamemnon
 " Had used me kindly ; now by them our host is surrounded,
 " For no more the spear, in the grasp of the brave Diomedes,
 " In fury rages, from the Greeks to ward off destruction ;
 " Nor do I hear from afar the shout of the king Agamemnon
 " From his hated head ; but Hector's, the slayer of heroes,
 " Rings through the shore as on Troy he calls ; while his clamouring Trojans
 " Fill the champain whole, and, in battle, vanquish Achaia.
 " But thou, Patroclus, to save the ships from destruction, 80
 " Fall on them strongly, or e'er they the swift-going vessels,
 " With the blazing flame, consume, and our hopes of returning.
 " But take thou heed to these last words, and thy spirit impress them,
 " So that I may gain illustrious glory and honour
 " From all the Grecians ; that to me the thrice-beautiful damsel
 " They may return, and with her send gifts many and splendid.
 " Do though then return when the foe from the vessels is driven ;
 " E'en though thou glory obtain from the loud-sounding husband of Herè,
 " Do not thou, while from me apart, be too greedy of battle
 " With the Trojans lovers of war, lest thou do me dishonour. 90

"Nor do thou so rejoice in successful conflict and battle
 "As, the Trojans slaying, to lead thine army to Ilion ;
 "Lest some one of the deathless gods descend from Olumpus ;
 "For full well are the Trojans loved by far-darting Apollon ;
 "But do thou back return when the ships thou hast saved from destruction,
 "And let the hosts carry on the war in the midst of the champain.
 "Would to father Zeus, Athenè, too, and Apollon,
 "That no Trojan from death should scape, although they are many,
 "Nor yet one Argive ; but we twain might be free from destruction ;
 "That we alone might destroy the mighty ramparts of Ilion."

100

Thus, in mutual converse, spoke the illustrious heroes.
 Meanwhile Aias could bear no more ; with darts overwhelmed ;
 Zeus, by his will, subdued him then, and the swift-throwing Trojans ;
 Round his temples his shining helm was terribly ringing ;
 As the spears on its surface struck ; and his left arm was wearied
 Moving ever his shifting shield ; yet could not the foemen
 Repel him utterly, although with darts they beset him ;
 Yet, with difficult pantings, he breathed ; while down from his members
 Rolled perspiration fast, and he found no season for resting ;
 And all around him the while evil seemed heaped upon evil.

110

Tell to me now, ye Muses, who dwell in Olumpian mansions,
 How first the blazing flame did fall on the ships of Achaia.
 Hector, standing near, smote the ashen jav'lin of Aias
 With his mighty sword, and struck off the point from the spear shaft ;
 Right through he severed it ; so that then Telamonian Aias
 Vainly shook the maimèd lance ; while, afar from the hero,
 Shrilly rang the brazen point, as it fell on the champain.
 Aias perceived in his noble mind, and perceiving he shuddered,
 The works of Zeus, and that he, the thunderer lofty,
 Took from the Greeks the war, and victory gave to the Trojans.
 Then from the darts he retreated ; the fire, unceasingly raging,
 Then they threw on the rapid ship ; soon it blazed unextinguished.
 So the flames o'er the vessel came ; at that instant Achilleus,
 Having smitten his thighs, thus addressed Patroclos the noble :

120

“ Rouse thee, mighty Patroclus, now, thou ruler of horses ;
 “ ’Mid the ships I behold the rise of the foe’s conflagration ;
 “ Let them not the vessels take, and our power of returning ;
 “ Quickly put on the arms, whilst I the people assemble.”

Thus he spoke ; and Patroclus endued the glittering armour ;
 First he placed, his legs around, the greaves fairly shining, 130
 Carefully fitted they were with clasps with silver adornèd ;
 Secondly then, to his noble breast, he adjusted the breastplate,
 Beautiful all, of starry sheen, of swift-footed Achilleus ;
 Then, o’er his shoulders, the brazen sword all studded with silver
 Threw he, and next to that, the buckler spacious and mighty ;
 On his brave head he placed the helmet skilfully formèd
 With flowing horsehair graced ; whose crest nodded terribly o’er it.
 Then two javelins strong he took which befitted his handling ;
 But he took not the mighty spear of the noble Achilleus,
 Heavy and vast and strong ; which none of the sons of Achaia 140
 Brandish might ; but which alone, by Achilleus, was wielded ;
 ’Twas the Pelian ashen-tree, which Cheiron had furnished
 From that mountain’s peak, to be the destruction of heroes.
 Then he bade Automedon yoke the swift-footed horses,
 Whom he honoured most next Achilleus confounder of armies ;
 He most faithful was to sustain the enemies’ onslaught.
 Wherefore Automedon then yoked the swift-footed horses,
 Xanthos and Balios which flew with the speed of the wild winds ;
 These were erst to Zephuros born of the Harpy Podargè,
 As, in the marshy mead, she fed by the flowings of ocean. 150
 But, on the outer side, the excellent Pedasos, placed he,
 Which, when Eëtion’s city fell, was ta’en by Achilleus ;
 And, though but mortal, yet vied with the coursers undying.
 Then did Achilleus bid the Murmidons arm them for battle,
 All their pavilions among, with their weapons ; they like the wild wolves,
 Eaters of flesh, in whose bosoms dwells unquenchable courage,
 Which, having slain a stag with spreading horns, on the mountains
 Tear him in pieces, till with blood their red jaws are streaming ;

Then, in a throng, they wend to some fountain of dark-flowing water,
 And, with their greedy tongues, lap up the deep-coloured streamlet 160
 From its surface, and belch up gore ; the while in their bosoms
 Their hearts are fearless, and their stomachs sound with distention ;
 So then the leaders and chiefs of the mighty Murmidon nation
 Gathered around the charioteer of swift-footed Achilleus ;
 While the warlike Achilleus stood in the midst of the army,
 The horse exhorting, and the heroes armed with the buckler.

Fifty swift vessels there were, in which the noble Achilleus,
 Dear to Zeus, led his host to Troy ; and in each of the vessels
 Fifty heroes had their place, with their warlike companions ;
 Over these fifty, five leaders he placed, to whom he confided 170
 Lower rule, while he himself was the highest commander.
 Over one troop, Menesthios ruled, of the glittering breastplate,
 Sperchios' son, that river clear, from Zeus ever flowing ;
 Whom the daughter of Peleus bore, the fair Poludorè,
 To mighty Sperchios, a woman with deity mingling ;
 But he by name was Boros called, son of great Perieres,
 Who her had openly wedded, and brought her an infinite dower.
 But, of the second troop, the warlike Eudoros was leader ;
 He was the son of a mother unwed, the fair Polumelè ;
 She in the dance renownèd was, the daughter of Phulas ; 180
 Her the puissant deity loved, the slayer of Argus,
 Who, with his eyes, gazed on her still, 'mid the songs and the dances,
 As, in the throng, she went, of Artemis golden-arrowed,
 Loving the sound of the chase ; to the upper chamber ascending
 Kindly Hermeias, in secret passion, possessed her ;
 And, from that embrace, she bore an illustrious offspring,
 Eudoros, who was swift of foot and mighty in battle.
 But after he was brought forth, by the difficult Eileithuià,
 To this world's light, and had seen the blaze of the sunbeams,
 She became the wife of the mighty offspring of Actor, 190
 Who to his palace led her, and gave an infinite dower ;
 Him the old man Phulas reared with delicate nurture.

Loving him with a mighty love, as if he were his own son.
 Next, the third troop was onward led by the warlike Peisandros
 Maimalides, who excelled the whole of the Murmidon army
 In the fight with the spear, save Achilleus' comrade Patroclos.
 Over the fourth troop, ruled the ancient Phoinix the horseman ;
 And Alkimedon over the fifth, the famed son of Laerkes.
 Then when all these, with their leaders, were placed in rank by Achilleus,
 He them sternly addressed, and these were the words which he uttered: 200

“ Murmidons, now remember for me, the threats which ye uttered
 “ Against the Trojans as ye lay in the swift-going vessels,
 “ All the time of my wrath ; how much each one of you blamed me :
 “ ‘ Stern son of Peleus, on gall thy mother has reared thee ;
 “ ‘ Pitiless thus in the ships to detain thy unwilling companions ;
 “ ‘ Let us return to our homes, in the ocean-traversing vessels,
 “ ‘ Since this evil wrath has fall'n on the soul of our leader.’
 “ Thus ye have oft-times, assembling, said ; now plain is before you
 “ Combat's mighty work for which ye erst were desirous ;
 “ Now is the time for each valiant heart to contend with the Trojans.” 210

Speaking thus, he aroused the strength and the spirit within them ;
 And their ranks more firmly they closed at the voice of their chieftain.
 As when a man the wall builds up, with stones well compacted,
 Of some lofty house, a defence from the force of the wild winds ;
 So the helms on each other closed, and the many-bossed bucklers ;
 Shield pressed on shield, and helm on helm, and hero on hero ;
 Touched each other, the shining crests with horsehair adornèd,
 As the heroes moved, so closely they stood to each other.

In the first front of all two heroes stood in their armour,
 Patroclos and Automedon, one intention possessing 220
 In the Murmidons' van to fight ; in the meanwhile Achilleus
 To his pavilion went, and opened the lid of his strong chest,
 Beautiful, formed with exquisite skill, which the silver-limbed Thetis
 Gave to her son to be placed in his ship, and filled it with tunics,
 And with wind-repelling cloaks and well-fringed carpets.
 There he a well-wrought goblet kept, from which, never mortal

Drank the dark-coloured wine, nor to any god poured out libation,
Save to father Zeus alone, the first of immortals.

This, from the chest, he took, and first he purged it with sulphur,
Next with water he washed it, drawn from the fair-flowing streamlet ; 230
Then his hands he washed, and poured, from the vessel, the dark wine.
Then, near his tent, he stood and prayed and made the libation,
Gazing toward heaven, and seen by Zeus who delighteth in thunder :

“ Zeus, O king, who dwellest apart, yet swayest with power
“ Both the Pelasgian land and the chilly realm of Dodona,
“ Where thy prophets the Selloi dwell, whose feet know not water,
“ And whose bed is the ground. Thou, before, my prayer hast attended,
“ Honouring me, and hast mightily harmed the sons of Achaia ;
“ Now do thou, once again, assent to my earnest petition ;
“ I myself will remain among the vessels assembled, 240
“ But my comrade I send, and many a Murmidon with him,
“ Forth to the battle ; give them glory, far-seeing Kronion ;
“ Strengthen their hearts, their breasts within, that Hector may witness
“ That my companion, though alone, is skilful in battle,
“ And that his yet unconquered hands shall rage in the conflict
“ Till I myself shall again arise to the toils of the combat.
“ And when he, from the ships, has repelled the war and the shouting,
“ Let him then unscathed return to the swift-going vessels
“ With all his armour, and his comrades great in close battle.”

Thus spake he praying, and sapient Zeus was attentive ; 250
And one part of his prayer did grant, but refused him the other ;
Back from the ships to drive away the war and the battle
Granted was ; but the safe return from the fight was denied him.
Meanwhile Achilles, having prayed and made his libation,
To his pavilion went, and returned to the chest the bright goblet.
Then he stood his pavilion near, for he willed, in his spirit,
That dire battle to see between the Achaians and Trojans.

Now round Patroclus stood the great-hearted Greeks in their armour,
That with intent of mighty deeds they might rush on the Trojans.
Instantly they poured forth like the wasps which dwell by the wayside, 260

Which, as their custom is, by boys are ever tormented,
 For still they vex them as they dwell in their nests by the roadway,
 Fools that they are, and a common ill they bring upon many.
 Then if some wayfaring man unwittingly move them,
 Having their puny breasts within, a vehement spirit,
 One and all, they fly forth enraged, in defence of their young ones.
 So the Murmidon host, like the wasps in heart and in spirit,
 Poured from out their ships ; while rose an unquenchable tumult ;
 And Patroclos his comrades urged, thus loudly exclaiming :

“ Murmidons, ye comrades of Peleidéan Achilleus,
 “ Now be men, my friends, your strenuous valour remember ;
 “ That we may win Peleides fame, who by far is the bravest
 “ Of the Greeks in the ships, by fighting well in close battle ;
 “ That so Atreides may know, the wide-ruling king Agamemnon,
 “ His great loss, when he scorned the bravest and best of Achaïans.”

270

Speaking thus, he aroused the strength and the spirit within them ;
 And, in a mass, on the Trojans they fell ; while the ships far around them
 Terribly rang as they echoed the shouts of the sons of Achaïa.
 But when the Trojans beheld Menoitios' valorous offspring,
 Him and his charioteer, with the arms that glistened around them,
 Then was the mind of each Trojan moved, then reeled the phalánxes,
 Deeming that now, the ships among, the swift-footed Achilleus
 Had his anger put away, and again chosen friendship ;
 Each one gazed then around for the way to escape dire destruction.

280

Then first Patroclos forth darted his glittering jav'lin
 Full in the midst of the foe where the heroes thickest were thronging,
 Close to the poop of the ship of magnanimous Protesilaos ;
 And Puraichmes he struck who led the Paionians helmed,
 From Amudon by the banks of Axios spaciously flowing ;
 Him on his right shoulder he smote ; he, prone on the champain,
 Fell with a shriek ; the Paionians all 'gan fly from around him,
 For in every heart was fear instilled by Patroclos,
 When he their leader slew who was wont to excel in the combat.
 Back from the ships the Trojans he drove, and the fierce fire extinguished ;

290

And the half burnt ship was left ; and the Trojans retreated
 With an amazing confusion ; the while from the hollow-built vessels
 Forth poured the Greeks, and uprose the vehement clamour of battle.
 Then as when, off the highest peak of some mightiest mountain,
 A dense cloud is moved by Zeus who arouseth the lightning,
 And the lofty hills appear, and the far-stretching headlands,
 And the vales, while in heaven beams forth the infinite ether ;
 So the Greeks, having driv'n from the ships the fires of the Trojans,
 Breathed somewhat ; but not as yet knew the battle cessation ;
 Nor as yet did the Trojans, before the warlike Achaians,
 Rush in full flight to a distance away from the dark-painted vessels ;
 But as yet they resisted and left the ships on compulsion.

300

Then 'mong the leaders man slew man in the scattering battle ;
 And the first of all the valiant son of Menoitios
 Smote the thigh of Aréilukos as he turned from the conflict,
 With his sharp spear, and drove through all its thickness the brass point, 310
 Broken was the bone by the lance ; to the earth he fell headlong ;
 Next Thoas wounded was by Menelaos the warlike,
 In his breast uncovered by shield, and his members were loosened.
 Phuleides, Amphiclos saw as on he came rushing,
 And, as he came, he smote his leg where the muscles are thickest
 In the human form ; and, by the sharp point of the jav'lin,
 Cut were the nerves ; and darkness veiled the eyes of the hero.
 Antilochos, old Nestor's son, Atumnios wounded,

And through the loins he sent the brass of the sharp-pointed jav'lin,
 And at his feet he fell ; then Maris attacked in close conflict
 Antilochos with the spear, being wroth for the death of his kinsman,
 Standing the carcass before ; him then godlike Thrasumedes
 Struck beforehand, or e'er he could wound, nor erred in his striking,
 Right through his shoulder ; for the point of the spear tore the muscles
 Of the arm from the bone while the bone was utterly broken ;
 Loud was the sound of his fall, and his eyes were veiled in darkness.
 Thus by brothers twain, overcome in the terrible conflict,
 To Erebos wended two comrades brave of Sarpedon,

320

Amisodaros' spear-skilled sons ; heirs of him whom Chimaira
Nourished, that invincible plague, to many men, baneful.

330

Kleoboulos was ta'en alive by Oilean Aias,
As in the crowd he entangled was ; soon his strength he extinguished,
Striking him on the neck with his keen and large-hilted falchion.
All the sword with his blood was warmed ; and over his eyelids
Rushed the purple death and the violent fate of the vanquished.

Then Lukon and Peneleos met ; for first with their jav'lines
Each the other had missed, and in vain from their hands they were darted ;
Then with their swords they together rushed ; the Penelean helmet
Was on the crest by Lukon struck, but close on the handle
The sword was broken ; on the neck, Peneleos smote him
'Neath the ear, the whole sword sank in, and at the skin only
Stayed ; and the hero's head hung down, and his members were loosened.

340

Meriones with swift feet then did Akamas follow,
And in his right shoulder he struck, as his car he ascended ;
Down from the war-car he fell, and his eyes were veiled with the death-cloud.

Idomeneus then Erumas struck with the pitiless jav'lin,
In the mouth, and through his neck sent the spear brazen-pointed,
Just beneath the brain ; and the lance divided the white bones ;
Out his teeth were dashed, and both his eyes were filled fully
With the gushing blood, which he from his mouth and his nostrils
Poured with wide-gaping lips ; and the dark cloud of death fell around him.
Thus, by each of the Grecian chiefs, was an enemy slaughtered.

350

As the destructive wolves rush down on the goats, or the young lambs,
Seizing them from out the flock, which the shepherd unheedful
Suffered has 'mid the mountains to stray ; and the wolves them beholding,
Tear them to pieces because of their weakness of spirit ;
So did the Greeks on the Trojans charge ; while the latter were mindful
But of ill-sounding flight, and forgot their strenuous valour.

Ever did Aias the great 'gainst the brazen-helmeted Hector
Long to dart his lance ; but Hector, skilled in the conflict,
Covering well his shoulders broad with his buckler of bull's hide
Heedfully watched the whizzing shafts and the rush of the jav'lines.

360

For though he saw that victory passed to the host of Achaia,
Yet still he lingered to save his belovèd companions.

As when a cloud o'er the heavens comes down from the height of Olumpus
From the clear ether, when Zeus, the hurricane, sendeth ;
So from the ships the clamour arose 'mid the flight of the Trojans ;
Nor did they easily backward pass ; the swift horses of Hector
Bore him away with his arms ; but behind he left in his passage
The Trojan army whom the trench 'gainst their will had surrounded. 370
While, that trench within, full many a swift-footed courser
Left, with poles off broken quite, the war-cars of monarchs.
Patroclus followed fast, with loud shouts urging the Grecians,
Woes for the Trojans devising still ; they, with fear and with clamour,
Filled up all the ways when once their ranks were dispersèd ;
Up to the clouds went the whirlwind of dust ; while the round-footed horses
Stretched, in the flight toward the city, away from the ships and pavilions.
Meanwhile Patroclus, where he saw the thick crowd of the foemen,
Drove with loud shouts ; the while beneath their axles the heroes
Headlong down from the chariots fell,—fell their loud-ringing war-cars. 380
Right o'er the trench, at a bound, flew the swift-footed coursers immortal,
Which by the gods were to Peleus given, a glorious present,
Wild to rush on ; the while his mind impelled him toward Hector ;
Him he desired to strike ; but away his swift coursers had borne him.

As sometimes the darkening earth is weighed down by the storm-cloud
In late Autumn's hour, when Zeus most plenteously raineth,
When his wrath is high against the ill-doing of mortals,
Who, by force, in the court compel iniquitous judgments,
Driving the right afar, nought fearing the deities' vengeance ;
'Mid the lands of men like these each river o'erfloweth, 390
And full many a mountain slope, by the torrents, is furrowed,
As to the purple sea they rush, far and loudly resounding,
From the mountains headlong down, and men's works meet destruction ;
Loudly as these groaned the Trojan steeds as they dashed from the battle.
But when Patroclus had destroyed the foremost phalánxes,
Back toward the ships he urged them again, preventing the flying

From attaining the wished-for town, and hemmed in 'twixt the vessels,
 And the deep river, and the lofty wall of the Grecians,
 Fiercely he slew them, feeding full, on numbers, his vengeance.
 Then first of all he Pronöos struck with his glittering jav'lin, 400
 Where his breast was unfenced by his shield ; and he loosened his members.
 Loud was the clang of his fall ; then at Thestor the offspring of Enops
 Patroclos rushed—(he the while in his well-polished war-car
 Sat cramped up with fear, for his mind with terror was stricken,
 And from his hands the reins hung loose)—on his right cheek he struck him
 With the lance advancing near, through his teeth the dart wended ;
 Him on the spear Patroclos bore o'er the rim of the war-car ;
 As when one sitting on a rock over-hanging the ocean
 Drags some great fish from the sea with the line and bright hook,
 He gaping so, from the war-car was borne, on the bright shining jav'lin ; 410
 And by the mouth it forced him forth ; life left him in falling.
 Next with a rock he Erualos smote as he hasted to battle,
 Full on the head ; and the head, by the stroke, into two parts was smitten
 In the strong helmet ; Erualos prone on the champain
 Fell ; and the night of destruction and death came pouring around him.
 Next Erumas, and Amphoteros, and noble Epaltes,
 Tlepolemos, Damastor's son, Echios too, and Pures,
 Iphe, Euippos, and Argeades Polumelos,
 Heaps upon heaps he whelmèd down on the nourishing champain.

But when Sarpedon saw his comrades spoiled in the battle, 420
 Lying unzoned 'neath the hands of the conquering son of Menoitios,
 Then aloud he called and, the Lukians godlike, upbraided :

“ Shame, O Lukians, where do ye fly ? now be swift to the combat ;
 “ I myself will this hero meet, that thus I may well know
 “ Who it is that conquers thus ; for many an evil
 “ He hath wrought, and loosed the knees of both many and mighty.”

As he spoke, from his war-car he leapt all armed on the champain.
 And at his sight Patroclos, too, leapt down from his war-car.
 And as two vultures crooked both in beaks and in talons,
 On some lofty rock do battle, mightily screaming, 430

So they, loud shouting, against each other came rushing.

Them then beholding, the son of the sapient Kronos
Pitied, and Herè thus addressed, his wife and his sister :

“ Oh me, alas ! my son Sarpedon, the dearest of mortals,
“ Fated is to be slain by Menoitios’ offspring Patroklos.
“ And two ways my heart is impelled in my bosom revolving,
“ Whether to snatch him alive from the woeful tumult of battle,
“ And in an instant place him among the rich Lukian people,
“ Or to let him be slain by the hands of the son of Menoitios.”

Him then thus answered the large-eyed Herè majestic :

440

“ Stern son of Kronos, what words are these thou hast spoken ?
“ Wouldst thou a mortal man, long since devoted to perish,
“ Loosen from the bond of evil-sounding destruction ?
“ Work thy will ; but expect not praise from the other immortals ;
“ And I will tell thee yet more, and do thou in thy memory place it ;
“ If to his home thou send alive the fated Sarpedon,
“ Think thou, will not some other god be hereafter desirous
“ His dear son to send away from the terrible conflict ;
“ For now around the walls of the mighty city of Priam
“ Many sons of immortals fight ; wilt thou rouse their fierce anger ?
“ But if this man be by thee beloved, and thy heart own compassion,
“ Suffer him now to be slain amid the terrible conflict
“ By Patroklos’ hands the mighty son of Menoitios ;
“ But when his life and soul have both his body relinquished,
“ Let both Death and pleasing Sleep, that body removing,
“ Wend away till they come to the wide-spreading Lukian people ;
“ There let his funeral rites be done by his brothers and comrades
“ With tomb and column ; for these of the dead are the glory.”

450

Thus she spoke ; and the father of gods and immortals obeyed her ;
But drops of blood in sorrow he poured o’er the field of the conflict,
His offspring honouring, now about to be slain by Patroklos,
On the rich Trojan soil, far away from the land of his country.

460

Then, when near they came against each other advancing,
With his lance Patroklos smote the renowned Thrasumelos,

Who the brave companion was of the monarch Sarpedon,
 Him in the stomach low he struck, and loosened his members.
 Sarpedon, Patroclus missed with his glittering jav'lin
 In turn attacking ; but the courser Pedasos wounded
 In his right shoulder ; he groaning breathed out his spirit ;
 And in the dust with a shriek he fell, and his spirit departed. 470
 Diversely plunged the remaining pair ; creaked the yoke, and the loose reins
 Tangling were mixed, when the third horse lay in the dust of the champain,
 Then did Automedon spear-renowned make an end of that trouble ;
 Swift from his mighty thigh he drew the length of his falchion,
 And, of the third steed, the harness cut, nor wasted the moments.
 On the remaining pair went straight, their driver obeying ;
 And once again the heroes met in the deadliest combat.

Then yet again Sarpedon missed with the glittering jav'lin,
 And the spear's point o'er the shoulder went of Menoitios' offspring
 Striking him not ; then in his turn attacked with the brass spear 480
 Patroclus ; and not in vain flew the dart from his hand-grasp,
 But it struck where the muscular heart is inclosed by the midriff.
 Down fell Sarpedon ; as falleth the oak or the poplar,
 Or the lofty pine which the workmen cut on the mountains.
 With their axes newly sharp, as a timber for shipping,
 So did he lie stretched in front of his horses and war-car,
 Grinding his teeth and clutching hard the red dust in his hand-grasp.
 As when a lion suddenly comes on a herd in its pasture,
 And doth slay a tawny bull renowned among oxen,
 And, as he dies, he groans aloud 'neath the jaws of the lion ; 490
 So, by Patroclus slain, the mighty Lukian leader
 Groaning lay, and called by name on his much-loved companion :

“ Glaucos dear, thou warrior bold, thee now much it behoveth
 “ Warlike to be, and show thyself most brave in the battle ;
 “ Now give thy will to the terrible war, if indeed thou art valiant.
 “ Quickly from every side exhort the Lukian leaders
 “ That they come hither in haste and fight round the fallen Sarpedon ;
 “ And do thou thyself for me fight with the brass-pointed jav'lin :

“ For to thee I shall be a shame and reproaching for ever,
 “ If, having fall’n in the fight by the ships, the Greeks shall my arms spoil ;
 “ War thou then fiercely and stir up all thy companions.” 501

As he spoke, death’s final change Sarpedon enveloped,
 Veiling his nostrils and eyes ; his heel on the breast placed Patroclus,
 And, from the flesh, the spear he tore, and the soul followed with it ;
 And at once he drew forth the life and the point of his jav’lin.
 Then the Murmidons caught the panting steeds of the hero,
 Eager for flight, having left behind the car of their rulers.
 Deepest grief did Glaucos seize at the voice of Sarpedon ;
 And his heart within him was wrung that he might not defend him.
 With his hand his arm he seized ; being greatly tormented 510
 By the wound giv’n, as on he rushed, by the arrow of Teucros,
 As on the lofty wall he repelled the war from his comrades.
 Then, in prayer, he thus addressed the far-darting Apollon :

“ Hear me, O king, or whether among the rich Lukian people,
 “ Or in Troy thou art ; for thou canst in all places listen
 “ To woeful man, as I am now, o’ercome by misfortune.
 “ For I have now this grievous wound, and my hand with sharp torments
 “ Piercèd is, nor can the flow of my bleeding be stanchèd ;
 “ And my shoulder is heavy now with the sting of my hand’s pain ;
 “ I cannot firmly hold the spear, nor fight in the battle 520
 “ Our foes confronting ; Sarpedon, bravest of heroes,
 “ Son of Zeus, lies dead ; and he will not succour his offspring.
 “ But do thou, O king, to my grievous wound grant a healing,
 “ Assuage my pains, and give me strength, that I, my companion
 “ Lukians may exhort to the war and incite to the battle ;
 “ And that I myself may war for the corse of Sarpedon.”

Thus spake he praying, and was heard by Phoibos Apollon ;
 Instant his torments ceased, and the painful wound was appeasèd,
 And the black blood was stanchèd, and strength was infused by Apollon
 In great Glaucos’ mind ;—the chief perceived it, rejoicing 530
 That the mighty god had heard the voice of his praying.
 First then he roused to the war the leading Lukian heroes,

The army traversing, to fight round the corse of Sarpedon.
 Then among the Trojans he went right lengthily striding,
 To Pouludamas, Panthos' son, and godlike Agenor ;
 And to Aineias he went, and the brazen-helmeted Hector,
 And, near them standing, with wingèd words he addressed them :

“ Hector, of thy auxiliars now thou art utterly careless,
 “ Who for thy sake, from their friends afar and the land of their country,
 “ Lose their lives ; and thou the while carest not to defend them. 540
 “ Dead lies Sarpedon, the shield-bearing Lukians' chieftain,
 “ Who was Lukia wont to defend with his might and his justice ;
 “ Him has the brazen Ares subdued by the spear of Patroclus ;
 “ But, O friends come near, and be ye vengeful in spirit,
 “ Lest the Murmidons take his arms and dishonour his body,
 “ Being wroth on account of the Greeks who have met with destruction,
 “ And whom we, with our spears, have slain by the swift-going vessels.”

Thus he spoke, and desperate woe seized the minds of the Trojans
 Not to be borne nor soothed, for he to their town was a pillar,
 Although a stranger ; and great was the host which came with him, 550
 And the chief himself was ever great in the combat.

Straight in ire 'gainst the Greeks they went ; and Hector before them
 Wended in wrath for Sarpedon slain ; then Menoitios' offspring
 Patroclus roused the manly mind 'mid the host of the Grecians ;
 And the Aiantes twain he addressed, who already were eager :

“ O ye Aiantes, now be prompt to contend with the foemen
 “ As ye have ever been before among heroes most warlike.
 “ He lies dead who was first to scale the wall of the Grecians,
 “ Sarpedon ; and would we could seize and dishonour his carcass,
 “ And from his shoulders strip his mail, and some of his comrades 560
 “ Who him now defend, overcome with the pitiless jav'lin.”

Thus he spoke, and they to repel the foe were most eager.
 Then, on either side, the hosts condensed their phalánxes ;
 Trojans and Lukians and Murmidons and the Achaians
 Joined in fiercest fight above the corse of Sarpedon,
 With loud and terrible shouts ; loud rang the arms of the heroes.

Zeus then spread pernicious night o'er the strenuous conflict,
 So that o'er his slaughtered son the fight might be baleful.
 Then first the Trojans drove back the bright-eyed Achaians ;
 And a hero was slain, not the worst of the Murmidon army, 570
 Noble Epeigeus was he, the son of great-hearted Agacles,
 Who was monarch theretofore in well-peopled Boudaia ;
 But who, having chanced to slay a valiant cousin,
 Suppliant came to Peleus' throne and the bright-footed Thetis ;
 Him they forth as a follower sent with rank-breaking Achilleus
 To fight the Trojans at Ilion famous for horses.
 Him, as he touched Sarpedon's corse, smote illustrious Hector
 On the head with a rock ; and his head was smitten asunder
 In his strong helmet ; he headlong fell o'er the carcass,
 And the darkness of baleful death came pouring around him. 580
 Grief seized Patroclos for the sake of his slaughtered companion ;
 Straight through the foremost ranks he sped like a hawk in its swiftness,
 Which has put to hurried flight the daws and the starlings ;
 Thus didst thou 'gainst the Lukians rush, thou knightly Patroclos,
 And 'gainst the Trojans, being wroth at heart for thy comrade.
 And Sthenelâos he struck, the cherished son of Ithaimon,
 On his neck with a rock, and of that neck crushed he the tendons.
 Back went the foremost ranks, and with them illustrious Hector ;
 Far as the cast of a lengthened spear is marked on the champain
 Whether 'tis hurled by one who tries his strength for amusement, 590
 Or in deadly war, against the slaughterous foemen ;
 So far the Trojans back recoiled repelled by the Grecians.
 Then did Glaucos the chief of the Lukians armèd with bucklers,
 Backward turn and slay the mighty-minded Bathukles,
 Chalcon's cherished son, who dwelt in his palace in Hellas,
 And in fortune's gifts excelled 'mid the Murmidon nation.
 Him, did Glaucos strike with the spear, in the midst of his bosom,
 Suddenly turning as on he came in pursuit after Glaucos ;
 Loud was the sound of his arms, and dire grief seized the Achaians
 At that brave man's fall, and great was the joy of the Trojans ; 600

And they around him rushed in throngs ; but ne'er did the Grecians
 Forget their valour, but bore in their strength right against them.
 Then did Meriones slay a mighty hero of Ilion,
 Laogonos brave, Onetor's heir, who filled the priest's office
 To Idaian Zeus, by the crowd as a deity honoured ;
 Him, 'neath the cheek and ear he struck ; and swiftly his spirit
 From his members departed, and, seized on him, terrible darkness.
 Aineias, 'gainst Meriones, sent his brass-pointed jav'lin ;
 Hoping to smite him as on he came by his buckler defended ;
 But he, perceiving, avoided the spear brazen-pointed, 610
 For he forward stooped, while, behind him, the long-shadowed jav'lin
 In the ground was fixed, and the end of the spear stood vibrating,
 Till at last the strength had fled from the violent weapon ;
 Thus the point of Aineias' spear went quivering earthward,
 Since in vain it had sprung from the vigorous hand of the hero.
 Then did Aineias, angry in mind, thus make exclamation :

“ Meriones, full soon, although thou art skilful in dancing,
 “ Would my spear have stilled thee quite, if I had but have struck thee.”

Him then thus answered Meriones skilled in the jav'lin :
 “ Aineias, 'twill be hard for thee, although thou art valiant, 620
 “ To extinguish the strength of every chief who attacks thee ;
 “ For thou thyself dost only possess the life of a mortal,
 “ And if I should strike thee fair with the sharp-pointed jav'lin
 “ Instantly then, although thou art brave and of confident prowess,
 “ Thou to me would'st glory give, and thy spirit to Hades.”

Thus spoke Meriones ; him blamed the strong son of Menoitios :
 “ Meriones, why talk'st thou thus, although thou art valiant ?
 “ O friend, the Trojans will not retreat from the carcass
 “ For words reproachful, till the earth shall seize on some hero ;
 “ In men's hands is the scope of war ; of words, in the council ; 630
 “ Wherefore, no need of speech is here, but only of fighting.”

Thus he spoke and advanced, and the godlike Merion with him.
 And from those twain a sound arose such as rings in the mountain
 'Mid the glades, when sound afar the woodcutters' axes.

Thus of these a sound arose o'er the wide-spreading champain,
 Of brass and skins and bulls' hides well fabricated,
 When stricken hard with spears and lances sharpened at each end.
 Now no more, by a skilful man, would Sarpedon the noble
 Have been known, for with darts and blood and dust all disfigured
 Now he lay, from the crown of his head to the sole of his fleet foot. 640
 But the chiefs round the body thronged, as thickly as when flies,
 In the farm, hum round the pails, while with milk they are filling,
 In the time of Spring, when with milk the vessels are moistened ;
 Thus they around the body thronged ; for Zeus in his anger
 Turned not away his gleaming eyes from the strenuous conflict,
 But on the chiefs gazed ever down, and considered in spirit
 Much concerning the coming death of the son of Menoitios ;
 Pondering if he at once, amid the vehement combat,
 Should be by famous Hector slain o'er the godlike Sarpedon,
 Who with the lance should smite him there and strip off his armour, 650
 Or if yet longer he should extend the dire toils of the conflict.
 After reflection long this course to him seemed the better,—
 That the strong comrade of Peleidæan Achilleus
 Should the Trojans again, and the brazen-helmeted Hector,
 To the city repel, and slay full many a hero.
 Then in Hector a weakness of mind by Zeus was infused ;
 Mounting his car, to flight he turned, and called on the Trojans
 Also to fly, for he discerned Zeus' balances sacred.—
 Then no more the strong Lukians stood, but all took to flying ;
 When they beheld their noble king heart-stricken and slaughtered 660
 Lying amid the heap of dead ; for many upon him
 Fallen were, since the mighty strife was prolonged by Kroníon.
 Then did the joyous Greeks strip off the arms from Sarpedon,
 Brazen and glistening fair, and these, to the hollow-built vessels
 To his comrades were given to bear by the mighty Patroclus.
 Then spake Zeus who driveth the storm, addressing Apollon :
 “ Haste now, dear Phoibos, and cleanse the black blood from Sarpedon,
 “ Take his corse from among the darts, then far away wending,

" Wash him amid the waves of some river tranquilly flowing,
 " And with ambrosia him anoint, clothed in vestments eternal. 670
 " And send him then to be borne away by the rapid conductors,
 " The twins Sleep and Death, who, with him journeying swiftly,
 " Shall place him 'mid the wealthy race of Lukia spacious ;
 " There shall his funeral rites be done by his brothers and comrades,
 " And a tomb and a column be his : the meed of the slaughtered."

Thus spoke Zeus, and Apollon obeyed the words of his father ;
 And, from Ida's peaks, to the terrible fight, he descended ;
 Instantly then from the missiles he took the noble Sarpedon,
 And him, wending afar, he washed in a sweet flowing river,
 Laved with ambrosia, and in vestments deathless he clothed him ; 680
 And sent him to be borne away by the rapid conductors
 Sleep and Death the twins, who with him journeying swiftly
 Placed him amid the wealthy race of Lukia spacious.

But Patroklos, his charioteer and horses exhorting,
 Trojans and Lukians followed fast, to his own sad undoing,
 Mad that he was, for had he have kept the word of Achilleus,
 Certainly he would then have escaped the dark doom of the slaughtered.
 But the will of Zeus is ever stronger than mortals',
 Who turns to flight the valiant man and the victory seizeth
 Easily ; though the man be roused to his fiercest in battle ; 690
 For it is Zeus who hath poured the soul in the breast of the hero.
 Whom then didst thou first, whom last, despoil of his armour
 Patroklos, when to death thou wast called by the gods in their anger ?
 Adrastos first, Antonöos too, and Echeklas,
 And Perimos Megades, Epistor and Melanippos ;
 Then Elastos, and Mulios then, and also Pulartes ;
 These he slew, but all the rest were mindful of flying.
 And then lofty Troy had been ta'en by the sons of Achaia,
 By the hands of Patroklos, who raged with the jav'lin,
 But that Phoibos Apollon stood on the well-built tower, 700
 'Gainst Patroklos devising ills, and assisting the Trojans.
 Thrice Patroklos rushed 'gainst the lofty wall at its angle,

Thrice was he sternly repelled by the mighty hands of Apollon,
 Who his shining shield did smite with puissance immortal ;
 Then, when a fourth time on he came, with the might of a demon,
 With this fierce rebuke, thus spake far-darting Apollon :

“ Back, great Patroclus, to thee the Fates have not granted
 “ With thy spear to lay waste the town of the high-minded Trojans,
 “ Nor to Achilleus, who is far more mighty than thou art.”

Thus he spoke, and a goodly space Patroclus receded, 710
 Shunning the terrible wrath of the distant-darting Apollon.

Hector, the while, by the Skaian gates, kept his round-footed horses ;
 Doubting if he again, 'mid the thronging combat, should urge them,
 Or should command the flying troops by the ramparts to gather.

While thus he thought in his mind, approached him Phoibos Apollon,
 Clothed in Asios' form, a young and valorous hero,

Who an uncle was of Hector the tamer of horses,
 Brother of Ekabè, and the mighty offspring of Dumas
 Who in Phrugia dwelt, by swift Sangarios' river ;

Likened to him in form thus spoke then Phoibos Apollon : 720

“ Hector, why dost thou cease from fight ? not well it becomes thee.
 “ Would that I were, much as now I am less, more valiant than thou art ;
 “ Then, at thy peril, shouldst thou thus relinquish the combat.
 “ Come now, against Patroclus, urge the strong-footed horses,
 “ Thou perchance shalt slay him, and honour gain from Apollon.”

Speaking thus, again went the god 'mid the toil of the heroes ;

And, to Kebriones, the illustrious Hector commanded,
 Back to the war, the steeds to lash ; at the same time Apollon
 Wended the crowd among ; and amid the throng of the Argives
 Evil sent, but glory gave to the Trojans and Hector. 730

Hector, the other Greeks, passed by, nor attempted to slay them,
 But, 'gainst Patroclus, he urged his strong-footed horses.

Patroclus, on the other side, leapt down from his war-car,
 Holding in his left hand the spear, but a rock with the other ;
 Shining it was and sharp, and this he held in his hand-grasp,
 And he hurled it as on he rushed ; nor missed he his victim,

Nor did his weapon err ; but the charioteer of Hector,
 Kebriones, he smote, the son of illustrious Priam,
 But not by wedlock, as he held the reins ; on his forehead
 Dashed the sharp stone, and both eyebrows crushed, nor availed to endure it
 The strong bone beneath ; his eyes in the dust on the instant 741
 Fell before his feet ; and he, with the act of a diver,
 From the war-car fell, and his bones by life were deserted.
 To him biting words didst thou speak, O knightly Patroclus :

“ Gods, how nimble is yon youth, how easy his diving.
 “ If such a one as he on the fishy ocean abided,
 “ He could supply full many a one by searching for oysters,
 “ Leaping down from the ship, even though the ocean were stormy,
 “ If he dived as well as he now has sprung from the war-car ;
 “ Certainly skilful divers abound in the ranks of the Trojans.” 750

Thus he spoke, and rushed amain to the corse of Kebrion,
 Dashing on with a lion's might, which, destroying the sheepfolds,
 Wounded is in the breast, and his own fierce valour destroys him ;
 Thus on Kebriones, Patroclus, didst thou rush wildly.
 Hector, then, on the other side, leapt down from his war-car.
 And those twain, Kebriones o'er, like lions contended,
 Over some slain stag among the peaks of the mountains,
 When famished both, and proud in heart, they join in the combat ;
 Thus o'er Kebriones those mighty masters of battle,
 Patroclus, Menoitios' heir, and illustrious Hector, 760
 Burned each other's flesh to cut with the pitiless brass-spear.
 Hector, the body, seized by the head, nor would he release it ;
 Patroclus by a foot held hard ; and the rest of the heroes,
 Trojans and Greeks, the while were joined in furious conflict.

As sometimes the winds are joined in mutual contest
 'Mid the mountain glades, to shake the depths of the forest,
 Beechen, or ashen, or a grove of the thick-rinded cornel,
 Which each other against shoot out their far-spreading branches,
 And a mighty sound comes forth from the crash of their breaking ;
 So did the Trojans and Greeks, each other fiercely attacking, 770

Mutually each other slay, while none dreamt of flying.
 Kebriones around, was fixed full many a jav'lin,
 And full many a wingèd shaft leapt forth from the bowstring ;
 And full many a mighty stone on the bucklers was dashing,
 While around him they fought ; but he 'mid the dust and its whirling,
 Great, on a great space, lay, forgetful of charioteering.

Long as the upward sun through the middle heaven was wending,
 So long the weapons mutual flew, and the people were falling ;
 But when the sun declining had now passed on to the westward,
 Then victorious, spite of fate, were the sons of Achaia ; 780
 Kebriones, they drew away from the reach of the weapons,
 And from the tumult of Troy, and his mail they stripped from his shoulders.
 Then, with dire intent, Patroclus charged on the Trojans ;
 Thrice went he rushing on with the might of the swift-footed Ares,
 With shouts terrific ; and thrice, nine heroes he slaughtered ;
 But when a fourth time on he went with the force of a demon,
 Then to thee, Patroclus, appeared the term of existence ;
 For, in the terrible fight, he was met by Phoibos Apollon,
 Whom he had not perceived as the deity passed through the combat,
 For in thickest darkness veiled he came surging against him ; 790
 And behind him he stood, and smote his back and broad shoulders
 With his right-down hand ; and he caused his eyes to be rolling.
 And, from his head, his helmet was dashed by Phoibos Apollon ;
 Loudly it clanged as it rolled away 'mong the feet of the horses,
 And its lofty crests were stained with dust and with red gore ;
 Never before had that horsehaired helm touched the dust of the champain,
 But had defended the lofty head and beautiful forehead
 Of the god-like Achilleus ; but Zeus then granted to Hector,
 On his head, to bear it awhile ; but destruction was near him.
 All, in his hands, to fragments broke the long-shadowed jav'lin, 800
 Heavy, strong, and pointed with brass ; then too from his shoulders
 Belt, and buckler reaching low, fell down on the champain,
 And his breastplate was loosed by the king, Zeus' offspring, Apollon.
 On his mind astonishment seized, and his fair limbs were loosened ;

In stupefaction he stood ; then coming near, but behind him
 A Dardan smote, with his sharp spear, the midst of his shoulders,
 Panthoides Euphorbos he, his fellows, surpassing
 With the lance, and as charioteer, and in swiftness of running ;
 Twenty men had he theretofore rolled down from their war-cars,
 When he first in the chariot rode, a pupil in warfare. 810
 He first of all pierced thee with the spear, O knightly Patroclus,
 Nor slew thee yet ; but backward ran 'mid the throng of his comrades,
 Tearing forth the ashen spear ; but he dared not to wait for
 Patroclus, though of arms deprived, in the strife of the conflict.
 Then, overcome by the stroke of the god and the spear of the mortal,
 Back Patroclus wended amid the troop of his comrades,
 That he might death avoid ; but just then illustrious Hector,
 Seeing noble Patroclus retreat, being hurt by the sharp spear,
 Near him through the ranks came on and struck with his jav'lin
 Low in the flank, and drove the point of the brazen spear through him ; 820
 Loud was the sound of his fall, and great was the woe of the Grecians.
 As when, against a mighty boar, a lion is battling,
 And with great intent they fight 'mid the peaks of the mountains,
 For some fountain small, when both to drink are desirous,
 And the lion, the panting boar, overcomes by his great strength ;
 Thus, having many heroes slain, the strong son of Menoitios
 Lost his own life by the spear of Hector, the offspring of Priam,
 Who, boasting o'er him, these wingèd accents did utter :

“ Patroclus, thou didst hope to spoil the town of the Trojans,
 “ And, from the dames of Troy, to take the day of their freedom, 830
 “ And, in thy ships, to bear them away to the land of thy country ;
 “ But, for their dear sake, the rapid horses of Hector
 “ Stretch themselves out to the war ; and I myself, in the spear-fight,
 “ Do the war-loving Trojans excel ; I, too, am repelling
 “ Slavery's hour ; but thou e'en here shalt be torn by the vultures.
 “ Wretch that thou art ; nor brave though he be, hast thou aid from Achilleus,
 “ Who, no doubt, remaining behind, gave thee many injunctions,
 “ Not to return again, Patroclus, skilful in horses,

" To the hollow ships, till from Hector, the slayer of heroes,
 " Thou hadst torn the bloody mail, from his breast, in the combat ; 840
 " Thus, perchance, he said, and, thy foolish spirit, persuaded."

Then didst thou thus, though languishing, speak, O knightly Patroclus :
 " Hector, now thou boastest high ; for to thee to be victor
 " Has been giv'n by Zeus and Apollon, who me have conquered
 " Easily ; they it is who have stripped the mail from my shoulders.
 " Twenty heroes such as thou, if with me they had battled,
 " Had, on this spot, been slaughtered all by my conquering jav'lin.
 " Me, pernicious fate hath slain, and the offspring of Leto,
 " And, among men, Euphorbos ; thou, the third, hast despoiled me.
 " But I will tell thee a thing, and do thou, in thy memory, store it, 850
 " That thou shalt not long remain in life, but e'en now already
 " Death and violent fate, to thee, most closely are standing,
 " And that slain thou shalt be by the hands of the noble Achilleus."

Him, while thus he spoke the term of death overshadowed.
 And his soul, flying forth from his limbs, descended to Hades,
 Its hard fate bewailing, and leaving its youth and its manhood.
 Then him, though dead, thus addressed illustrious Hector :

" Why to me dost thou bode of death and bitter destruction ?
 " Who can tell if Achilleus, the son of the beauteous-haired Thetis,
 " May not first, beneath my spear, relinquish existence ?" 860

Thus having spoken, he drew from the wound the brass-pointed jav'lin,
 Pressing the corse with his heel ; and he threw it supine from the long lance.
 Then, 'gainst Automedon, he instantly rushed with the sharp spear,
 The god-like comrade of Aiakidæan Achilleus ;
 For him he longed to smite ; but away the swift horses undying
 Bore him ; by gods to Peleus giv'n, most glorious presents.

BOOK XVII.

THE ACTS OF MENELAOS.

NOR did Atreus' son, the Ares-beloved Menelaos,
 Forget Patroclos, by the Trojans slain in the conflict :
 Through the foremost ranks he went, in his brass mail resplendent ;
 And still around the corse he walked, as sometimes the mother
 Round her first-born calf doth moan, yet unused to the birth pang ;
 So, round Patroclos, paced the yellow-haired Menelaos ;
 Holding before him his spear, and his buckler equal on all sides,
 Ready to slay him, whoe'er he might be, who should dare to oppose him.
 Nor was Euphorbos, Panthos' son, well skilled in the spear-fight
 Heedless of great Patroclos fall'n ; but near him he wended, 10
 And he thus addressed the Ares-beloved Menelaos :

“ Atreides, beloved of Zeus, thou leader of nations,
 “ Back, relinquish the corse, for its bloody armour contend not ;
 “ None, before me, of Trojan race or auxiliars famous,
 “ Struck Patroclos with the spear 'mid the strenuous conflict ;
 “ Wherefore do thou permit me to win great fame 'mid the Trojans,
 “ Lest I should smite thee now and of sweet existence deprive thee.”

Then, in great wrath, thus spoke the yellow-haired Menelaos :
 “ Father Zeus, it is not well thus to boast beyond measure.
 “ Even the pard has no such wrath, nor yet has the lion, 20
 “ No, nor e'en the pernicious boar (although he, the greatest
 “ Courage in his bosom, keeps, and amazingly rages),
 “ As in the sons of Panthos dwells, well skilled in the spear-fight.

" But yet the strength of great Hupenor, tamer of horses,
 " His youth enjoyed not, when, after many reproaches
 " For my assault he waited, and said that, among the Achaians,
 " I was of warriors least ; methinks he will ne'er on his own feet
 " Wend to delight his consort dear, and his reverend parents.
 " And thy strength I will now relax if thou dar'st to abide me ;
 " Wherefore I rede thee hence to return to the host of thy comrades, 30
 " Ere ill befall thee ; nor to stand against me in combat,
 " Lest thou should'st that endure of which e'en a fool has perception."

Thus he spoke ; and prevailed not, for thus Euphorbos made answer :
 " Now, Menelaos, beloved of Zeus, shalt thou suffer the vengeance
 " For my slain brother, of whom thou boastfully talkest.
 " Thou hast, his wife a widow, made, in their new bridal chamber,
 " And, unspeakable grief and woe, hast caused to his parents.
 " And to them I shall now provide a cessation of sorrow,
 " If, thy head and armour, I bear from the field of the battle,
 " And shall place them in Panthos' hands, and beauteous Phrontis' ; 40
 " But let the toil of fight by us untried be no longer,
 " Nor cessation from war, nor yet of valour, nor terror."

Speaking thus, he the buckler smote, round, equal on all sides ;
 Nor did he burst through the brass, but the point of his jav'lin was blunted
 By the mighty shield ; then, secondly, thrust with the brass-spear
 Atreus' son, Menelaos, to high Zeus first supplicating.
 He, in the lower part of the throat, struck Euphorbos retreating,
 And on the spear the weight he threw of his hand-grasp puissant ;
 Through the soft neck penetrated clean the point of the jav'lin.
 Loud was the sound of his fall and his armour resounded upon him ; 50
 And with his blood was his hair bedewed,—hair light as the Graces',
 Plaited fair and, with clasping gold and silver, adorned.
 As when a man doth rear a plant of the broad-leavèd olive,
 In some lonely place where the plenteous water is springing,
 Beauteous it is and broad of leaf and swayed by the breathings
 Of all the winds of the air, and to white bloom now it is budding,
 When, on a sudden, the wind comes down in furious tempest,

Tearing it up by the root and stretching it dead in the garden ;
 So, of Panthos' son, Euphorbos, skilled in the spear-fight,
 Did Menelaos the armour seize, when first he had slain him. 60
 As when a lion, proud of his strength, who was reared on the mountains,
 Seizes the best of the herd as they in the pasture are feeding,
 First its neck he breaks with the terrible strength of his white teeth,
 Then the blood and the inwards all, he luxuriously laps up,
 Tearing them all to pieces, although the dogs and the shepherds
 Shout aloud and bark from afar, but are none of them willing
 Closely to meet the foe, for pallid fear is upon them ;
 Thus no Trojan's soul, within his bosom, impelled him
 In close fight, to attack the glorious king Menelaos.
 Wherefore he would have easily spoiled the arms of Euphorbos 70
 Panthos' son, but that envied he was by Phoibos Apollon,
 Who to the war did excite great Hector the equal of Ares,
 In brave Mentès' form, the strong Kiconian leader ;
 And, him addressing, these wingèd accents he uttered :

" Hector thou hastest now to gain unattainable glory
 " In the unattainable steeds of the warlike Achilleus ;
 " Hard they are, by mortal man, to be quelled or be driven,
 " Save by Peleides' self, who is sprung from a mother immortal.
 " Meanwhile Atreus' warlike son, the strong Menelaos,
 " Pacing around Patroclus, has slain the best of the Trojans, 80
 " Panthos' son, Euphorbos, and stilled his strenuous valour."

Speaking thus, again went the god 'mid the toil of the heroes ;
 But then dreadful grief constricted the dark mind of Hector ;
 Through the ranks he gazed intent, and beheld on the instant
 One bearing off the beautiful arms, while the other was lying
 On the earth, and the blood, from the deadly hurt, was down flowing.
 Through the first ranks he went, all armed in his glittering brass-mail,
 Shouting high, and like the unquenchable flame of Hephaistos ;
 Nor did Atreides not perceive the loud war-cry of Hector,
 And, being inly vexed, he thus conversed with his great heart : 90

" Oh me ! if here I leave Euphorbos' beautiful armour

" And dead Patroclus, who was slain for my honour's avenging,
 " Will not some of the Greeks upbraid, whosoever shall mark me ?
 " And if, ashamed of flight, I war with the Trojans and Hector
 " All alone, I fear I shall be, by their number, surrounded ;
 " For hither all the Trojans impels, the bright-helmeted Hector.
 " But why am I, in mine inmost soul, thus deeply debating ?
 " When one desirous is against a hero to battle
 " Whom a god honours, soon him great woe is o'erwhelming.
 " Hence no one of the Greeks will upbraid, although he may mark me 100
 " Shunning Hector's force, since he doth by the deity combat.
 " But could I now perceive great Aias brave in the conflict,
 " We, together attacking, would be most mindful of battle,
 " E'en though against a god ; if so we might bear off the body
 " For great Achilleus, Peleus' son ; 'twere our best in this evil."

While thus Atreides, in his heart and mind, meditated,
 Close the ranks of the Trojans came ; and Hector before them.
 Then did Atreus' son retreat and relinquish the body,
 Yet as he went, around he turned, like some well-bearded lion,
 Which both dogs and men, to repel from the sheepfolds, endeavour 110
 With spears and shouts ; and his mighty heart in his bosom
 Fearful becomes, and unwilling he goes from the midst of the courtyard ;
 Thus, from Patroclus, went the yellow-haired Menelaos.
 But he turned and stood when he came to the host of his comrades,
 Gazing for Aias around, the great Telamonian offspring ;
 Soon he beheld him standing afar on the left of the battle,
 Rousing his comrades to war, and urging them on to the combat ;
 For then among them, a fear divine, sent Phoibos Apollon ;
 Then to him Menelaos ran, and standing, addressed him :

" Aias, come, my friend, let us haste to departed Patroclus ; 120
 " That we may bear away the naked corse to Achilleus,
 " But his arms have been seized by the brilliant-helmeted Hector."

Thus he spoke, and aroused the soul of magnanimous Aias ;
 And through the foremost he went with the yellow-haired Menelaos.
 Hector, when he had seized the glorious mail of Patroclus,

Dragged the corse, to cut off the head with his sharp brazen falchion,
And to give the carcass dead to the fierce dogs of Ilion ;

But, just then, came Aias near, with his shield, like a tower.

Hector receded then among the crowd of his comrades ;

And in his chariot mounted swift, and gave the fair armour

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To the Trojans to bear, to him an excellent honour.

Aias then, with his buckler, concealed the son of Menoitios,

And all sternly stood like a lion that guardeth his young ones ;

Which, as he leads his cubs abroad, is met in the forest

By the hunter-men ; he glares in his mighty puissance,

And draws down his eyebrows deep, o'ershading his fierce eyes ;

Thus did Aias pace around Patroclus, the hero.

And, on the other side, the Ares-beloved Menelaos

Stood, while his bosom within his mighty grief was increasing.

Glaucos, Hippolochos' son, the leader of Lukian heroes,

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Then did sternly on Hector look, and fiercely upbraided :

“ Hector, fairest in form, thou much dost shrink from the battle ;

“ Certainly thy renown is false, and thou art a coward.

“ Think now well how thou wilt save the state and the city,

“ With those soldiers alone who are the natives of Ilion ;

“ For no more will a Lukian chief contend with the Grecians

“ For the city's sake ; since he, no thanks, is obtaining

“ Who with the foes of Troy maintains, unceasingly, combat.

“ How wilt thou some inferior chief preserve 'mid the tumult,

“ Wretch that thou art, when thou hast left thy great comrade Sarpedon

“ To become the booty and prey of the sons of Achaia ;

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“ He, when alive, most useful was both to thee and thy city,

“ Now he is dead thou hast dared not to drive the dogs from his carcass.

“ Wherefore if any Lukian chief, my order, will follow,

“ Home we will go, and an evil fate will lower on the Trojans.

“ For if, within the Trojan hearts, there were strength for the warfare

“ Dauntless, such as men should have who fight for their country,

“ And endure, 'gainst hostile force, the toil and contention,

“ Soon, within Troy's walls, we should drag the corse of Patroclus.

" Him could we bring to the mighty town of Priam the monarch, 160
 " Having torn his corse from the midst of the furious combat,
 " Soon would the Argives restore Sarpedon's beautiful armour,
 " And we might bear his body away to the turrets of Ilion ;
 " For we have slain the comrade of him who by far is the bravest
 " Greek, the ships beside, although his comrades be warlike ;
 " But thou hast feared to meet in fight the great-hearted Aias,
 " Gazing in his hostile eyes as he wends to the battle,
 " And right on to the combat to rush ; for, than thou, he is braver."

Him then, sternly beholding, addressed the bright-helmeted Hector :
 " Glaucos, why is a chief like thee thus proudly haranguing ? 170
 " Friend, I thought that thou didst excel all the heroes in wisdom,
 " Whosoever they are, who Lukia fertile inhabit ;
 " But now thy mind I entirely blame for the words thou hast spoken,
 " Saying that I from the combat shrink with the mightiest Aias.
 " I have never dreaded the fight, nor the thunder of horses ;
 " But the will of Zeus prevails, who swayeth the Egis,
 " Who the valiant puts to flight, and the victory hinders
 " Easily ; then some other day he impels him to combat.
 " But now come, my friend, stand near and witness my actions ;
 " Whether all day I a coward shall be, as thou hast accused me, 180
 " Or if some one of the Greeks, although he be eager of prowess,
 " I shall hinder soon from defending the corse of Patroclus."

Thus having spoken, he called aloud to the host of the Trojans :
 " Trojans, and Lukians, and Dardans great in close conflict,
 " Now be men, my friends, your strenuous valour remember ;
 " While I endue the beautiful mail of the noble Achilleus,
 " Which, as a spoil I have ta'en, from the force of the slaughtered Patroclus."

Thus having cried, departed the brilliant-helmeted Hector
 From the fierce fight, and with wingèd speed o'ertook his companions,
 Who not far had gone, as with swiftest feet he pursued them, 190
 Who, to the city, were bearing away the famed arms of Achilleus.
 Standing, from doleful battle afar, his armour he changèd ;
 And his own he gave to be borne to Ilion sacred,

By the Trojans lovers of war ; while his person he clothèd
 In the immortal mail of Peleidæan Achilleus,
 Which the heavenly gods, to his dear father, had given ;
 And which he on his son conferred, when old age came upon him ;
 But that son grew never old in the mail of his father.—

When thus apart he was seen by Zeus who driveth the storm-cloud,
 While he was putting on the mail of the godlike Achilleus, 200
 Zeus did shake his head, while thus his own spirit bespeaking :

“ Wretched man that thou art, who never thinkest of dying,
 “ Yet death is near thee now ; the immortal mail, thou induest,
 “ Of a hero the bravest of all, at whose might others tremble ;
 “ Whose companion thou now hast slain, both kindly and warlike,
 “ And hast fiercely torn his mail from his head and his shoulders ;
 “ Yet will I now to thee a mighty victory render,
 “ In recompence for this, that thou ne’er returnest from battle,
 “ And that Andromachè ne’er shall receive the famed arms of Achilleus.”

Thus did Kroníon speak, and, in nodding, bend his dark eyebrows. 210
 Meanwhile the arms fitted Hector well ; and Ares possessed him,
 Terrible, full of war ; and his mighty members within them
 Filled were with vigorous strength ; then back to his famous companions,
 With a loud shout, he went ; and to all he seemed like Achilleus,
 Shining the armour within of the great-hearted offspring of Peleus.
 Then, traversing the host, each chief with words he excited,
 Mesthles and Glaucos, Thersilochos also and Medon,
 Asteroipaíos too, Hippothöös too, and Disenor,
 Phorcus and Chromios, and Eunomos famed as an augur ;
 These he exhorted, and with wingèd words he addressed them : 220

“ Hear me, ye thousand tribes of auxiliars dwelling around us,
 “ ’Twas not that I vast armies wished, nor to me were they needful,
 “ That all of you I have roused up from your homes in your cities ;
 “ But that ye might our Trojan wives and innocent children,
 “ With prompt hearts, defend from the Grecians lovers of battle ;
 “ And with this intent I exhaust the means of my people
 “ By goodly gifts and food to delight your spirits within you.

"Wherefore let each to the conflict turn, or whether he perish

"Or if he live ; for ever these are the chances of battle.

"He who Patroclus, though dead, shall drag from the combat 230

"To the Trojans tamers of steeds, in despite of great Aias,

"He shall have one half of the spoils, and I only the other,

"And, with me, he shall then be renowned, as equal in glory."

Thus he spoke, and with mighty force they rushed on the Grecians

With their uplifted spears ; and great was the hope in their spirits

The dead corse to drag from Telamonian Aias ;

Fools that they were, for he took the lives of many upon it.

Then did Aias address Menelaos brave in the conflict :

"O Menelaos, cherished of Zeus, I scarcely can hope now

"That we shall ever attain a safe return from the battle. 240

"Not so much do I fear for the corse of departed Patroclus,

"Which full soon will gorge the dogs and the vultures of Ilion,

"As, for my head and thine, I fear lest evil they suffer ;

"Hector now, with the cloud of war, doth all things envelop ;

"And, to us, our evil fate right nearly approacheth.

"Come then, call on the best of the Greeks, whosoever may hear thee."

Thus he spoke, then obeyed Menelaos brave in the conflict ;

And, with a mighty voice, he cried to the sons of Achaia :

"O friends, ye chiefs and high commanders of Argives,

"Who near Atreus' sons, Agamemnon and Menelaos, 250

"Drink the public wine, while each o'er-ruleth his people ;

"And both honour and fame from Zeus are descending upon him.

"Hard it is for me to behold each leader of Argives,

"Now that the flame of contention and war so fiercely is burning ;

"But let some chief hither come, and be fierce in his spirit,

"That Patroclus become not the sport of the wild dogs of Ilion."

Thus he cried, and was heard by the swift Oïlean Aias.

Forth came he first, running on, with fleet steps, through the tumult of battle.

Idomeneus came after him, and his armour-bearer

Merion, equal to Ares, the god who destroyeth the heroes. 260

Who in his mind may tell the names of the rest of the chieftains

Who, after these, stirred up the fierce war for the sons of Achaia?
First in a mass did the Trojans charge, and the foremost was Hector.

As when, at the mouth of some river from Zeus descending,
Roars aloud the great ocean wave 'gainst the rush of the torrent,
And the shores resound around with the dash of the billows;
Such was the cry of the Trojans then; yet the chiefs of Achaia
Stood around Menoitios' son, being one in intention,
Crowding close with their brazen shields, while, o'er their bright helmets,
Deepest darkness was poured by Zeus who swayeth the Egis; 270
For to him Menoitios' son had never been hateful,
While yet, being alive, he comrade was to Achilleus;
And to Zeus it seemed hateful now that his body, a plaything
Should become to the Trojan dogs; so he roused his defenders:
Back, at first, the Trojans drove the bright-eyed Achaians,
And, in their fear, they left the dead, nor was one of their number
Slain by the spears of the Trojan chiefs, although they were eager;
And the Trojans the carcass seized; but not long the Achaians
Shrank from the war, but instant to fight were rallied by Aias,
Who was the fairest in outward form and bravest in actions 280
Of all the Grecians, save Peleus' glorious offspring.
Through the foremost ranks he went, like a wild boar in prowess,
Which, in his furious wrath, upon the sides of the mountains,
Easily scatters the baying dogs and the young, blooming, hunters,
When he turns him and rushes down 'mid the glades of the mountains;
Thus did famous Telamon's son, illustrious Aias,
With his assault, right easily scatter the Trojan phalánxes,
Who, all around Patroclus, had thronged, and were mightily eager,
Back to their city, to drag him away, great honour obtaining.
Him then Hippothöös, the illustrious offspring of Lethos, 290
Did, by the foot, drag along amid the strenuous conflict,
Having tied a belt around the tendonous ankles,
Pleasing the Trojans and Hector well, but swiftly upon him
Evil came, which none might withstand, however desirous.
Him did Telamon's son, rushing forth through the throng of the battle,

Smite in closest fight through the brazen cheek of his helmet ;
 And the horsehair crest was split by the point of the jav'lin,
 Being struck by the mighty spear in the powerful hand-grasp ;
 And the brain came flowing forth through the opening spear-wound,
 Stained with blood ; then his strength relaxed, and, down from his holding,
 He to earth relinquished the foot of great-hearted Patroclos ; 301
 And, by his dead corse, he headlong fell on the champain,
 From Larissa the fertile afar ; nor again to his parents
 Might he reverent duty pay, for brief was his being,
 Overcome by the spear of the strong, magnanimous Aias.
 Then, against Aias, darted Hector, his glittering jav'lin ;
 But he perceived it in time, and the brazen jav'lin eluded
 By small space, but it Skedios struck, great Iphitos' offspring,
 Who was of the Phokéans the best, and in famed Panopëis
 In his palace he dwelt, commanding many a subject ; 310
 Him, on the collar-bone, he smote, and the brass-pointed jav'lin
 Through the shoulder's peak with its sharpened point penetrated.
 Loud was the sound of his fall, and rang his armour upon him.
 Then Aias noble Phorkus struck, the offspring of Phainops,
 As he was guarding Hoppothöos' corse, in the midst of the stomach ;
 Crashed the brass through the hollow mail, and poured out his entrails ;
 Down on the ground he fell, and clutched the dust in his hand-grasp.
 Back then retired the foremost ranks, and illustrious Hector ;
 Loud was the shout of the Argive chiefs as, each dead corse, they rescued,
 Hippothöos and Phorkus too ; and their armour they loosened. 320
 And then the Trojans, 'neath the might of the war-loving Grecians,
 Up to Ilion must have gone, by their cowardice, conquered ;
 And the Argives had glory won, in despite of Kroníon,
 By their own strength and force ; but then did Phoibos Apollon
 Excite Aineias, to Periphas being resembled,
 Eputides' herald, who had, with his ancient father,
 In the office of herald grown old, and was great in kind counsels ;
 Then him in form resembling, spoke Zeus' offspring, Apollon :
 " Aineias, against the will of the deities deathless,

"How will ye preserve the lofty turrets of Ilion?
 "I other heroes have seen who would not shrink from such conflict,
 "Confident all in their force and strength and glorious valour,
 "And in the numerous hosts of their people who knew not to tremble;
 "Zeus to us the victory wills, and not the Achaians;
 "But ye greatly tremble and fly, unwilling to combat."

Thus he spoke; and Aineias perceived the far-darting Apollon,
 Seeing him face to face; then to Hector loudly he shouted:

"Hector, and ye who the Trojans lead and auxiliars noble,
 "Shameful it is for us to fly from the war-loving Argives,
 "And to Ilion's walls go up, by our cowardice, conquered.
 "But now one of the gods has said, as he near me was standing,
 "That high Zeus, the master of war, is ready to help us;
 "Let us then straight 'gainst the Danaoi rush, lest they, without trouble,
 "Should to the ships remove the corse of departed Patroclus."

Thus he spoke; and leaping forth from the front ranks, he halted;
 Then they backward turned and opposite stood to the Grecians.
 Then did Aineias, Leiocritos wound with the jav'lin,
 Son of Arisbas, the comrade of brave Lukomedes;
 Him, as down he fell, then pitied the fierce Lukomedes;
 And he stood, when near he had gone, and darted his brass spear,
 And Apisaon great he struck, a shepherd of nations,
 In the liver, the midriff beneath; and his knees were relaxèd;
 He for the war had left afar Paionia fertile,
 And, to Asteropaios next, was great in the combat.
 Him, as he fell, then pitied the warlike Asteropaios,
 And straight on he went, all eager to combat the Grecians;
 But then he could not, for they all, Patroclus, surrounded,
 By their shields defended well, and outstretching their long spears;
 Aias, around the warriors, paced, and incessant commanded;
 Nor did he suffer any chief to retreat from the body,
 Nor, in advance, to war before the rest of the Grecians,
 But to defend him close around with hand to hand fighting.
 Thus did the mighty Aias bid; and the champain beneath them

Flowed with purple blood ; while, falling one over other,
 The fierce Trojans died, and died the auxiliars noble,
 And also the Greeks ; for they, too, in the fight were not bloodless,
 But of them much fewer fell ; for they ever were mindful,
 In the fight, from each other to ward the terrible danger.

Thus, like the fire, the conflict raged ; nor could one be certain
 That the sun and moon were safe in their courses revolving ; 370

For the chiefs were in darkness plunged, who'er of the bravest
 Stood around the corse of the valiant son of Menoitios.

But the rest of the Trojans and well-greaved sons of Achaia
 Freely fought in purest air, while brightly expanded

The clear ray of the sun, and no cloud appeared o'er the wide plain,
 Nor on the mountains around ; and, slackly, they kept up the battle,
 With a mutual care swift shunning the darts of each other,

At long distance thrown ; but the chiefs in the midst were enduring
 Troubles from war and darkness both, while the pitiless jav'lines

Harmed the best ; but as yet two mighty men were unknowing, 380
 Albeit famous, Antilochos and Thrasumedes,

Of Patroclos the noble's death, and still they believed him

Yet alive, in the battle's van, to be fighting the Trojans.

They, from afar beholding the death and flight of their comrades,

Warred from the rest apart, for so had Nestor commanded,

When the youths he had sent to the fight from the dark painted vessels.

But 'mong the others, all day long, raged the arduous conflict,

And with heaviest effort still, and continual sweating,

Knees and legs and feet, beneath each combatant weary,

And his hands and eyes were foul with the toil of the conflict, 390

Over the noble comrade dead of swift-footed Achilleus.

As when a man to his workmen gives the hide of a great bull,

Reeking all with fat, that they, by force, may extend it ;

They, receiving it, stretch it hard, standing round in a circle,

Instantly then the moisture departs and the fat is consumed,

While the numerous workmen pull, and the skin is extended ;

So, now here, now there, amid a limited distance

Either party dragged the corse ; each, greatly desiring,
 Being Trojans, to bear it to Troy, but, being Achaïans,
 To the hollow ships, while fierce was the tumult around it ; 400
 Neither Ares, the exciter of men, nor Pallas Athênè
 Looking on, could have blamed the fight, though great were their anger.
 Thus Zeus, o'er Patroclos slain, the dire toils extended
 In that day, of heroes and steeds.—Nor as yet did Achilleus
 Know that Patroclos was slain in the terrible conflict ;
 For they fought at distance far from the swift-going vessels,
 Near to the wall of Troy ; wherefore him, in his mind, he considered
 Not as dead but alive, and that, being repelled by the portals,
 He would back return ; for he had no expectation
 That the city would fall without his aid, nor yet with it. 410
 This he oft from his mother had heard in their secret converse,
 Who to him was wont to impart the intention of high Zeus.
 But his mother had never told the dire evil which happened,
 When his comrade, by far most dear, had met his destruction.

Meanwhile, around the dead, the chiefs their sharp spears were holding,
 And against each other rushed, and mutual slaughtered ;
 And thus one did say of the brass-mailed sons of Achaïa :

“ No honour shall we gain, O friends, by tamely retreating
 “ To the hollow ships, better 'twere that the earth, with its black mouth,
 “ Gaped for us all on this spot ; for this were more excellent for us 420
 “ Than this corse to leave to the Trojans tamers of horses,
 “ That they may him to their city bear, great honour attaining.”

And thus did also say some one of the great-hearted Trojans :
 “ Friends, though it fated were that we all should die by this carcass,
 “ For all that, let no one of us turn back from the conflict.”

Thus on each side some warrior said, exhorting his comrades.
 So they fought, and an iron clang reached the brass-vaulted heaven,
 Through the spaces above of the ether which fruitful is never.
 Meanwhile Achilleus' steeds, as they stood afar from the battle,
 Wept, as soon as they saw their mighty driver, Patroclos, 430
 Falling in the dust by Hector the slayer of heroes ;

And now Automedon, the mighty son of Diore,
 Oftentimes, with the swift thong, aroused them by smiting,
 Oftentimes kind words he addressed, and oftentimes threatened ;
 But that pair would neither go to the broad Hellespontos,
 Nor yet back to the war among the sons of Achaia ;
 But as a pillar still remains which is, on the tomb, placèd
 Of some man or woman dead, nor moveth for ever,
 So still that pair stood, though yoked to the beautiful war-car,
 Bending down their heads to the earth, while the warm tears were flowing
 From their eyelids down to the ground, as still they were weeping 441
 With desire for their charioteer ; and their manes loosely flowing,
 Lay dishevelled all beside the yoke of the war-car.
 Them, as thus they wept, beheld, and pitied, Kroníon,
 And his head he shook, his inmost spirit addressing :

“ Ah ! ye wretched pair, why did we deities give you
 “ To a mortal man, king Peleus, sire of Achilleus ?
 “ Ye are ever unscathed by age, and immortal of being—
 “ Was it that ye might share in wretched mortals’ afflictions ?
 “ For there is nothing on earth with woes more afflicted than mankind, 450
 “ Whether it breathe the air of the world or creep on its surface.
 “ Never shall Hector Priamides, in the beautiful war-car,
 “ By you be borne from fight ; for I from that will prevent him.
 “ Is’t not enough that he has the arms, and vainly is boasting ?
 “ But, in your knees, I will might infuse, and might in your spirits,
 “ That ye may bear Automedon hence, secure from the battle,
 “ To the hollow ships ; but I glory will give to the Trojans,
 “ And they the Greeks shall slay till they come to the well-built vessels,
 “ And the sun shall descend, and the sacred darkness shall gather.”

Speaking thus, a mighty force he breathed in the horses ; 460
 Swiftly they raised their heads and shook the dust from their free manes,
 And right fleetly the war-car they bore through both Trojans and Grecians.
 Nor did Automedon shun the fight, though grieved for his comrade,
 Rushing on with chariot and steeds as, among geese, a vulture.
 Easily thus he flew away from the roar of the Trojans,

Easily thus he rushed again through the crowd, and pursued them,
 But he could not slay the men, though he eagerly followed ;
 For 'twas not possible, he being alone in the war-car,
 Both to attack with the spear and rule the fleet-footed horses.
 But a comrade, at length with wondering eyes did behold him,
 Alkimedon, the son of Aimonidian Laercos ;
 He behind the war-car stood, to Automedon crying :

470

“ Automedon, which of all the gods, this useless intention,
 “ In thy breast has put, and removed thy good understanding ?
 “ That thus thou fightest in the midst of the throng of the Trojans
 “ All alone, thy comrade slain ; while Hector, exultant,
 “ Bears on his shoulders the mail which erst belonged to Achilles ? ”

Him then thus answered Automedon, son of Dioreas :

“ Alkimedon, what other chief 'mid the sons of Achaia
 “ Is to thee equal found in ruling the coursers immortal ;
 “ Except Patroclus, in skill to the deities equal,
 “ While he lived, but death and fate have him overtaken ?
 “ But do thou take the scourge and the shining reins in thy keeping,
 “ And I will from the car descend to fight with the foemen.”

480

Thus he spoke ; and Alkimedon leapt in the swift-warring chariot,
 And in an instant took the scourge and the reins to his handling ;
 Down leapt Automedon ; and was marked by illustrious Hector,
 Who to Aineias swiftly spoke, as that hero came towards him :

“ Aineias, prince of the Trojans fenced in brass mail,
 “ I yon horses have marked of the swift-footed Aiakidæan
 “ In the war appearing, swayed by imbecile drivers ;
 “ Wherefore them I hope to seize, if thou in thy spirit
 “ Willing art ; for they will not dare to meet our attacking,
 “ Nor sustain our assault and, opposing us, stand in the battle.”

490

Thus he spoke, and obedient was the strong son of Anchises.
 Straight they onward went with their bucklers over their shoulders,
 Formed of bulls' hides, and firm and dry, and with strong brass stretched
 o'er them.

And with them did Chromios wend, and godlike Aretos,

And, in their minds, they greatly desired the heroes to slaughter,
 And to bear away to Troy the high-crested horses. 500
 Fools that they were, and, not without bloody injury, destined
 From Automedon back to return ; he Zeus supplicated,
 And was filled with valour and strength in his furious bosom.
 Instant he thus to Alkimedon spoke, his faithful companion :

“ Alkimedon, not far from me do thou hold in the coursers,
 “ But let them breathe to my shoulders close ; for I doubt not but Hector
 “ Priamides will not refrain from his valorous fierceness,
 “ Till he ascend behind the bright-manèd steeds of Achilleus,
 “ Having slain us both and scattered the ranks of the Argives,
 “ Or till he shall conquered be while he fights 'mid the foremost.” 510

This said, on the Aiantes he called, and called Menelaos :
 “ O ! ye Aiantes, Argive chiefs, and thou Menelaos,
 “ Let your bravest the carcass leave, nor longer defend it,
 “ Driving back the Trojan ranks from the hero departed ;
 “ But repel the pitiless hour from us who are living.
 “ For hither tend amain, through the ranks of the tear-causing conflict,
 “ Hector, Aineias, and they who of Trojans are bravest.
 “ But the result of things lies yet on the knees of the deathless
 “ Gods ; wherefore even I will dart, for Zeus careth for all things.”

Thus he spoke, and poised and darted the long-shadowed jav'lin, 520
 And struck Arétos on his buckler equal on all sides ;
 Which did not repel the spear, but the brass point passed through it,
 And through the sword-belt it passed, and, in the lower loins, smote him.
 As sometimes a youth who holds a sharp-edgèd hatchet
 Strikes behind the horns of an ox bred up in the country,
 And through all the tendons cuts, and it bounds ere it falleth ;
 So, with a bound, Arétos fell ; while the sharp spear within him
 Stood in vibration, and in death it loosened his members.
 Hector, against Automedon, threw his glittering jav'lin ;
 But he, being aware, avoided the spear brazen-pointed ; 530
 For he forward stooped, and the lengthened jav'lin behind him
 In the earth was fixed, and the upper end of the jav'lin

Shook till, from the impetuous dart, the force had departed.
 And now, hand to hand, they could with falchions have battled,
 But the Aiantes, rushing on, divided the heroes,
 As through the crowd they fiercely came at the call of their comrade.
 At their appearance, something dismayed, the chieftains retreated,
 Hector, Aineias and Chromios like the immortals ;
 Arétos where he fell they left with his sore-wounded bosom,
 And then Automedon, like the rapid Ares in warfare,
 Stripped off his blood-stained mail, and thus exclaimed in his gladness :

540

“ Certainly now, somewhat, for the death of the son of Menoitios,
 “ I my grief have relieved, having slain an inferior hero.”

Speaking thus, he took the bloody spoils to the war-car,
 And he himself, with blood-stained hands and feet, it ascended,
 As when a lion back returns from the bull he has slaughtered.
 Then once more o’er Patroelos was fought the terrible conflict,
 Arduous, full of woe, for Athenè stirred up the battle,
 Having from heaven come down, by Zeus the thunderer bidden,
 To excite the Greeks to war ; for his mind was now altered.
 As sometimes Zeus spreads the bow of the purple-hued Iris
 In the heavens, to mortal men portentous of battle
 Or the bitter winter’s cold ; which hindereth mortals
 From their works the earth upon, and distresses the cattle,
 So, with a purple cloud, herself enveloped Athenè,
 And, among the Achaïans, she came, and excited each hero.
 First of all to Atreus’ son she addressed exhortation,
 Menelaos the brave, for he was nearest unto her,
 Having assumed the form and the mighty accents of Phoinix :

550

“ It a shame and disgrace will be to thee, Menelaos,
 “ If the faithful comrade dear of the noble Achilleus
 “ Shall, by the Trojan dogs, be torn ’neath the wall of the city ;
 “ But do thou valiant be thyself, and exhort all the people.”

560

Her then thus answered Menelaos, brave in the conflict :
 “ Phoinix, father, ancient sire, if Pallas Athenè
 “ Would on me strength bestow, and turn the force of the jav’lins,

“ Then would I by Patroclus stand and from onset defend him ;
 “ For much his death, my mind within, has afflicted with sorrow ;
 “ But Hector has the dread force of fire, and never he ceaseth
 “ With his brazen spear to slay, for Zeus gives him glory.”

570

Thus he spoke ; then rejoiced the blue-eyed goddess Athenè,
 That to her he prayed the first of all the immortals ;
 Then she, mighty force, infused in his knees and his shoulders,
 And the boldness of flies she gave to the heart in his bosom ;
 For the fly, from the human form though oftentimes repellèd,
 Longs to bite, for sweet to it is the blood of a mortal ;
 With such boldness Athenè filled the dark breast of Atreides,
 Up to Patroclus he went and darted his glittering jav’lin.
 ’Mid the Trojans, Podes dwelt, Eetion’s offspring,
 Wealthy he was, and good, and by Hector mightily honoured,
 For he was his companion dear in the social banquet ;
 He, as to flight he turned, was hit by the fair Menelaos,
 On the belt, and through his form he sent the sharp jav’lin ;
 Loud was the sound of his fall ; and Atreus’ son Menelaos
 From the Trojans the carcass dragged ’mid the throng of his comrades.
 Then, by Apollon standing near, urged to combat, was Hector ;
 In the form of Phainops he came, who, to Hector, of all men
 Dearest was as his host, who dwelt in his home at Abudos ;
 In this chieftain’s form, thus spoke far-darting Apollon :

580

“ Hector, from this time forth, what chief of the Grecians shall fear thee?
 “ Since thou, from Menelaos, dost turn, who ever before this
 “ Was but a feeble warrior held ; now alone he departeth
 “ Bearing off from the Trojans a corse ; having slain thy companion
 “ Brave, in the foremost ranks, Podes, Eetion’s offspring.”

591

Thus he said ; and grief’s dark cloud great Hector enveloped ;
 And through the foremost ranks he went in his glittering brass mail.
 Just then the fringed Egis was seized by the mighty Kroníon,
 Brightly it shone ; then with clouds he concealed the summit of Ida,
 And he lightened and thundered loud, and shook the bright buckler ;
 And to the Trojans the conquest he gave, and appalled the Achaians.

600

Then first Peneleos, the Boiotian, led on the flying ;
 For as he through the battle looked, with his face turning forward,
 He through the shoulder's point was struck with a spear, though but slightly,
 Yet did Pouludamas' spear find, down to the bone, penetration ;
 For the warrior stricken was from Pouludamas, not far.
 Then did Hector Leitos wound in the wrist near the hand-grasp,
 And, from the battle, he caused to cease great Alectruon's offspring ;
 Gazing around, to flight he turned, for no more was he hopeful,
 Having in his hand the spear, to fight with the Trojans.
 Then did Idomeneus Hector strike, towards Leitos rushing, 610
 On the breastplate strong, just over the side of his bosom ;
 But the long spear 'neath the point broke short ; then shouted the Trojans ;
 Then did Hector dart at Idomeneus, son of Deukalion,
 As in the war-car he stood ; and from him erred but a little ;
 But he struck Merion's charioteer and armour-bearer,
 Koiranos, who had followed him from the well-built Luktos ;
 Meriones on foot left the ships impelled upon both sides,
 And that day he had furnished a victory great to the Trojans,
 Had not Koiranos swiftly brought the fleet-footed horses ;
 And to Meriones safety came, and dire fate he avoided. 620
 Koiranos lost his life by Hector the slayer of heroes ;
 For he struck him 'twixt cheek and ear, and the point of the jav'lin
 Dashed out his teeth and his tongue, right through in the middle, divided ;
 Down from the war-car he fell, and let fall the reins on the champain ;
 Meriones then did them seize, in his grasp, on the instant
 Stooping down ; and these swift words to Idomeneus uttered :
 " Now ply the scourge, and so attain to the swift-going vessels ;
 " For thou perceivest thyself that victory flies from Achaia."
 Thus he spoke ; and Idomeneus smote the fair-maned coursers,
 Urging them on to the hollow ships ; for fear had possessed him. 630
 Nor unperceived was Zeus by Aias and Menelaos,
 When, that day, to the Trojans he gave the dubious conquest ;
 And then these words 'gan say the great Telamonian Aias :
 " Gods, it would surely evident be e'en to one who is foolish,

" That father Zeus, on the Trojans, now is glory bestowing.
 " Every spear of them flies true, whoever may throw it,
 " Whether coward or brave, for Zeus each weapon directeth ;
 " While our weapons all unarmful fall on the champain.
 " But let us now consider well the most excellent counsel,
 " How to bear away the dead, and that we ourselves also 640
 " May, by our own return, delight the eyes of our comrades ;
 " Who, looking hither from far, are woeful, scarcely expecting
 " That we from the might of Hector the slayer of heroes,
 " And his unconquered hands, shall escape, but be slain near the dark ships,
 " Would that some comrade would speedily tell our grief to Achilleus,
 " For I think that he, as yet, has not been informèd
 " Of the message of woe, that his dear companion has perished ;
 " But no such messenger can I see among the Achaïans,
 " For we ourselves and our horses are all in this darkness enveloped.
 " Father Zeus, from darkness free the sons of Achaïa ; 650
 " Give to our eyes to see, by restoring the bright sky above us,
 " Then in the light destroy us all if so it shall please thee."

Thus he spoke, and father Zeus on his tears had compassion ;
 Instant he drove the darkness away removing the thick clouds ;
 Out shone the sun and, in brilliant light, the battle appearèd ;
 Then did Aias address Menelaos brave in the conflict :

" Keenly look round thee now, beloved of Zeus, Menelaos,
 " If that thou may'st Antilochos see, the offspring of Nestor,
 " Yet alive ; and bid him speed to the warlike Achilleus,
 " And to him tell that he has lost his dearest companion." 660

Thus he spoke, then obeyed Menelaos brave in the conflict ;
 And he went, as a lion goes from the midst of the ox-fold,
 When he is weary with the assault of the dogs and the herdsmen,
 Who, in their night watch, drive him away from the fat of the oxen ;
 While he, greedy of flesh, rushes on, but profiteth nothing ;
 For thick and fast the jav'lines fly from the hands of the valiant,
 And the burning torches shine, which he dreads e'en in fury ;
 Then when the morn appears he, bitter in spirit, departeth ;

So from Patroclos went Menelaos brave in the conflict,
 With an unwilling heart ; for he feared lest the sons of Achaia
 Through their painful fear should leave him a prey to the foemen ;
 And much Meriones and the two Aiantes he cautioned :

670

“ Oh ! ye Aiantes, leaders of Greece, Meriones, thou too,
 “ Now remember well the gentle ways of Patroclos ;
 “ For, while he lived, he ever knew to be kindly to all men ;
 “ But now death and final fate have seized on the hero.”

Having thus spoken, departed swift yellow-haired Menelaos,
 Glancing on every side like an eagle, which is reported
 Keenest to be in sight of all the birds of the heaven,
 Which, from a towering height, the swift-footed hare perceiveth
 Lying beneath a wide-spreading bush ; and down rushes upon it
 And, right swiftly seizing it then, takes away its existence.
 Thus did thy bright eyes, O loved of Zeus, Menelaos,
 Turn on every side through the mighty host of thy comrades,
 If that thou mightest see alive the offspring of Nestor.
 And full soon he beheld him afar on the left of the battle
 Urging his comrades, and encouraging them to the conflict ;
 Then standing near him, thus spoke yellow-haired Menelaos :

680

“ Antilochos beloved of Zeus, come hither and hear me
 “ Tell the sad news of that which should by no means have happened. 690
 “ Methinks that thou thyself must already know from beholding
 “ That o'er the Greeks the deity rolls the wheels of misfortune,
 “ But to the Trojans, conquest gives ;—the best of Achaians
 “ Has been slain, and great is the woe befalling the Grecians.
 “ But do thou run to the Grecian ships, and tell to Achilleus,
 “ So that perchance he may soon bear away the dead to his vessel ;
 “ The mere naked corse ; for his mail is bright-helmeted Hector's.”

Thus he spoke, Antilochos heard, and was stricken with horror ;
 Long he speechless stood, and his eyes were filled with the big tears,
 And his rich voice, his throat within, all utterance wanted.
 Yet, for all that, he heeded well the words of Atreides ;
 And he ran, having given first his mail to his comrade

700

Laodocos, who near him wheeled the round-footed horses.
Him then weeping sore, his feet bore away from the battle,
Bringing the evil news to Peleidæan Achilleus.

Nor did the mind of thee, beloved of Zeus Menelaos,
Will to aid thy comrades there whence Antilochos parted,
Though of thy help the Pulians then were greatly desirous ;
But he for them aroused to war Thrasumedes the noble,
While he himself did instant return to Patroclos the hero ;
Then he stood the Aiantes near, and thus he addressed them :

710

“ Antilochos, I now have sent to the swift-speeding vessels
“ To Achilleus the fleet of foot ; but yet I consider
“ That he, though high in wrath he rage against Hector the noble,
“ Cannot instantly come and weaponless fight with the Trojans.
“ Hence we ourselves must now the wisest counsel consider,
“ How we may bear away the dead, taking heed that we also
“ May avoid our death and fate 'mid the roar of the Trojans.”

Him then thus answered the great Telamonian Aias :

“ All this well hast thou said, O illustrious Menelaos ;
“ Do thou then and Meriones, right suddenly stooping,
“ Bear away the corse from the war ; while we twain behind you
“ Will against the Trojans fight, and Hector the noble,
“ One in intention as in name, and who have before now
“ Borne the sharpest war remaining close to each other.”

720

Thus he spoke ; from the ground they heaved the corse of Patroclos
High with their mighty arms ; loud shouted the Trojans behind them
When they saw the carcass seized by the sons of Achaia ;
Straight on in fury they rushed as the dogs rush on at the wild boar,
When he has wounded been by the darts of the youthful hunters ;
They for a little space rush on, all eager to rend him ;
But when he against them turns in the might of his fury,
Then they backward go, all scattered hither and thither ;
So did the Trojan throng for a while intently pursue them,
Smiting with their swords and spears which at both ends were sharpened ;
But when th' Aiantes 'gainst them turned and abided their onset,

730

Then pale fear seized them, nor did any one of their number,
Rushing forward, dare to fight for the corse of Patroclos.

Thus they, with utmost energy, bore the dead from the battle
Toward the hollow ships ; while the fierce war stretched out behind them,
Like the fire which seizes swift on some city of mortals, 741
And right suddenly burns it up, while perish the houses
In brightness vivid, while the force of the wind roars among it ;
Thus, from the hurrying horse, and the warlike men of the Trojans,
Loud and ceaseless the tumult rose and followed the heroes.
They, as the stubborn mules, with mighty strength being furnished,
Drag, from the mountain down, by the steep and rocky descending,
Either a beam or a naval timber ; the while in their spirits
They are worn at once with toil and the sweat of their striving ;
Thus they eagerly bore the dead ; and ever behind them, 750
Back the Aiantes the Trojans kept, as a mound keeps the water,
Wooded well and stretched away far athwart the long champain ;
Which can even resist the fierce flow of the mightiest rivers,
And directs their violent streams through the breadth of the country,
Nor can the floods with their utmost might break through its embanking ;
So the Aiantes ever repelled the host of the Trojans ;
Yet still they followed, one pair most fiercely pursuing,
Aineias, Anchises' son, and illustrious Hector.
As a cloud of the starlings comes, or of loud-cawing jackdaws,
Thronging and shrieking, when they see that the falcon is near them, 760
Which doth ever slaughter bear on her wings to the small birds ;
So the Grecian youths before Aineias and Hector,
Thronged, and crying, wended along forgetful of battle ;
Much of their beautiful armour fell in the fosse and around it,
Dropped by the flying Greeks ; yet still the war was unended.

BOOK XVIII.

THETIS BRINGS, FROM HEPHAISTOS, NEW ARMOUR FOR ACHILLEUS.

THUS, like a conflagration, warred the Greeks and the Trojans ;

While Antilochos, swift of foot, bore the news to Achilleus.
Him he found standing before the upright-beaked vessels,
In his mind revolving the things which had just been performèd ;
And, in grief, he thus addressed his magnanimous spirit :

“ Ah me ! why do again the long-haired sons of Achaia,
“ Backward throng, toward the ships, in flight confused, o’er the champain ?
“ Have then the angry gods dread woes on my spirit inflicted ?
“ As long since my mother told, and this was her saying,
“ That the best of the Murmidon race, while still I was living, 10
“ Neath the hands of the Trojan foes, should relinquish the sunbeams.
“ Certainly now is slain the valiant son of Menoitios,
“ Unhappy ; for him I bade, when the flames were extinguished,
“ Back to the ships to return, nor boldly combat with Hector.”

While he revolved these things within his mind and his spirit,
Near him Antilochos came, the son of illustrious Nestor,
Pouring forth warm tears, as his baleful message he uttered :

“ Oh, me ! noble Peleus’ son, thou now must give ear to
“ A most woeful message of that which ne’er should have happened.
“ Dead lies Patroclos ; for his naked corse, they are warring ; 20
“ While his arms are possessed by the brilliant-helmeted Hector.”

Thus he spoke, and grief’s black cloud enveloped Achilleus ;
And with both his hands he seized the dark dust of the champain,

And on his head he poured it, and marred his beautiful visage ;
 Blackly the clinging dust defiled his nectareous vesture.
 Then, with his mighty form stretched out at length on the sea-sand,
 Down he lay, and disfigured his hair torn off by his hand's grasp.
 Meanwhile the captive maids, whom he and Patroclos had taken,
 Woeful in spirit, wailed aloud, and forth from the tent door
 Ran and circled Achilleus around ; while all, their fair bosoms 30
 Beat with their hands, and the limbs of each by sorrow were loosened.
 Antilochos stood mourning too, and, the warm tears, was shedding,
 Holding Achilleus' hands ; while his noble heart groaned within him,
 For he feared lest he, his throat, should gash with his falchion.
 Terribly then did Achilleus wail ; heard his mother majestic
 As she sat in the ocean's depths, by her ancient father ;
 Then she raised a cry of grief, and the goddesses round her
 Came, as many as Nereids were, in the depths of the ocean.
 There hastened Glaukè, Thaleia, Kumodokè too,
 Nesaïè, Speio, Thoè too, and great-eyed Haleia, 40
 Kumothoè and Actaïè and Limnoreia,
 Melitè and Iaira, Amphithoè and Agauè,
 Doto and Proto, Pherousa, Dunamenè too,
 Dexamenè and Amphinoè and Kallianeira,
 Doris and Panopè and greatly renowned Galateia,
 Nemertes and Apseudes and Kallianassa ;
 There too came Klumenè, Ianeira and Ianassa,
 Maira and Oreithuia, and beauteous-haired Amatheia ;
 And the rest who Nereids were in the depths of the ocean.
 With them was filled the white shining cave ; and all these together 50
 Beat their breasts, while Thetis thus began her lamenting :
 " Hear me, ye sister Nereides, that all may be knowing
 " What those sorrows are which my sad spirit endureth.
 " Oh ! wretched me ! who the mother have been of the bravest of heroes,
 " Who having given birth to a son illustrious, valiant,
 " Of all heroes the first, saw him grow as groweth the young plant ;
 " Him did I cherish like to a tree in a vineyard most fertile,

" Till, in the crooked ships, I sent him to war against Ilion,
 " And the Trojans against ; but him, receive must I never,
 " To home returnèd, within the palace of Peleus. 60
 " And while for me he lives and beholds the light of the sunbeams,
 " He with grief is filled, nor have I, going, power to relieve him.
 " Yet will I go, and my dear son see, and hear his narration
 " Of the grief which has seized him now abstaining from battle."

Thus having spoken, she left the cave ; and the Nereids with her
 Weeping went, and around their forms the wave of the ocean
 Broke in foam ; and they, when they came to Troja the fertile,
 Passed up the shore in order due, where the thick-throngèd vessels
 Of the Murmidons stranded were, round fleet-footed Achilleus.
 By him then, as he loudly wailed, stood his mother majestic, 70
 And, with a bitter cry, she took his head in her hands' grasp,
 And, the while she wept, with wingèd accents addressed him :

" Son, wherefore weep'st thou ? what woe has thy spirit invaded ?
 " Speak to me, hide it not, for it from Zeus has descended,
 " To whom thou, with uplifted hands, didst make supplication,
 " That to their ships should in crowds be driv'n the sons of Achaia,
 " And, for the want of thee, should suffer sorrow disgraceful."

Her then, deeply groaning, addressed the swift-footed Achilleus :
 " Mother mine, these woes are sent by the king of Olumpus ;
 " But what joy is left me now ? when my dearest companion 80
 " Dead is—Patroclos !—whom o'er every comrade I honoured ;—
 " Honoured as my own head ;—I have slain him ;—his armour by Hector
 " Is indued, those wondrous arms a marvel to gaze on,
 " Beauteous, by gods to Peleus given, illustrious present,
 " In that day when thou, to a mortal hero, wert wedded.
 " Would that thou still hadst kept thy place 'mid the gods of the ocean,
 " And that Peleus, a mortal bride, had ta'en for his consort,
 " For it now must be thine to bear a myriad sorrows,
 " For thy departed son, whom again receive must thou never,
 " To home returning ; for no more my spirit impels me 90
 " To exist, or mix with men, until I have Hector

" Struck with my spear, and torn away the life from his bosom,
 " That he may so pay the vengeance due for Menoitios' offspring."

Him then Thetis addressed in turn, while her tears were down flowing :
 " Brief wilt thou live for me, my son, if thus thou intendest ;
 " For fate ready stands for thee, when slaughtered is Hector."

Then, deeply groaning, thus spoke swift-footed Achilleus :
 " Instantly I should have died when I could not aid my companion
 " While he was being slain ; he far, far away from his country,
 " Perished has, while longing for me to defend him in battle. 100
 " Now, since I shall not return to the much-loved land of my country,
 " Nor did aid to Patroclus bring, nor my other companions,
 " Many of whom have slaughtered been by Hector the noble ;
 " And by the ships I sit, a useless weight on the sea-shore,
 " Being in battle unequalled quite by the brass-mailed Achaians,
 " Though full many a chief, than I, is wiser in council ;
 " Would that strife were abolished all from the gods and from mortals,
 " And wrath too, which prompteth oft e'en a wise man to fury ;
 " Sweeter it seems by far than the luscious down-dropping honey,
 " And, in the bosoms of men, it still, like a vapour, increaseth ; 110
 " Thus did me, but now, provoke the king Agamemnon.
 " But let us leave the past alone, howsoe'er we may sorrow,
 " And the wrath, our breasts within, let necessity vanquish.
 " Now will I go, of that dear head, to find the destroyer,
 " Hector ; and then will I receive what fortune soever
 " Zeus may will to send, and the rest of the deities deathless.
 " Death might not avoided be by the strength of Heracles,
 " Who was most dear to Zeus the king, the offspring of Kronos ;
 " But fate o'ercame him, and the heavy anger of Herè.
 " So shall I soon lie dead, if, like his, my fate is determined ; 120
 " But yet, ere I die, I will win some excellent glory,
 " And I shall make some one of the Trojan deep-bosomed matrons
 " With both hands to wipe away the tears from her soft cheeks,
 " While she her moan incessantly pours for the loss of her husband ;
 " And they shall know that I have long abstained from the battle.

"Do not then, dear, forbid me to war, for thou canst not persuade me."

To him thus did Thetis reply, the silvery-footed :

"What thou sayest, my son, is true, nor is it unworthy

"Thee to ward off bitter death from thy hard-pressed companions ;

"But thy beautiful arms are now retained by the Trojans, 130

"Brazen and glistening all ; them, brilliant-helmeted Hector,

"Having upon his shoulders, is glad ; but I do not consider

"That he will long in them exult, for death is upon him.

"But do not thou, as yet, engage in the labour of Ares,

"Ere thou me, with thine eyes shalt behold, to this place returning ;

"For I will, with the morning, return, when the sun shall be rising,

"Bringing thee new and beautiful arms from the monarch Hephaistos."

Thus having spoken, she turned away from her offspring ;

And, to her sisters of the sea, these accents she uttered :

"Do ye now return 'neath the spacious bosom of ocean, 140

"And revisit the sea-god old, and the house of our father,

"And to him tell all ; I, the while, to lofty Olumpus

"Go, to Hephaistos, artificer famed, if so he be willing

"On my son to bestow most wondrous and glittering armour."

Thus she spoke ; they instantly plunged 'neath the wave of the ocean ;

But, to Olumpus then, went Thetis silvery-footed,

That she might thence obtain, for her son, magnificent armour.

Her, her feet to Olumpus bore ; meanwhile the Achaians

Flying, with tumult vast, from Hector the slayer of heroes,

Now were come to the ships and the shore of the broad Hellespontos ; 150

Nor yet could prevail the well-greaved sons of Achaia

Forth from the darts Patroclos to bear, the friend of Achilleus ;

For him again pursued amain both chariots and foot-men,

Hector too, Priam's son, who was like the flame in his valour.

Thrice was the body seized, by the feet, by illustrious Hector,

Eager to drag it away, while loud he encouraged the Trojans ;

Thrice the Aiantes twain, endued with vehement valour,

Drove him back from the corse ; he still, on his prowess relying,

Rushed again through the tumult wild, and now stood most near him

Shouting aloud, and backward thence he never retreated. 160
 As from his prey a tawny lion cannot be driven
 By watchful shepherds, what time fierce hunger impels him ;
 So could not, in the fight, prevail the two warlike Aiantes,
 Hector Priamides, to scare away from the carcass.
 And now, indeed, he had borne it away, and won infinite glory,
 But that to Peleus' son, the rapid wind-footed Iris
 Rushing came, from Olumpus down, to bid him to battle,
 Unknown to Zeus and the rest of the gods, for Herè had sent her ;—
 And, standing near him, these wingèd accents she uttered :

“ Rise, O Peleides, most terrible far among mortals, 170
 “ Succour Patroclos, o'er whose corse a furious conflict
 “ Rages in front of the ships ; they mix in mutual slaughter ;
 “ These, the Greeks, to defend the corse of the slaughtered Patroclos,
 “ And the others, the Trojan race, rush straight to the combat,
 “ That they may drag the dead to the breezy turrets of Ilion ;
 “ But more than all of Trojan race, illustrious Hector,
 “ Eagerly strives to drag him away ; for his spirit impels him,
 “ On the stakes, to fix his head cut off from his soft neck.
 “ Up then, lie here no more ; let shame come over thy spirit,
 “ That Patroclos a plaything should be for the dogs of the Trojans ; 180
 “ To thee it will disgraceful be, if the dead be dishonoured.”

Her then thus answered the fleet-footed noble Achilleus :
 “ Iris, which of the gods to me as a messenger sent thee ? ”

Him then answered again the rapid wind-footed Iris,
 “ Herè sent me forth, the glorious spouse of Kroníon,
 “ Nor does high-seated Zeus, nor any other immortal,
 “ Know of my flight, of all that haunt the snowy Olumpus.”

Her then, responding, thus addressed swift-footed Achilleus :
 “ How can I go to the war ?—the foe my armour possesses ;
 “ And my mother dear permits me not to be armèd, 190
 “ Ere when she shall hither return, and mine eyes shall behold her ;
 “ Promised she has, from Hephaistos, to bring me beautiful armour—
 “ Unless the buckler I took of Telamonian Aias ;

" But he, I trust, e'en now, among the foremost, is busied
 " Dealing death with his spear around the corse of Patroclus."

Him then again addressed the rapid wind-footed Iris :

" Full well do we know that thine arms are kept by the foemen ;
 " But, as thou art, proceed to the trench, that the Trojans may see thee ;
 " In their fear, perchance, they will then abstain from the battle,
 " And the warlike sons of Greece will breathe for a moment, 200
 " Who now are worn with toil ; for brief is the resting of battle."

When she had spoken thus, the swift-footed Iris departed.

Uprose Achilles beloved of Zeus, and, around him, Athenè
 O'er his strong shoulders did throw the well-fringed Egis ;
 And round his head a golden cloud, the glorious goddess
 Wreathed, and caused it fiercely to flame with glitterings blazing.
 As sometime a rising smoke ascendeth the ether,
 From a city, an island within, which the foes are besieging,
 Who, the whole day long, in woeful fight have contended
 From their own city afar ; but, when the sun has descended, 210
 Frequent the torches blaze, and high uprises the splendour,
 So that the neighbouring states, if that, perchance, they behold them,
 May, with their ships, arrive in haste and aid in the battle ;
 Thus, from Achilles' head, the sheen ascended the ether.
 Passing the wall, by the trench he stood, nor mixed with the Grecians,
 For he regarded well the wise behest of his mother.
 Standing there, he shouted aloud ; while above him Athenè
 Shouted too ;—'mid the Trojans arose an unspeakable tumult.
 As when the piercing sound of the trumpet rings through a city,
 When it besieged is by foes who wish its destruction ; 220
 Such and so piercingly rang the voice of the Aiakidéan.
 When Troy heard the brazen voice of the Aiakidéan,
 Trouble arose, all their minds within ; and the fair-manèd horses
 Turned the chariots back ; for woes their spirits foreboded.
 Stricken with awe were the charioteers, at beholding the fierce blaze
 Terribly burning over the head of the noble Achilles,
 Which had been made to flame by the goddess blue-eyed Athenè.

Thrice, from the trench, sternly shouted aloud the noble Achilleus,
 Thrice the Trojans confounded were, and auxiliars famous ;
 And there did perish full twelve of the best of their heroes 230
 'Mid their own war-cars and with their own spears ; then gladly the Grecians
 Bore, from amid the flight of spears, the corse of Patroclus.
 It on a bier they placed ; around stood his much-loved companions
 Mourning ; and after following came swift-footed Achilleus,
 Pouring down warm tears when he saw his faithful companion
 Stretched on the bier of death, and torn with the sharp, brazen jav'lin ;
 Whom he so late to the war had sent with chariot and horses,
 But had never received again returning from battle.

Then the unwearied sun, by the large-eyed Herè majestic,
 All unwilling, was bid to return to the flowings of ocean ; 240
 Down then went the sun, and ceased the noble Achaïans
 From the terrible strife of the battle destructive to all men.
 And, on the other side, the Trojans from conflict departed,
 And, from their war-cars, soon they loosed the swift-footed horses,
 And to council they went before they heeded refreshment ;
 Standing up, the council was held, for none was so daring
 As to sit ; fear held them all, because that Achilleus
 Had appeared, who long had ceased from the woe-bringing conflict.
 Then Pouludamas, Panthos' son, began to harangue them ;
 For he alone well knew the things of the past and the future ; 250
 He a comrade of Hector was—they were born in the same night ;
 He in words excelled, but Hector excelled with the jav'lin ;
 He to the chiefs good counsel gave, and thus he harangued them :

“ Carefully heed my words, O friends, for I recommend you
 “ Now to the city to wend ; nor wait for the beautiful morning
 “ In the plain beside the ships ; too far from our ramparts.
 “ While as yet this chief was wroth with great Agamemnon,
 “ Easier far it was to war with the sons of Achaia.
 “ Even I was rejoiced, through the night to stay by the swift ships,
 “ Hoping well to seize the vessels urgèd on both sides ; 260
 “ But now greatly I fear the swift-footed offspring of Peleus ;

" For a spirit, so fierce as his, will not be contented
 " In the plain to stay, wherein the Trojans and Grecians
 " In its middle space have shared the force of the battle,
 " But he now for the city will fight, and the wives of the Trojans.
 " Let us retreat to the city at once, for this we must come to ;
 " Now ambrosial night has stayed the swift-footed Achilleus,
 " But, in the morn, if he light upon us in this place remaining,
 " And rush on with his arms to the war, then well we shall know him ;
 " And right gladly will he that escapes gain Ilion sacred ; 270
 " Many a son of Troy will be torn by the dogs and the vultures ;
 " Would that I never might hear of the woe which then will have happened ;
 " But, if ye will my words obey, although they may grieve you,
 " Let us gain strength by council this night ; for towers has the city,
 " And most lofty gates, and well-fitted bars are upon them,
 " Long and polished they are, and crossing and well will defend us.
 " Then, with the morning light, we all, equipped in our armour,
 " On the towers will stand ; it needs, to him, must be grievous,
 " Issuing forth from the ships to strife, to contend but with ramparts.
 " So to the ships he must return, having wearied his horses 280
 " With wild coursing around 'neath the lofty walls of the city.
 " But his spirit within will not suffice to attack them,
 " Nor shall he ever the city take ;—the swift dogs shall him eat first."

Him, then sternly beholding, spoke the bright-helmeted Hector :

" Pouludamas, this counsel of thine to me is displeasing,
 " In that thou biddest us go again to be cooped in the city ;
 " Have ye not yet had enough, among the towers, of confinement ?
 " All men, heretofore, discoursed of the city of Priam
 " As being wealthy in golden stores and in brazen ;
 " But now, from its palaces all, its riches have perished ; 290
 " Much has to Phrugia and also Meonia pleasant
 " Gone for sale, while mighty Zeus has been wroth with the Trojans.
 " But now to me is giv'n, by the son of the sapient Kronos,
 " Glory to gain at the ships, and the Greeks to thrust to the ocean ;
 " Mad that thou art, tell not counsel like this 'mid the host of the Trojans,

"None of them shall obey thee at all ; for I will not permit them ;
 "But, come now, and to what I say let us all be obedient.
 "Now refreshment take by troops throughout the whole army,
 "And of the guard be mindful all—let each one be watchful ;
 "And, if any Trojan here fear much for his riches, 300
 "Let him together gather them now, that the host may consume them ;
 "Better it were that they them enjoy than the sons of Achaia.
 "Then in the early morn we, clad in mail, with our weapons,
 "By the hollow ships will rouse the fierceness of battle.
 "And if indeed, for the ships, shall war the noble Achilleus,
 "Harder to him will it be if he doth ; for I, for mine own part,
 "Will not fly from dire-sounding war, but, fiercely, against him
 "Will I stand, and either gain great glory or give it ;
 "Ares oftentimes changeth sides and slayeth the slayer."

Thus counselled Hector, and him the Trojans applauded, 310
 Fools that they were ; but their wisdom was ta'en away by Athenè ;
 Hector, indeed, they praised, who gave them noxious counsel ;
 No man Pouludamas praised, who did most sagely advise them.
 Then through the host refreshment they took ; meanwhile the Achaians
 Through the whole space of the night made their moan by the corse of
 Patroclos.

Then did Peleides begin the vehement sorrow,
 Laying his hero-slaying hands on the breast of his comrade,
 Pouring out frequent groans, as doth a well-bearded lion,
 When his whelps have been stolen away, by a stag-slaying hunter,
 From the thick wood ; he moans when he finds his young ones departed ;
 Then he tracks through many a vale the foot of the hunter, 321
 Striving to find him out, for dire is the anger within him.
 So Achileus to the Murmidons spake, while he deeply was sighing :

"Oh ye gods ! how vain were the words which mine 'twas to utter,
 "In that day when I cheered the heart of the hero Menoitios
 "In his palace, that I would bring back his illustrious offspring
 "After the sacking of Troy, with his due share of the booty.
 "All the intentions of men by Zeus are never accomplished ;

" For 'tis the fate of us both that each in the land of the Trojans
 " Must the same hostile soil incarnadine with his life-blood ; 330
 " For I shall never to Greece return, nor ever be welcomed,
 " Safe from the Trojan war, by the ancient horse-urger Peleus,
 " Nor by Thetis my mother dear ; here earth will inclose me ;
 " And now since last I 'neath earth descend than thou later, Patroclos,
 " I will not pay thy funeral rites till I have borne hither
 " The bright mail and the severed head of Hector who slew thee ;
 " And, before thy funeral pyre, in my wrath for thy slaughter,
 " Twelve of Troy's most famous youths shall by me be beheaded.
 " Till that hour, by the crooked ships, thou thus must be lying ;
 " While the deep-bosomed captives, whom we have ta'en from the Trojans,
 " Standing around thy corse, by night and day shall bewail thee ; 341
 " Whom we have won in warlike toil, by our strength and our long spears,
 " Having full many a city spoiled of clear-speaking mortals."

Thus having spoken, the noble Achilleus bade his companions
 On the fire a vast tripod to place, that so, very quickly,
 They might wash Patroclos' corse from the gore of the battle.
 Instant a suitable tripod they placed o'er the heat of the keen fire ;
 And in it water they poured ; and beneath it heaped up the dry wood.
 Swift rose the flame the tripod around, and the water was heated ;
 Then, when the water boiling was in the glittering caldron, 350
 They Patroclos washed, and with oil his body anointed ;
 And with an unguent nine years old, his wounds they replenished ;
 Then they placed him on the bier, and in linen enveiled him
 From his head to his foot ; and stretched out a white pall above him.
 Then, the whole night long, around the swift-footed Achilleus,
 Murmidons all continuous groaned, Patroclos bewailing.
 Meanwhile Zeus to Herè spoke, his sister and consort :

" Now is thy work complete, O large-eyed Herè majestic,
 " Now thou hast roused Achilleus the swift ; most certainly, from thee
 " Must their lineage bring, the long-haired sons of Achaia." 360

Him then thus answered, the large-eyed Herè majestic :
 " O harshest Kronides, what words are these thou hast spoken ?

" A mere mortal man might thus have aided a mortal,
 " Though he is doomed to death, and knows not the deities' wisdom ;
 " Why should not I, who boast myself, of the goddesses, noblest
 " Both by descent, and also because that thou art my husband,
 " Who ever bearest rule above the rest of immortals,—
 " Why should not I, in my wrath, contrive some woes for the Trojans ? "

Thus Zeus and Herè spake in mutual conversation.

Meanwhile the silvery Thetis came to the house of Hephaistos, 370
 Immortal, starry, renowned 'mong the deities deathless,
 Formed of brass, which, himself, had made, the lame-footed Hephaistos.
 Him bathed in sweat she found, o'er the bellows predominating,
 In most earnest haste ; for he, twenty tripods, was forming,
 By the wall to stand of his palace of deepest foundation. .
 Golden wheels he intended to set at the base of each tripod,
 That being self-impelled they might enter the heavenly circle
 And again to his palace return, a wonder to gaze at.
 These now near to perfection were brought, but their ears were yet undone,
 Various of mould, and these he wrought and their chains he was forging. 380
 While he laboured thus, with the well-skilled spirit within him,
 Near to him Thetis came, the goddess silvery-footed.
 Her, going forth beheld Charis all shiningly veiled,
 Beautiful, who was the chosen bride of the halting Hephaistos,
 To her hand she clung, then spoke, and these were her accents :

" Why, O long-veiled Thetis, dost thou approach to our palace,
 " Loved and revered as thou art ? not oft as erst been thy coming ;
 " But enter farther, that I may thee welcome with feasting."

Thus having spoken, in Thetis she led, the glorious goddess.
 And she placed her guest on a throne all studded with silver, 390
 Beauteous it was with cunning work ; and beneath was a footstool ;—
 Then the renowned Hephaistos she called, and thus she addressed him :

" Come hither, Hephaistos, for Thetis has need of thy helping."
 Her then thus answered the lame divinity famous :
 " Certainly now, my palace within, is a reverend goddess,
 " Who saved me once when far I fell, and fell to my sorrow,

" By my shameless mother's will, who wished to conceal me
 " For that I was lame ; then mighty woes had I suffered
 " Had not Eurunomè and Thetis on their breasts caught me,
 " (Eurunomè the daughter fair of the reflux ocean ;) 400
 " I through nine long years for them did furnish adornings,
 " Clasps, and wreathing bracelets too, and necklaces brilliant,
 " In their hollow cave ; while, around, the flowings of ocean
 " Foaming and murmuring boundlessly rushed, nor did any have knowledge
 " Of the cave, of mortal men or of deities deathless ;
 " But Thetis, there, and Eurunomè, took heed to preserve me.
 " And now she to our palace is come ; and now 'tis my duty
 " Full reward, for life preserved, to pay beauteous-haired Thetis.
 " But do thou, Charis, produce the feastings of welcome,
 " While I the bellows put away, and my implements many." 410

Thus he spoke, and up he arose from the anvil ; enormous,
 Halting in gait, and on weakly legs, he strugglingly wended.
 First the bellows he drew from the fire ; then, his implements many,
 With which he laboured, he placed in a chest made of silver ;
 Then with a sponge both his hands he wiped, and his countenance swarthy,
 And his strong neck, and the mighty breadth of his huge, hairy bosom ;
 Then his tunic indued, and took in his hands his strong sceptre ;
 Then, with a halting gait, from forth the portal he issued,
 While two maidens, formed of gold, supported the monarch,
 In their outward form, two living maidens resembling ; 420
 Each in her heart understanding had, and sound in her speaking,
 And had human strength ; and knew the acts of th' immortals.
 These on each side did, the monarch, support ; he haltingly wending,
 Sat on a throne, to Thetis near, all shining with brightness,
 Then her hand he grasped, then spoke, and these were his accents :
 " Why, O thou of the flowing robe, art thou come to our palace,
 " Loved as thou art and revered too ? yet not oft hast thou been here.
 " Tell what thou wishest ; for my spirit bids me perform it,
 " If it possible be, and may at all be performèd."

Then answered Thetis, and, as she spoke, she was weeping : 430

" Hephaistos, is there one of the goddesses haunting Olumpus
 " Who, her mind within, is tried with such deepness of sorrow,
 " Such dire woes as Zeus has laid on me above others ?
 " Me, of all the nymphs of the sea, he gave to a mortal,
 " Peleus Aiakides, and a mortal's couch I have suffered,
 " With unwillingness great ; he now in sorrowful old age
 " Lies in his palace, exhausted all ; while I have new sorrows.
 " Then Zeus gave me a son to be born and nourished in childhood,
 " The first of heroes, and up he grew like a young shoot,
 " And when I had reared him up, like a plant in the rich field, 440
 " Him I sent, in the crooked ships, to war against Ilion,
 " And with the Trojans to fight ; I never again shall receive him,
 " Homeward again returning, within the palace of Peleus.
 " And while for me he lives and sees the light of the sunbeams,
 " Full of grief he is, nor can I by going relieve him.
 " She, the maid who was chosen for him by the sons of Achaia,
 " His prize of battle, was ta'en by the king Agamemnon.
 " He, for her grieved, did in spirit pine ; meanwhile the Achaians
 " Were, to their ships, by the Trojans confined, nor did they permit them
 " Forth to go ; then him did entreat the elders of Argos, 450
 " And to him they promised to give many glorious presents ;
 " And he himself his aid refused to prevent their destruction ;
 " But his armour he lent to Menoitios' offspring, Patroelos,
 " And to the war he sent him forth, and a mighty force with him.
 " Then the whole day long they fought by the Skaian portals ;
 " And he that day had the city ta'en, but Phoibos Apollon,
 " After that he had much slaughter wrought, slew the son of Menoitios,
 " In the front of the fight, and gave the glory to Hector.
 " Wherefore now to thy knees I am come, if thou wilt be willing
 " To my short-lived son to give a buckler and helmet 460
 " And some beauteous greaves with clasps all fittingly fastened,
 " And a breastplate too ; for lost by his faithful companion
 " Were his arms, and on earth he lies, his spirit tormenting."

Her then thus answered the greatly renowned Hephaistos :

"Be thou of better cheer, no more in thy spirit be anxious.
 "Would that I could, from dire-sounding death, afford him a refuge,
 "Hiding him all apart, ere his terrible fate come upon him,
 "Surely as beautiful arms shall be his, which many a mortal
 "Shall with wonder see, whosoe'er shall chance to behold them."

Thus having spoken, he Thetis left, and returned to the bellows ; 470
 Then to the fire he turned, and to work he sternly commanded.
 These great bellows all into twenty furnaces blasted,
 Breathing out into all with a rush right potent to kindle,
 Now one blast assisted his toil, and after, another,
 As Hephaistos willed, and as the work had requirement.
 Brass of strength in the fire he threw, and gold of a great price,
 And tin and silver ; and then he placed the great anvil
 On its vasty block ; and then he seized in one hand's grasp
 His weighty hammer, while the other wielded the forceps.

Then by him first was made the buckler spacious and solid, 480
 Deftly adorned all round, and a shining rim he formed on it,
 Threefold and brilliant, and added its belt bright with silver.
 Five were the plates of that mighty shield ; and he on its surface
 Cunning work inlaid, as his sapient spirit impelled him.

On it the earth he wrought, on it the heaven and the ocean,
 And the unwearied sun and the moon in the blaze of her fulness ;
 And on it all the starry host which garland the heaven,
 Pleiades, and Huades, and the might of Orion,
 And Aretos which, in jest, men call the waggon of heaven,
 Which ever turning alike appears to follow Orion ; 490
 And, of the stars, alone is free from the bathings of ocean.

On it, too, he formed cities twain of clear-speaking mortals,
 Beautiful, and the one was full of weddings and feastings ;
 Through the town, the brides were led by the light of the torches ;
 And, as they passed, full loud was the sound of the chant hymeneal ;
 Meanwhile the youths in dances whirled, while ever around them,
 Pipes and harps gave forth their sound ; while, in every dwelling,
 At their doors, the women stood to admire the procession.

In the forum the people thronged ; and here a contention
 Rose ; while two angry men about the mulct were disputing 500
 Of a slaughtered friend ; one prayed that the mulct should be given,
 Showing the people cause ; the other that nought should be taken ;
 But both were anxious that the judge should decide the contention.
 Meanwhile some persons favoured each, some leaning to each side ;
 Then bade the heralds the people to sit ; and soon all the elders
 Sat on seats of polished stone in a sacred circle ;
 In their hands the sceptres they held of the piercing-voiced heralds ;
 Holding these, they arose, and in turn delivered their judgments.
 Two golden talents lay in the mid senate awaiting
 Him who, the best among them all, should utter his judgment.— 510
 But, by armies twain, was the other city surrounded,
 Shining in warlike arms, and to them two counsels were pleasing ;
 Either the city to overthrow, or else for dividing,
 Into two portions, the wealth which the pleasant city containèd,
 Meanwhile the city held out and secretly armed for an ambush.
 On the wall the wives beloved and the innocent children
 Kept the town, with the ancient men whom age had enfeebled.
 But forth the warriors went, and Ares and Pallas Athenè,
 Both the deities formed were in gold and their garments were golden,
 Beauteous and great with their weapons they shone as the gods is befitting,
 Both were most brilliant ; the people were less in their stature. 521
 And, when the place they found most fitted for lying in ambush,
 'Twas to a river near, where the herds of cattle were watered,
 There then they sat down, by their shining armour, protected.
 Meanwhile two wary spies from forth the host were despatchèd,
 If, perchance, they might see the sheep and the crooked-horned oxen.
 Onward soon they came ; with them two shepherds proceeded
 Cheering themselves with their flutes ; foreseeing nothing of evil.
 Seeing these, rushed the host of the town, and swiftly divided
 Both the oxen's goodly herd and the beautiful sheep-flocks 530
 Shining white, and with them, too, the shepherds were slaughtered.
 Then, when the mighty tumult was heard from the place of the oxen.

Forth from council the warriors rushed, and into their war-cars
 Drawn by lofty-stepping steeds they flew, and o'ertook them.
 Then they stood and the battle joined on the bank of the river,
 And, with their brazen-pointed spears, wrought mutual slaughter.
 Strife and Tumult were busy there, and Destiny fatal,
 Sometimes seizing a wounded man, sometimes an unwounded,
 Sometimes dragging a carcass dead through the tumult of battle.
 On her shoulders her garment was dark with the blood of the heroes ; 540
 Busy they seemed as living men sustaining the battle,
 And with mutual force did they drag each corse of the slaughtered.

On it he formed a fallow soft of rich-teeming ploughed land,
 Spacious it was, thrice wrought ; and many ploughers upon it,
 Turning about their ploughs, went toiling hither and thither ;
 And, when returning they came to the end of their portion allotted,
 Then a cup of sweetest wine was given to their hand's-grasp
 By one who traversed the field ; then back they turned to their furrows,
 Eager to reach the end of the deep and rich-teeming fallow.
 Black the land seemed behind the plough, as if wrought by the ploughshare,
 Yet was it formed of gold ; so greatly in art was it wondrous. 551

On it he placed a cornfield deep with the stalks of the harvest ;
 While the reapers plied their work, their sharp sickles, handling ;
 And, o'er the furrows, fast to earth the thick sheaves were falling,
 While, with the bands, the binders of sheaves the rest were confining.
 Three in all were the binders of sheaves ; while ever, behind them,
 Came the youths collecting the corn, who bore it in armfuls.
 Meanwhile, among them all, their monarch silent was standing
 Sceptre in hand, and gladdened in heart by the bounty of harvest.
 And the heralds prepared apart a meal 'neath an oak-tree, 560
 Busied about a mighty ox in sacrifice offered ;

Women, the while, for the reapers' repast, much white meal were preparing.

On the shield too he placed a vineyard laden with bunches,
 Beautiful, golden, and there the grapes were black in their ripeness ;
 And they stood supported well by props made of silver.
 Round it a dark-coloured trench he placed, and a fence formed of pewter ;

And one narrow path alone led on to the vineyard,
Through which the thronging bearers came when they gathered the ripe grapes.
Virgins young and boys with minds filled with mirth and with gladness,
In woven baskets, bore away the vintage delicious. 570

And, in the midst of these, a youth, with a harp sounding clearly,
Sweetly played, and sang the while to the exquisite harp string,
With his fine delicate voice ; while they went beating, in measure,
With their feet, the earth, and their song kept time with the music.

On the shield too he made a herd of high-crested oxen ;
Formed of gold the oxen were, with pewter commingled ;
Loudly lowing, the stall they left, and hastened to pasture
By a loud river's rapid wave, where the reeds were abounding.
Four golden herdsmen the numerous oxen attended ;
And nine dogs of swiftest foot followed after the herdsmen. 580
Terrible there two lions rushed among the first oxen,
And, a bull loud bellowing, seized ; he, mightily moaning
Dragged off was ; while dogs and youths rushed on to the rescue.
They having torn the hide of the bull, although he was mighty,
Gorged themselves with entrails and black blood, meanwhile the herdsmen
Followed, in vain exhorting still the swift dogs to the combat.
They the while were all averse from attacking the lions,
But, standing near them, ever they barked, their fury avoiding.

Also on it a pasture was made by the famous Hephaistos,
In a beautiful glade, of sheep, which like silver were shining, 590
And their stalls, and sleeping lairs, and well-covered sheepfolds.

On it a dance was also wrought by the famous Hephaistos,
Like to that which once of old, in Knossos the spacious,
Sapient Daidalos planned for the beautiful-haired Ariadnè.
There the blooming youths and virgins famed for their beauty
Danced, while each with the hand enclasped the wrist of the other ;
Linen light did the virgins wear, the youths, well woven tunics ;
And they shone, their forms with oil being smoothly anointed ;
Beautiful garlands the virgins wore, the youths had their bright blades
Formed of gold drawn forth from out their silvery sword-belts. 600

Then, with their skilful feet, in rapid circle, they bounded,
Easily on as a fitted wheel is tried by the potter
In his hands, that so he may know if it runneth revolving ;
Sometimes, in opposite ranks, they danced toward each other advancing.
Great was the crowd that stood to behold the exquisite dancing,
Highly pleased, and still in the midst two tumblers were bounding,
Singing ever, the while they whirled themselves hither and thither.

Also Hephaistos placed the mighty strength of the ocean
Round the extremest rim of the buckler cunningly fashioned.

Then, when finished was the buckler mighty and solid,
Made he a coat of mail more bright than fiery splendour ;
Also he made a helmet strong, fitting well to the temples ;
Beauteous it was with cunning work, and its crest was of fine gold.
Also goodly greaves, of ductile pewter, he fashioned.—

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And, when all the armour was wrought by the famous Hephaistos,
At great Achilles' mother's feet, the maker did place it.
She, like a hawk in its flight, leapt down from snowy Olumpos,
Bearing the glittering arms she had just received from Hephaistos.

BOOK XIX.

THE RECONCILIATION OF ACHILLEUS AND AGAMEMNON.

NOW did the saffron-robèd morn, from the flowings of ocean,
 Rise, to bring light to mortal men and the deities deathless.
 When, to the ships, did Thetis come with the gift of Hephaistos ;
 Her dear son, she found, stretched out by the corse of Patroclos,
 Moaning aloud ; and round him, the while, stood many companions
 In lamentation ; there paused the glorious goddess,
 And to his hand she clung, then spoke, and these were her accents :

“ Son, let us now this hero leave, although we are grievèd,
 “ Here to lie, since slain he was by the will of the great gods ;
 “ And do thou receive these famous arms from Hephaistos, 10
 “ Wondrously fair, such as never man hath borne on his shoulders.”

Having thus spoken, the goddess laid down the exquisite armour
 At great Achilleus' feet ; and loud was the clang of its falling.
 Fear then seized the Murmidons all, nor had any the courage
 On it to fix a stedfast gaze, all trembled ; Achilleus,
 At the sight of the arms, was seized with a rapture of fury ;
 Terribly then his eyes, like fire, 'neath his eyebrows were gleaming ;
 Much he rejoiced to hold in his hands the fair gift of Hephaistos.
 But when he had delighted his mind with beholding its beauty,
 Then, to his mother dear, these wingèd accents he uttered : 20

“ Mother, these arms, which a god hath giv'n, are worthy the giver ;
 “ Immortal works, quite beyond the compass of mortals ;
 “ Wherefore at once I will arm me now ; but I much am fearing

" Lest upon the corse of the valiant son of Menoitios,
 " Flies may descend, and swarm in the deep and brass-smitten woundings,
 " And evil worms may so be bred, and the body dishonoured ;
 " (For its life is lost) and all the flesh be corrupted."

Then thus made answer Thetis divine, the silvery-footed :

" Son, let this sad care no longer trouble thy bosom ;
 " I will endeavour to save the corse from the wild tribes of insects, 30
 " Whose wont it ever is to devour the flesh of the slaughtered.
 " E'en if it were its lot to lie, for a whole year, unburied,
 " Still the flesh should be incorrupt, nay, sounder than ever.
 " But do thou now, to council, call the chiefs of Achaia,
 " And thy wrath renounce against the king Agamemnon,
 " Then right swiftly array thee for war, and endue thee with valour."

Thus having spoken, she the fiercest valour infused.

And, in the corse, ambrosia she poured and the ruddiest nectar,
 Through the nostrils, that so the flesh might remain uncorrupted.

Wended the noble Achilles then by the shore of the ocean, 40
 And, with terrible cries, he aroused the chiefs of Achaia ;
 Both those who theretofore were wont to be present in council,
 And the steersmen too, who swayed the helms of the vessels,
 And were as stewards the ships among, and gave forth provisions ;
 Even such to the council came, because that Achilleus
 Shone forth again, after lengthened pause from the woes of the conflict.
 First, with halting pace, came forth two servants of Ares,
 Namely, Tudeides fierce in war, and noble Odusseus,
 Each leaning on his spear, for direful wounds did torment them,
 And to the front of the council they went, then sat in their places. 50
 Last of all came on the king of men Agamemnon,
 Wounded sore ; for he, amid the strenuous conflict,
 Stricken was, by Antenor's son, with the brass-pointed jav'lin.
 And when all the Greeks, in council, were gathered together,
 Then, uprising, spoke the chief, the swift-footed Achilleus :

" Atreides, both for thee and for me, it would have been better,
 " When we two, with wrathful minds, were fierce in contention

" For a damsel's sake ;—I say it would have been better
 " Had she perished, the ships among, by Artemis' arrow,
 " In that day when I took and destroyed the city Lurnessos ;
 " Then not so many Achaïans had bitten the infinite threshold,*
 " 'Neath their foemen's hands while yet I cherished my anger.
 " This has been better for Hector and Troy ;—methinks that Achaia
 " Many a day, my wrath and thine, will sadly remember.
 " But let this our wrath be passed, e'en though we be grieving,
 " And let our ire be, our bosoms within, by necessity, conquered.
 " Wherefore now I quench my wrath, for it does not behove me
 " With an eternal ire to rage ; then do thou the swifter
 " To the war urge on the long-haired sons of Achaia ;
 " That I may try, when once again I have met with the Trojans,
 " If they will spend another night by the ships of Achaia ;
 " Gladly, I think, he his knee will bend, who ever escapeth
 " From the fierceness of war, and from the spear of Achilleus."

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Thus he spoke, and glad were the well-greaved sons of Achaia,
 At Peleides great of heart, renouncing his anger.

Them then thus addressed the king of men, Agamemnon,
 On his throne seated, and not in mid council uprising :

" Friends, Grecian heroes, ye mighty servants of Ares,
 " Rightly all men hear a speaker who stands in the council,
 " And 'tis a grievous thing if even the wise interrupt him.
 " But, in the midst of a tumult great, who can speak, or can listen ?
 " In such a case a man hindered is, though an orator fluent.
 " I will now to Peleides speak ; let the rest of the Grecians
 " Note my words, that each may well give my speech comprehension.
 " Many a time to me this thing has been said by Achaïans,
 " And me they much have blamed, although in truth I am faultless ;
 " But Zeus and Moira† should be blamed, and the darkling Erinus,
 " Who, at the council, filled my mind with furious anger,
 " In that day when I took away his prize from Achilleus.
 " But what could I do ? by the gods all things are determined,

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* The Earth.

† Fate.

" Atè is reverend daughter of Zeus, and all men beguileth,
 " Baleful she is, but of softest foot, for not on earth's threshold
 " Does she wend, but makes her path on the heads of all mortals,
 " Harming men ; for ever one she harms of contenders.
 " And, heretofore, she Zeus hath harmed, who is mightiest reckoned
 " Of both men and gods ; for he, ere this, was by Herè,
 " Female although she be, deceived by subtle contrivance,
 " In that day when, about to be born, was the strength of Heracles,
 " He whose mother Alcmenè was, in thick-turreted Thebès.
 " Zeus that day, boasting, these words to the deities uttered :

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" ' Hear me, all ye gods and goddesses all now assembled,
 " ' While I say the words which my inward spirit impels me ;
 " ' On this very day the birth-swaying Eileithuia
 " ' Shall, to light, a hero bring, of all neighbours a ruler,
 " ' Of that race of men whose blood from me has beginning.'

" Him then, full of fraud, thus answered Herè majestic :
 " ' Falsely thou speakest, thy words give not thy full meaning.
 " ' Swear to me now, by thy mightiest oath, O king of Olumpos,
 " ' That the man shall ruler be over every neighbour,
 " ' Who this day shall fall between the feet of his mother,
 " ' Of that race of men which has from thy blood its commencement.'

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" Thus she spoke, and Zeus perceived not her fraudulent intention,
 " But the mighty oath he swore, and then much was beguiled.
 " Herè, in utmost haste, then left the peak of Olumpos,
 " And right swiftly she took her way to Achaian Argos,
 " Where she knew that the comely wife of Sthenelos tarried ;
 " Who, with a dear son, was great, though but seven moons had then wended ;
 " Him to the light she brought, or e'er his months were accomplished ;
 " And she hindered Alcmenè's birth, and the Eileithuia ;
 " Then she herself the tidings brought, thus addressing Kronion :

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" ' Zeus of the vivid bolt, a word I would press on thy spirit ;
 " ' This day a mighty man is born to reign o'er the Argives,
 " ' Eurustheus, the son of Sthenelos, offspring of Perseus ;
 " ' Thine is his race, nor unfit is he to reign o'er the Argives.'

" Thus she spoke, and bitter grief afflicted his deep mind ;
 " Instantly, Atè he plucked from his head with bright locks adornèd,
 " Wrathful his soul within, and a mighty oath then he uttered,
 " That to Olumpos never more, and the star-studded heaven,
 " Atè should come again, who all gods and mortals beguileth.

" Speaking thus, he dashed her down from the star-studded heaven, 130
 " Whirling her forth from his hand ; she soon among mortals descended.
 " Ever Zeus at her doings groaned when his dear son he witnessed
 " Toiling in unworthy deeds, and compelled by Eurustheus.

" Thus I, too, myself, while the great, brilliant-helmeted Hector,
 " Has, at the poops of their vessels, slain the sons of Achaia,
 " Could not Atè forget, by whom I erst was beguiled.
 " Yet though beguiled I have been, and Zeus has robbed me of wisdom,
 " I would now Peleides please with infinite presents.
 " Rouse thee then now to the war, and excite the rest of the people ;
 " And to thee I the presents will give which by noble Odusseus 140
 " In thy tent were promised of late when he sought thine encampment.
 " Here, if thou wilt, remain, although thou art eager for combat ;
 " And my servants the presents shall bring from out my swift vessel,
 " That thine eyes may note what things I will give to appease thee."

Him then, responsive, thus addressed swift-footed Achilleus :
 " Noblest Atreides, thou king of men, Agamemnon,
 " Either the presents to give, which yet I deem were more fitting,
 " Or to withhold, is thine ; but now let us think of the battle
 " With our utmost haste ; let us not waste time here in speaking,
 " Nor otherwise delay, for a mighty work is unfinished ; 150
 " That some Greek may Achilleus see, the first in the onset,
 " With his brazen spear, destroying the host of the Trojans,
 " Then, perchance, some chief of yours will fight with a foeman."

To him, responding, then spoke the sagacious Odusseus :
 " Do not thus, although thou art brave, O godlike Achilleus,
 " Urge the fasting sons of the Greeks toward the turrets of Ilion,
 " With the Trojans to war ; since for no short time will the combat
 " In the field endure, when once the troops of the heroes

" Shall have mingled in war and, in both hosts, Zeus has breathed fury ;
 " Rather command, by the rapid ships, that the sons of Achaia, 160
 " Corn and wine consume ; for in them are might and puissance.
 " For no man, from early morn till the sun is descending,
 " Being devoid of food, can well 'gainst the enemy combat.
 " E'en though, his mind within, he be most eager for battle ;
 " Still by degrees his limbs will fail, while upon him are seizing
 " Hunger and thirst, and his weakening knees beneath him will tremble.
 " But a man who is plenteously filled with wine and with eating,
 " Warreth all day long against the host of the foemen ;
 " Bold is his heart his bosom within, nor tired are his members,
 " Ere the evening come, when all heroes cease from the battle. 170
 " Wherefore now let the people disperse, and bid that refreshment
 " Be prepared ; meanwhile, let the king of men, Agamemnon,
 " Bring, in mid council, the gifts, so that all the sons of Achaia
 " May with their eyes behold them, and thou in thy spirit be gladdened.
 " And let him swear to thee, among the Argives upstanding,
 " That he has never ascended the couch of the lovely Briseïs
 " As the custom is, O king, of men and of women,
 " That so thine own mind within thy bosom be gladdened.
 " And then let him be, within thy pavilion, delighted
 " With a most rich repast, so that nought of the right may be wanting. 180
 " And thou, Atreides, wilt henceforth be more just to thy heroes ;
 " For, O monarch, no reason there is that a king be indignant
 " At making satisfaction to him whom erst he has injured."

Him then thus answered the king of men, Agamemnon :
 " Well am I pleased at thy discourse, O son of Laertes ;
 " Wisely and well thy speech hast thou made, and touched upon all things.
 " All this I am willing to swear, for my spirit impels me,
 " Nor shall I perjured be, by the gods ; but now let Achilles
 " Here remain awhile, although he is eager for battle,
 " And let the rest together remain, until that the presents 190
 " Shall from my tent be brought, and we, in firm treaty, shall enter.
 " And, to thee, this thing I bid, and add my commandment,

" That thou shalt choose the choicest youths of all the Achaians
 " From my ship the gifts to bring, whatsoe'er to Achilleus
 " Yesternight we promised to give, and lead hither the damsels.
 " And let Talthubios, amid the wide host of Achaia,
 " Furnish a mighty boar to be slain to Zeus and the Sun-god."

To him, responding, then spoke swift-footed Achilleus :

" Noblest Atreides, thou king of men, Agamemnon,
 " Better it were that another time should see all this accomplished, 200
 " When some pause from war shall come and the combat be over,
 " And the fury, my bosom within, shall be somewhat appeased ;
 " But now dead they lie, whom Hector, the offspring of Priam,
 " Has in the battle slain, while Zeus bestowed on him glory.
 " Ye are earnest the troops to feed ; I, rather, for my part,
 " Instantly would to the war compel the sons of Achaia,
 " Fasting and hungry ; but when the sun is descending
 " Let a mighty feast be prepared when our wrongs are avenged ;
 " For not before that hour, adown my throat shall have passage
 " Either drink or meat ; while slaughtered lies my companion, 210
 " Who, pierced through with the sharpened brass, is in my pavilion
 " Dead, with his feet the vestibule towards ; while around him his comrades
 " Moaning stand ; hence nought of food will I now have remembrance,
 " But of battle and blood, and the dying groans of the slaughtered."

To him, responding, then spoke the sagacious Odusseus :

" O thou, Achilleus, Peleus' son, far the bravest of Grecians,
 " With the spear thou art better than I, and much the more valiant,
 " But with wisdom I, than thou, by far am more gifted ;
 " Since by birth I thine elder am, in experience, greater ;
 " Wherefore let thy heart obedience yield to my counsels. 220
 " Soon to men satiety comes of the conflict of battle,
 " Great is the harvest of straw which the brass pours down on the champain,
 " But the grain is of the least ; Zeus, the balances, holdeth,
 " Who ever sits the arbiter sole of the combats of mortals.
 " Not for the dead, are wont to fast the sons of Achaia,
 " For ever day by day they thick and fastly are falling ;

" And were all mourned for, what pause would be given to sorrow ?
 " But we needs must bury him who once has departed,
 " But our minds must their firmness retain, though one day we be weeping ;
 " Yet whosoe'er are left, when ends the terrible combat, 230
 " Mindful must be of drink and food, that stronger, thereafter,
 " We may keep up continuous war 'gainst the foes of Achaia,
 " Clad with the stubborn brass ; but let no other exhorting,
 " Save for needful food, delay the people from battle.
 " Ill will that exhortation be which delayeth a hero
 " At the Argive ships ; let all Greece, rushing forth to the combat,
 " Fiercest war arouse 'gainst the Trojans tamers of horses."

Thus he spoke, then chose the son of glorious Nestor,
 Meges Phuleides, and Thoas, Merion also,
 And Kreontiades Lukomedes, and Melanippos ; 240
 Forth they passed to the tent of Atreus' son, Agamemnon.
 As the commandment instant was given, the work was accomplished ;
 Seven promised tripods they bore from out the pavilion,
 And full twenty shining urns, and led twelve rapid horses,
 Seven beautiful damsels, too, all skilful in working,
 And, for the eighth, they brought the beautiful-cheeked Briseïs.
 Then ten talents of gold were weighed in full by Odusseus,
 And he bore them first, while the youths brought the rest of the presents.
 All, in the midst of the council, they placed ; and then Agamemnon
 Rose, and Talthubios, in voice to the deities equal, 250
 Holding a boar with his hands, stood close to the shepherd of nations.
 Then did great Atreides, a knife, draw forth in his hand-grasp,
 Which was wont to hang, by the side of his scabbard, suspended,
 And he cropped some hairs of the boar, then heavenward lifting
 Both his hands, to Zeus he prayed ; while the Greeks sat in silence,
 As befitting was, while they heard the words of their monarch.
 And thus, in prayer, he spoke, while he gazed on the wide-spreading heaven :
 " Let Zeus now witness, of gods the best and the highest,
 " And the Earth, and the Sun, the Erinues too, who beneath earth
 " Do mankind torment, whene'er a mortal is perjured ; 260

" That I never, a hand, have laid on Briseïs the damsel,
 " Either by way of love, or in any manner whatever ;
 " But untouched she has ever remained within my pavilions.
 " And if I now am forsworn, let woes from heaven come upon me,
 " Many as ever are given to him who by perjury sinneth."

This said, the throat of the boar he cut with the pitiless weapon ;
 And him Talthubios, to the mighty gulf of the ocean,
 Rolled, and threw in ; a great repast for the wandering fishes ;
 Then Peleides, upstanding, addressed the warlike Achaïans :

" Father Zeus, thou mighty woes hast given to mortals ; 270
 " Atreides would ne'er have roused the wrath in my bosom,
 " Nor 'gainst my will have ta'en away Briseïs the damsel,
 " Causing ills, if it had not happed that Zeus was devising
 " How to bring to death full many a son of Achaia.
 " But now depart to your meal, that soon we may join in the battle.'

Thus he spoke, and instantly then dismissed the assembly.
 Every one then to his proper ship dispersedly wended.
 And the magnanimous Murmidons, round the presents, were busied,
 Bearing them all away to the ship of the godlike Achilleus,
 These then in the pavilions they placed, and gave seats to the captives ; 280
 But the steeds, to the herd, were led by his excellent servants.
 But when Briseïs, fair as Aphroditè the golden,
 Saw Patroclos lie all torn by the sharp-pointed brass spear,
 Then hanging o'er him, shrilly she wailed, and tore with her white hands
 Her soft neck and bosom bare, and her exquisite visage ;
 And thus, weeping, spake that woman fair as a goddess :

" O Patroclos, dear to the soul of the wretched Briseïs,
 " Thee alive I left when I took, from this tent, my departure,
 " Now I return and find thee dead, O prince of thy people ;
 " Thus is grief on grief heaped up, my fortune for ever. 290
 " Him whom to me my father dear and reverend mother
 " For a husband gave, I saw transfixed with the sharp brass ;
 " And the three brothers, who all were born of my mother,
 " In one day submitted all to their doom of destruction.

" But when my lord was slain by the spear of swift-footed Achilleus,
 " And he in ruins laid the glorious city of Munes,
 " Thou didst forbid me to weep, telling me that godlike Achilleus,
 " Me, for his bride, would take, and, to Phthia, bear in his vessels,
 " And our nuptials celebrate there in the land of his country.
 " Deeply, therefore, I thee bewail, to me ever most gentle."

300

Thus spake she, weeping, and the damsels around were bewailing,
 Seemingly Patroclos, in truth, their private misfortunes.
 But round Peleides were gathered the chiefs of Achaia,
 Urging him food to take ; but he, deeply groaning, refused them :

" If of my wish, ye cherished friends, ye will be observant,
 " Bid me not now to soothe my soul with food or with drinking,
 " For now terrible grief alone my spirit possesses ;
 " And this day I will fasting spend, till the sun has descended."

Thus having spoken, dismissed he most of the monarchs,
 But the two sons of Atreus remained, and noble Odusseus,
 Nestor, Idomeneus, and the ancient horse-urger Phoinix,
 Much they strove his grief to soothe ; but he would not take comfort
 Till he had rushed again to the bloody front of the battle.
 Thinking then on the dead, he groaned, and uttered these accents :

310

" Many a time hast thou, ill-fated, dearest companion,
 " Placed with thine hands the pleasant meal amid the pavilion,
 " Swiftly and neatly all, what time the Achaians were hasting
 " Woeful war to bring on the Trojans quellers of horses.
 " And now slain thou liest there ; and my heart, filled with sorrow,
 " Wishes not now for drink or food, for thy dear sake, afflicted ;
 " Truly no other greater woe on me could have fallen ;
 " Not e'en though the word had come of the death of my father,
 " Who, perchance, in Phthia now the soft tear is shedding
 " For desire his son to see ; he, among a strange people,
 " For the odious Helen's sake makes war on the Trojans ;
 " Nor of my own dear son who now in Seuros is nourished,
 " If as yet he live, Neoptolemos godlike in beauty.
 " For my soul, my bosom within, this hope entertained,

320

" That I alone should be first to die at a distance from Argos
 " Famed for steeds, in this Trojan land ; thou to Phthia returning, 330
 " That thou my son might'st take, in thy swift and dark-coloured vessel,
 " Away from Scyros, and show him the home of his father,
 " My wealth, my servants, and my great and lofty-roofed dwelling.
 " For now I needs must think that death has seized upon Peleus,
 " Or that he, scarce alive, is filled with woe in his spirit
 " Through long, hateful age, and continual expectation
 " Of the direful news of my death in slaughterous battle."

Thus spoke he weeping ; while again wept the elders around him,
 Each in remembrance of those dear things he had left in his palace.
 Them, as thus they wept, great Zeus beheld with compassion, 340
 And, with these wingèd words, he spoke to Pallas Athenè :

" Daughter mine, yon noble man hast thou now quite deserted ?
 " And is thy bosom mindful no more of the woes of Achilleus ?
 " He, even he, beside the hulls of his sharp-beakèd vessels,
 " Sits bemoaning his comrade dear ; while the rest of the Grecians
 " Go to their meal ; while he, all drinkless and foodless, remaineth.
 " Then do thou hence depart, and sweet ambrosia and nectar
 " In his bosom infuse, lest famine seize on his being."

With these words he impelled the already eager Athenè ;
 And, in the shape and form of a wide-winged, shrill-voicèd falcon, 350
 Down from heaven she sprang through the yielding gulfs of the ether ;
 Just as the Greeks resumed their mail throughout the whole army,
 She, in Achilleus' bosom, infused sweet ambrosia and nectar,
 Lest hateful famine should come o'er the knees of the hero.
 Then, to the home of her mighty sire, she swiftly departed ;
 While the Grecian host rushed forth from their swift-going vessels.
 As when the flakes of snow fall thickly down from Kroníon
 'Neath the chilling force of Boreas bringer of clear frost ;
 So now the thronging helmets bright, far gleaming on all sides,
 From the ships were borne ; and the bucklers fenced with bosses, 360
 And the breast-plates hollow and strong, and the ash-shafted jav'lins.
 Up to heaven ascended the sheen, and the whole earth was laughing

With the flash of the brass ; while a deep-sounding tramp was ascending
 From the feet of the host ; in the midst, the noble Achilleus
 Armed himself ; while he gnashed his teeth, and his eyes, in their orbits,
 Gleamed like the flash of fire ; while, within his bosom was raging
 Intolerable grief ; and he, in his ire 'gainst the Trojans,
 Swiftly put on the gift of heaven, the toil of Hephaistos.
 First then, around his legs, the beautiful greaves he adapted,
 Well were the greaves fastened on to his limbs with clasps of silver ; 370
 Secondly then, his bosom above, he put on the breastplate ;
 And o'er his shoulders he threw his sword all studded with silver,
 Brazen ; and then he took the large and powerful buckler,
 From the which a flash went forth like the moon's in her brightness.
 As sometimes, on the ocean, a gleam to sailors appeareth
 Of a blazing fire which burns on the tops of the mountains
 From some lonely fold, while the tempests urge them unwilling
 Over the fish-teeming sea away from their friends and companions ;
 Thus, from the beautiful, ornate, shield of the noble Achilleus,
 Up flew the flashes till they reached the heights of the ether ; 380
 Then he took the helmet strong, and placed on his forehead ;
 And like a star shone forth that helm with horsehair adorned,
 While the thick golden crests did shake, put on by Hephaistos.
 Then the noble Achilleus tried himself in his armour,
 If the new-made mail fitted well his glorious members ;
 And to him the mail was as wings uplifting the hero.
 Then from forth its case he drew the spear of his father,
 Heavy and huge and strong it was ; no other Achaian
 Brandish it might, it was taken alone by the hand of Achilleus,
 'Twas an ash-tree from Pelion's top which Cheiron the centaur 390
 For great Achilleus' sire had cut for the slaughter of heroes.
 Then did Automedon and Alkimos harness the horses,
 And the bright throat-straps around them flung, and placed, in their fierce
 mouths,
 Shining bits, and backward drew the long-flowing bridles
 To the well-fastened chariot seat ; then seizing the sharp scourge

Fairly adorned, Automedon leapt, with one bound, in the war-car ;
 And behind him, armed for fight, ascended Achilleus,
 Blazing in armour bright like the radiant Huperion.

Then, with a terrible voice, he called to his coursers paternal :

“ Xanthos and Balios, ye race renowned of Podargè,
 “ Have a care, in safety, your charioteer from the battle
 “ Back this day to bring, amid the throng of the Grecians,
 “ When at last we shall satiate be of the war and the conflict ;
 “ Nor leave him, as Patroclos ye did, a corse ’mong the foemen.”

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Then, from beneath the yoke, thus spoke the swift-footed Xanthos,
 While his head he downward bent and his mane, wildly flowing
 From the yoke, dishevelled all, lay down on the champain ;
 Speech to him being given by the goddess white-armed Herè :

“ Certainly we shall save thee this day, O mighty Achilleus,
 “ But thy day of death is near, nor for it are we faulty,
 “ But the mighty gods and the violent fate that o’erhangs thee,
 “ It was not that we were slow or unheedful in battle
 “ That the Trojans stripped the mail from the corse of Patroclos ;
 “ But that powerful god, the son of Leto the bright-haired,
 “ Slew him, the foremost chiefs among, and gave glory to Hector.
 “ And though we twain were in running as swift as the breath of the zephyr,
 “ Which men say is the swiftest of things, yet still thou art fated,
 “ And thou must vanquished be by mortal force and immortal.”

410

When he had uttered these words the Erinües hindered his speaking.
 And to him, greatly enraged, replied the swift-footed Achilleus :

420

“ Xanthos, why dost thou tell of my death ? it does not concern thee.
 “ Well I myself do know that here my fate ’tis to perish,
 “ Far from my sire and mother dear ; but yet, and for all that,
 “ I will not rest till satiate are the Trojans with battle.”

This said, he shouting impelled to the front the round-footed horses.

BOOK XX.

THE BATTLE OF THE GODS AND THE ACTS, OF ACHILLEUS.

THUS, by the crooked ships, stood armed the sons of Achaia,
 Round thee, Peleus' mighty son, insatiate of battle.
 Opposite these, on a rising ground, stood the ranks of the Trojans.
 Zeus then bade Themis, the gods to council assemble,
 On the lofty top of the many-valleyed Olumpus ;
 She, far proceeding, bade them come to the house of Kroníon.
 None of the Rivers was absent then, old Ocean excepted,
 Nor of the Nymphs, who the glades of the beautiful forests inhabit,
 And the founts whence rivers flow, and the green grassy meadows.
 Then when they came to the palace of Zeus, who driveth the storm-cloud, 10
 On polished, coloured seats they sat, the which for Kroníon
 Had constructed been by the skilful art of Hephaistos.
 Thus all came to the palace of Zeus ; not e'en the Earth-shaker
 Disobeyed the goddess' call, but came up from the salt sea.
 And, in the midst he sat, and of Zeus inquired his intention :
 " Thou of the vivid bolt, why again dost thou call us to council ?
 " Art thou pondering ought concerning the Greeks and the Trojans ;
 " Who are standing now on the burning brink of the combat ? "
 Zeus him thus answered, the god who driveth the storm-cloud :
 " Shaker of Earth, thou knowest the thought which my bosom possesses. 20
 " For their cause you assembled sit ; though they perish, I heed them.
 " But I myself will remain, on the highest peak of Olumpus
 " Sitting and pleasing my mind with the sight ; but let each of ye others

"Go from hence, and abide among the Trojans and Grecians ;
 "And to both of the hosts give aid, as each of ye willeth.
 "For if Peleides alone, against the Trojans, shall combat,
 "They will not, for a moment, sustain the swift-footed Achilleus,
 "Since, but even now, his very sight has appalled them ;
 "And now his mind is terribly wroth for the loss of his comrade,
 "Much I fear that, in spite of fate, he the city should ruin."

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Thus did speak Kronides, and stirred up an infinite contest.
 Down to the war descended the gods, with diverse intention.
 Herè down to the close-ranked ships, and Pallas Athenè,
 And Poseidon circler of earth, and Hermeias the helpful,
 Who, in his mind, was furnished well with the dictates of wisdom ;
 Hephaistos with these went too, in puissance rejoicing,
 Halting the while, and with weak limbs continual struggling.
 But to the Trojans went the brilliant-helmeted Ares ;
 Phoibos with flowing locks, and Artemis lover of hunting,
 Leto and Xanthos, and the laugh-loving Aphroditè.
 Then while the gods, from the mortal men, kept away and at distance,
 Glorious were the deeds of the Greeks, because that Achilleus
 Had once again appeared, who long had ceased from the conflict ;
 Trembling seized on every limb 'mid the host of the Trojans,
 Deeply they feared when again they saw the fleet-footed Achilleus
 Shining in arms, like Ares the fierce destroyer of mortals.
 When the Olumpians came amid the throng of the heroes,
 Then did fierce Contention arise, the shaker of nations ;
 Stood, by the trench the wall beyond, and shouted Athenè,
 And again by the ringing shores her voice was re-echoed ;
 Shouted Ares, on the other side, like a blackening storm-cloud,
 Keenly from the city's height exhorting the Trojans,
 Or sometime rushing on by the beautiful banks of Simöis.

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Thus, on either part, the blessed deities, rousing
 Up the war, caused a heavy strife to begin 'twixt the armies.
 Terribly thundered above the sire of men and immortals ;
 While, beneath, the spacious earth, by Poseidon, was shaken,

Till the lofty peaks of the mountains direfully trembled.
 Shaken were the deepest roots of the fountainous Ida,
 And its peaks, and the city of Troy, and the ships of Achaia. 60
 Feared, from beneath the ground, Aidoneus monarch of Hades,
 And in his dread, from his throne, he leapt, and cried out in terror,
 Lest the earth should be open torn by the mighty Poseidon,
 And his realms should discovered be to men and immortals,
 Awful, wide-spreading, which e'en to the gods are terrific ;
 Such was the sound of the war when the deities mingled in battle.
 And then, in fight opposed to the mighty monarch Poseidon,
 Holding his wingèd shafts in his grasp, stood Phoibos Apollon ;
 And to Ares stood opposed the goddess blue-eyed Athenè ;
 Artemis too, of the golden bow, the lover of hunting, 70
 Ever of arrows glad, the sister of far-darting Phoibos,
 Stood to Herè opposed, the glorious queen of Olumpus.
 Leto stood opposed to Hermeias the strong and the helpful,
 And, 'gainst Hephaistos, stood the mighty, deep-rolling river
 Which, by the gods, is Xanthos called, but by mortals, Scamandros.
 Thus, 'gainst gods, the gods advanced ; but ever Achilles
 Longed against Hector, Priam's son, to pass through the war-crowd ;
 For, with the Trojan's blood, his furious spirit impelled him
 Ares to satiate, the war-god ever unwearied.
 But then Aineias, Apollon the rouser of nations, 80
 'Gainst the son of Peleus urged, breathing courage within him.
 To Lucaon's, Priam's son, his voice he resembled,
 And, in his likeness, thus spoke Zeus' offspring Apollon :
 " Aineias, thou prince of Troy, where are now the fierce boastings
 " Which, while the wine was circling, thou mad'st to the chiefs of the Trojans,
 " How thou in battle would'st fight 'gainst Pelèidean Achilles ?"
 Him then, responding, thus spoke Aineias the hero :
 " Priamides, why dost thou suggest to my spirit unwilling,
 " In the battle, to meet the furious offspring of Peleus ?
 " I should not for the first time stand 'gainst swift-footed Achilles, 90
 " For, heretofore, on another field I have dreaded his jav'lin,

" When, from Ida, us he chased and seized on our oxen,
 " And Lurnessos and Pedasos spoiled, I, by Zeus, was preservèd,
 " Who excited my strength within and my knees to their swiftness ;
 " Else had I vanquished been by Achilleus' hands and Athenè's,
 " Who him preceding, victory gave, and also commandment
 " With his brazen spear to slay the host of the Trojans.
 " For it is not in mortal power to contend with Achilleus ;
 " Ever some god before him goes from harm to defend him ;
 " Always straightway his jav'lin wends, nor faileth him ever 100
 " Till it has deep transfix'd the flesh of the opposite foeman ;
 " But if some god would equal hold the chance of the combat,
 " Not with ease should he conquer me, though of brass he were formed."

Him then thus answered the king, Zeus' offspring, Apollon :

" Hero, do thou supplication make to the deities deathless ;
 " For thou art said to be the offspring of Aphroditè,
 " Daughter of Zeus, while Achilleus was born of a lesser immortal ;
 " From Zeus, Aphroditè springs, she from ancient Ocean.
 " Straight on drive the unwearied brass, nor let him repel thee
 " With his hostile words and the sound of his terrible threat'nings." 110

Speaking thus, vast strength he infused in the shepherd of nations ;
 And, through the foremost warriors, he went all shining in brass mail.
 Nor was Anchises' son unseen by the white-armèd Herè,
 Marching Peleus' son against through the crowd of the heroes.
 And, having called together the gods, 'twas thus she addressed them :

" Well consider now, Poseidon, and thou too, Athenè,
 " Your own minds within, to what these actions are tending.
 " For Aineias has gone all armed in his glittering brass mail
 " Against Peleides—urged on by Phoibòs Apollon.
 " But let us now turn him back from the way he pursueth ; 120
 " Or let some one of us stand near, assisting Achilleus,
 " And in him mighty strength infuse, lest he fail in his spirit ;
 " That he may know that he is dear to the greatest immortals ;
 " But that those gods are as light as air, who before have endeavoured
 " Safe to keep the Trojan chiefs 'mid the war and the combat.

" Let us all at once descend from the peak of Olumpos,
 " And in the battle interfere, lest aught he should suffer
 " From the Trojan power this day ; let him suffer hereafter
 " Whatsoever fate did weave when his mother did bear him.
 " But if Achilleus hear not this, by the deities' speaking,
 " He needs must feel fear if a god shall meet him in battle ;
 " For, when they plainly appear to men, the gods are tremendous."

130

Her then thus answered the great earth-shaker Poseidon :
 " Herè, be not beyond measure fierce ; for it does not behove thee.
 " I, for my part, unwilling am that we deities combat
 " With the other gods, for we are by far more puissant.
 " But let us now from the pathway go, and seat ourselves yonder,
 " And let us look on, and let mortals toil in the combat.
 " But if Ares in the battle join, or Phoibos Apollon,
 " And, Achilleus, resist, and hinder him from the combat,
 " Then, on the instant, by us be the strife of battle uprousd ;
 " And I think that they full soon, overcome in the conflict,
 " Back to Olumpos will fly to the rest of the powers assembled,
 " Being mightily quelled by the strength of our greater puissance."

140

Thus having spoken, led on the blue-haired Poseidon,
 To a wall which was erst up-heaped by the godlike Heracles,
 Lofty it was, by the Trojans made and Pallas Athenè,
 That he there might retreat and avoid the assault of the sea-beast
 When it had driven him from the shore and the champain beyond it.
 There sat Poseidon and, with him, the rest of the powers,
 And around their shoulders they donned an infrangible mist-cloud.
 Sat the other gods 'mid the slopes of the beautiful hill-side
 Round thee, O Phoibos, and Ares the destroyer of cities.
 Thus they on either side sat down, their counsels maturing ;
 Both sides slow and unwilling were to begin the sad warfare ;
 Even though mightiest Zeus commanded it, high enthronèd.
 But all the plain beneath was filled with heroes and horses,
 And it blazed with their brazen mail ; while the earth was resounding
 With their feet as together they rushed ; but two mightiest heroes

150

Wended the hosts between, all eager to join in the combat, 160
 Aineias, Anchises' son, and noble Achilleus.
 And first Aineias, all threatening, marched to the conflict,
 Nodding the plumes of his mighty helm ; and his buckler puissant
 Right before his bosom he held, and his brass spear made quiver.
 Peleides, on the other side, rushed on like a lion
 Greedy of prey, which thronging men are eager to slaughter,
 All the country together met, he, at first, them despising,
 Wends his way, but when some one of the warlike young heroes
 Has with the jav'lin smitten him, then he writhes while his mouth gapes
 And, his teeth around, the frequent foam-flakes are gathered, 170
 And, in his heart, with fury groans his spirit puissant,
 And his flanks and his thighs, with his tail he lashes on both sides,
 His own self arousing himself to the fight and the battle ;
 Glaring, right on by his fury he's borne, if so he may slaughter
 One of the men, or himself may die in the front of the combat ;—
 Thus his force and his valiant mind were urging Achilleus
 Onward to wend and meet the great-hearted son of Anchises.
 Then, when near they came, against each other advancing,
 First, addressed his foe, the swift-footed noble Achilleus :
 " Aineias, why hast thou now to the front thus advanced ? 180
 " Has thy mind impelled thee now, with me, to do battle,
 " Hoping that thou may'st command the Trojans quellers of horses,
 " Equal to Priamos in place ? but e'en though thou shouldst slay me,
 " Priamos will not therefore place a reward in thy hand-grasp,
 " For he has children ; and, firm of mind, nothing wavers.
 " Or have the Trojans divided thee land, far richer than others',
 " Beautiful all with the corn and vine, that thou mayest till it
 " After thou me hast slain ? but I trust thou wilt find that a hard thing ;
 " For I tell thee that I ere now with the jav'lin have chased thee.
 " Dost thou remember not that, when thou wert alone with the oxen ; 190
 " Thee I chased from Ida's mount in all haste on thy swift feet ?
 " Nor didst thou ever dream of turning back as thou fleddest ;
 " Thence thou didst to Lurnessos escape ; that city I o'erthrew,

" Having it attacked with the aid of Zeus and Athenè ;
 " And its women I captive led from the day of their freedom,
 " But, to thee, Zeus and the other gods deliverance granted.
 " But they will not deliver thee now, as thou in thy spirit
 " Hopest ; wherefore I bid thee retreat 'mid the host of the Trojans,
 " Nor against me presume to stand, this day, in the battle ;
 " Go ! ere thou suffer that ill which may e'en by a fool be perceivèd." 200

Him, Aineias answered again, and these were his accents :

" Think not, Peleides, to terrify me with thy threat'nings,
 " As if I were a little child ; for, right easily, I too
 " Can discourse in heart-cutting words and opprobrious speeches.
 " Well we know each other's race, well know we our parents,
 " Having heard ere now, of mortal men, the traditions ;
 " But by sight thou hast never known my race, nor have I, thine.
 " Thee men declare to be the son of illustrious Peleus,
 " Thy mother Thetis the fair-haired daughter of ocean ;
 " But I the offspring am of the mighty-hearted Anchises, 210
 " Him for my father I boast, and my mother the fair Aphroditè.
 " One or the other of these, this day, will weep for a dear son ;
 " For I do not think that we, by childish words parted,
 " Shall this day from fight retire and the work of the battle.
 " But if thou willing art to learn, and have clear understanding
 " Of our race (though well it is known to many a mortal),
 " Dardanos first was born to Zeus who driveth the storm-cloud ;
 " He Dardania built, for not yet had Ilion sacred
 " In the plain been raised, a city of clear-speaking mortals,
 " But as yet on the slopes they dwelt of fountainous Ida. 220
 " Dardanos a son begat—the king Ericthonios,
 " Who excelled all mortal men in greatness of riches :
 " Full three thousand mares among his marshes were pastured,
 " Each one, in its tender foal, as a mother, rejoicing ;
 " Boreas fell in love with them the while they were feeding,
 " And, in equine form, took the dark-maned mares for his consorts,
 " And thereupon twelve foals were by those mothers producèd ;

" These, when they bounded along o'er the fields of the life-giving corn-land,
 " Ran o'er the highest points of the ears, but fractured them never ;
 " And, when they bounded along o'er the wide expanse of the ocean, 230
 " Ran on the breaking foam of the hoary waves of the salt sea.
 " Troas was Erichthonios' son, a monarch of Trojans ;
 " And, to Troas, were born these three illustrious children,
 " Ilos and Assaracos and, like to the gods, Ganumedes,
 " Who, of all mortal men, was by far the most famous for beauty ;
 " Him the gods did snatch away to pour wine for Kronion,
 " And, for the sake of his beauty rare, made him dwell with immortals.
 " Ilos, illustrious Laomedon then had for his offspring,
 " Priamos was to Laomedon born, and also Tithouos,
 " Lampos and Klutios, and the branch of Ares, Hiketaon ; 240
 " Assaracos, Kapus begat, the sire of Anchises ;
 " Anchises me, and Priamos the illustrious Hector.
 " Such are the race and blood from which I boast my descending ;
 " Zeus, at his will, in men increaseth or lesseneth valour,
 " For he, of all the immortal gods, is by far the most mighty.
 " But let us now no more stand thus conversing like children,
 " In the midst of the foremost ranks of the war and the battle.
 " Easy it were for both, great store of reproaches, to utter,
 " Till their weight could not be borne by a hundred-oared vessel.
 " Voluble is a mortal's tongue, and many its speeches 250
 " Of all kinds, and wide is the room for words this way and that way,
 " And whatsoever thou hast said, thou may'st hear a like saying ;
 " But what is now the need for us, this strife and contention,
 " Thus in words to urge, much after the manner of women,
 " Who, being wroth on account of some heart-gnawing contention,
 " Upbraid each other as in the mid street they are passing,
 " With reproaches true and false ; as their anger impels them.
 " Me with words thou wilt not impel from my valiant intention,
 " Ere thou hast fought me with the spear ; come on then, that swiftly
 " We may mutual try our brazen spears in the combat." 260

Thus he spoke ; then hurled his spear at the terrible buckler,

Dire was the sound which the buckler gave when struck by the jav'lin.
Peleides held the shield far off in his strenuous hand-grasp,
Being some whit dismayed ; for he thought that the long-shadowed jav'lin
Of the great-hearted Aineias would pierce through the buckler ;
Erring in mind, he considered not, in his spirit within him,
That the glorious gifts, bestowed by the gods upon mortals,
Are not by mortals easily quelled, nor made to obey them.
Nor did the mighty spear of the warlike-minded Aineias
Break through the shield, restrained by the gold, the gift of Hephaistos ;
It, indeed, through two plates pierced ; but three other remained ; 271
For five plates, the shield across, were sketched by Hephaistos ;
The pierced two of brass, and two of tin were within them,
One in the midst of gold ; and in it stayed the rush of the brass-spear.
Then in his turn did Achilleus whirl the long-shadowed jav'lin,
And Aineias' shield he struck which was equal on all sides,
Just on the buckler's rim where the plates of brass ran the thinnest,
And the bull's hide was the thinnest too ; there, right through the buckler,
Broke the Pelian ashen spear, while the strong shield was crashing.
Down shrank Aineias, upholding the buckler above him 280
In his fear ; while above his back the spear in the champain
Stood, though yet eager to fly ; for through both the orbs of the buckler
Spacious and strong, it passed ; he, having avoided the long spear,
Stood (the while with the peril great his eyes were all dazzled)
Much dismayed at the near-stricken spear ; then mighty Achilleus
Eagerly rushed on amain, having drawn his sharp-edged falchion,
Terribly shouting the while ; then Aineias seized in his strong hand
A vast rock of mighty weight which no two men could carry,
Such men as now are alive ; he alone right easily swayed it.
And then Aineias had smitten the rushing Achilleus 290
Either on helm or shield with the rock, and thus 'scaped dire destruction,
Or Peleides' sword had soon deprived him of being,
But that, keenly noted the fight, the earth-shaker Poseidon ;
And at once, to the deathless gods, these accents he uttered :
" Deities, great is my fear for the mighty-hearted Aineias,

" Who full soon, by Peleides slain, will sink into Hades,
 " Urged and persuaded to fight by the words of far-darting Apollon
 " Madly ; for he has no power to defend him from sorrowful slaughter.
 " But why should he, who guiltless is, endure such affliction,
 " All in vain for others' wrongs, for he ever has offered 300
 " Pleasing gifts to the gods who inhabit the wide-spreading heaven ?
 " But, come now, and let us him, from dying, deliver,
 " Lest that Zeus be greatly enraged, if the rapid Achilleus
 " This man slay ; for fated he is to escape from the conflict,
 " Lest the race of Dardanos great should utterly perish ;
 " Dardanos, he whom Zeus has loved above every offspring,
 " Who from him have sprung with mortal women commingling.
 " For now Priam's race are hateful become to Kronion ;
 " And Aineias' might shall yet bear rule o'er the Trojans,
 " And his children's sons who shall be hereafter begotten." 310

Him then thus answered the large-eyed Herè majestic :
 " Shaker of earth, do thou consult the weal of Aineias,
 " Whether thou him wilt from battle save or leave him to slaughter,
 " Good though he be, by the hands of Peleus' offspring Achilleus,
 " For full many an oath have I and Pallas Athenè
 " 'Mid the immortals sworn, not to drive away from the Trojans
 " Their evil day, not e'en when Troy shall to bright fire be given
 " And, to the ground, be burnt by the warlike sons of Achaia."

Soon as these words were heard by the great earth-shaker Poseidon,
 Swiftly he passed the battle through, and the sound of the weapons, 320
 And he came where Aineias was, and was famous Achilleus ;
 Instantly darkness he poured upon the eyes of Peleides,
 And the brazen-pointed spear he withdrew from the buckler
 Of brave Aineias, and placed at the feet of Achilleus,
 While Aineias he raised from earth, high-lifting him upward ;
 Many a rank of men and many an order of war-cars
 Did Aineias clear o'erleap by the strength of Poseidon ;
 And he came to the utmost rear of the oft-swaying battle,
 Where the Kaucones had armed them last for the conflict.

Then very near him came the great earth-shaker Poseidon, 330
And, him addressing, these wingèd accents he uttered :

“ Aineias, which one of the gods, to thy sorrow, has bid thee
“ Against Peleides to war and mingle in combat,
“ Who than thou is braver far and dearer to heaven ?
“ But do thou henceforth retreat when he near thee is approaching,
“ Lest, in spite of fate, thou descend to the palace of Hades.
“ But, when death and fate shall have seized on the mighty Achilleus,
“ Then do thou boldly fight again in the front of the battle ;
“ For thou shalt never be slain by another son of Achaia.”

Speaking thus, he left him there, having finished his counsel. 340
And, the thick darkness, he instantly chased from the eyes of Achilleus ;
Who, at that moment, keenly gazed on the objects around him ;
And, deeply grieving, thus his own great spirit addressèd :

“ Gods, what a mighty wonder is this that mine eyes are beholding ;
“ Here lies my spear upon the ground, nor see I the hero
“ ’Gainst whom I hurled it, being then all eager to slay him :
“ Certainly Aineias is dear to the deities deathless ;
“ But I had hopes that he this privilege vainly had boasted.
“ Well, let him go ; his mind again will not prompt him to try me ;
“ Since right willingly now he flies from me and destruction. 350
“ But as soon as I the war-loving Greeks have exhorted,
“ I will make proof, in closest fight, of the rest of the Trojans.”

Back, as he spoke, ’mid the ranks he leapt, and each hero exhorted :
“ Stand not now from the Trojans afar, ye noble Achaians,
“ But let man be opposed to man all eager for combat.
“ Hard must it be for me alone, whatever my valour,
“ To attack such a host of men and to fight their whole army ;
“ Not Ares the immortal god, nor even Athenè
“ Could attack such a front of war, howsoe’er she might labour ;
“ But whatsoe’er I can perform with swift foot or strong hand, 360
“ And with my utmost might, all this shall be given to the combat ;
“ And right through the ranks will I pierce, and I think that no Trojan
“ Will very greatly rejoice who comes within reach of my jav’lin.”

Thus in exhortation he spoke ; then illustrious Hector
Did the Trojans reproach, saying he would fight with Achilleus :

- “ Trojans great of heart, fear not the offspring of Peleus.
“ Easy it were for me, in words, to fight the immortals ;
“ Hard it were with the spear, for they are by far more puissant.
“ Nor can Achilleus give effect to all that he utters ;
“ Some part he may perform, but the rest must imperfect relinquish. 370
“ I will to meet him go, though his hands have the power of the keen flames,
“ Though his hands were of flaming fire, his strength like bright iron.”

Thus he, in exhortation, spoke ; and the Trojans uplifted
Then their spears, and their fierceness glowed, and loud was their clamour.
But then was Hector commanded by Phoibos Apollon :

- “ Hector, do not thou, in the front, contend with Achilleus,
“ But his assault await amid the host and the tumult,
“ Lest he strike thee with the spear or smite with the falchion.”

Thus he spoke, and Hector shrank 'mid the throng of the heroes
In dismay at hearing thus the voice of Apollon. 380
Then, on the Trojans, clad in strength fierce darted Achilleus
With a tremendous shout ; Iphition first fell before him,
Brave he was, Otrunteus' son, a prince of much people,
Him a Naiad bore to Otrunteus spoiler of cities,
Tmolos' snowy mount beneath, in the rich state of Hudè ;
Him, as fiercely onward he went, the noble Achilleus
Struck in the front of his head, and it into twain was divided ;
Loud was the sound of his fall ; then thus boasted noble Achilleus :

- “ Lie there, Otrunteides, by far the most dreadful of mortals ;
“ Here is now thy death ; but thy race has had its commencement 390
“ By the Gugaian lake, where lies the land of thy fathers
“ By fish-famed Hullos, and the whirling waters of Hermos.”

Boasting he spoke ; but darkness veiled the eyes of the slaughtered,
And the war-cars of Greece his corse with their wheels soon divided
In the battle's front ; then Demoleon, him after,
Brave to withstand the combat's shock, the son of Antenor,
On the temple Achilleus smote, through his brazen-cheeked helmet ;

Nor might the brazen helm endure, but through it the spear's point,
 Eager of flight crashed through the bone, and the brain all within it,
 Shattered was ; and he vanquished lay, though brave in the combat. 400
 Then as Hippodamas was leaping down from his war-car,
 Turning to fly, him Achilles smote in the back with the jav'lin ;
 He, with loud cries, his life breathed forth, as sometimes a bullock
 Bellows aloud when to sacrifice dragged to the monarch Poseidon,
 While the youths are pulling him forth, and joys the Earth-shaker,
 Thus his furious soul with cries, his bones, did relinquish.
 Next with the spear he went against the godlike Poludoros,
 Priam's son, to whom his sire had the battle forbidden,
 For that, of all his children dear, Poludoros was youngest,
 And to his father dearest was, and beat all men in swiftness. 410
 He then, foolish youth, all vainly showing his fleetness,
 Ran the battle's front along till he met with destruction.
 Him as he hasted along, the swift-footed, noble Achilleus
 Smote in middle of his back, where the clasps of the sword-belt
 Formed of gold did meet, and met the two sides of the breastplate ;
 Right through to the navel went the point of the jav'lin ;
 On his knees he fell with a shriek, and darkness came o'er him,
 And on the ground he sank with his entrails clutched in his hands' grasp.
 Then when Hector saw his brother, the young Poludoros,
 Holding his entrails in his hands while he sank on the champain, 420
 Over his eyes a darkness came, and no more he endured
 At a distance to war, but stood in the path of Achilleus,
 Shaking his sharp spear like a flame ; that instant Achilleus,
 When he beheld him, bounded on, and thus spake he boasting :
 " Near is the man who most of all my soul has afflicted,
 " Who my beloved companion slew ; nor now shall we longer
 " Timidly shun each other's way through the paths of the battle."
 Thus to himself he said, then, frowning sternly on Hector,
 Said :—" Nearer come, the sooner to reach the goal of destruction."
 Then, all undismayed, spoke the brilliant-helmeted Hector : 430
 " Peleides, expect thou not with words to affright me

"As if I were a child ; for I myself am well able
 "Heart-cutting speeches to make, and utter opprobrious sayings ;
 "Well do I know that thou art strong, far stronger than I am.
 "But the event of the battle lies on the knees of the great gods,
 "And, although I am weaker than thou, of thy life I may rob thee,
 "Smiting thee with the spear ; for e'en my spear has a sharp point."

Thus he spoke, and the jav'lin hurled, but Pallas Athenè
 With a light breath turned it back from noble Achilleus ;
 Back it went, and fell at the feet of Hector the godlike ;
 On rushed Peleides in his rage, all eager to slay him,
 With a tremendous cry ; but Apollon snatched him from danger,
 Easily, as a god, and with thickest darkness enveiled him.
 Three times then rushed on the swift-footed, noble Achilleus,
 With his brazen spear, three times he smote the deep darkness ;
 When for the fourth time on he came with a godlike puissance,
 In fierce upbraiding these wingèd accents he uttered :

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"Once again thou hast death escaped, thou dog ; but right near thee
 "Evil came, but rescued thou wert by Phoibos Apollon,
 "Whom thou dost well to adore e'er thou com'st mid the sound of the
 jav'lins.

450

"But I shall finish thee yet when on some other day I shall meet thee,
 "If some one of the deathless gods will give me assistance ;
 "Now I the other Trojans will slay, whomsoe'er I may light on."

Thus he spoke, and Druops smote in mid neck with his jav'lin ;
 And before his feet he fell ; there lying he left him ;
 Demonchos, Philetor's son, the valiant and mighty,
 Smitten on the knee he stopped ; then, in the next instant
 Wounding him with his mighty sword, he robbed him of being.
 Dardanos then, and Laoganos, the two sons of Bias,
 He then attacked, and bore them both from their car to the champain ;
 One he struck with the spear from afar, one near with the falchion.
 Troas the son of Alastor he slew, who, coming before him,
 Held him by the knees, that he alive might dismiss him,
 Slaying him not, but pitying him in youthfulness equal.

460

But of no gentle mind and spirit mild was Achilleus,
 But of most violent soul ; Troas held his knees in his hands' grasp
 Eager in supplication ; but he with his sword smote the liver,
 And the liver he deeply gashed, and the black blood within it
 Filled his breast, and darkness veiled the eyes of the dying ;
 Then approaching near, Achilleus Moullos wounded 470
 In the ear with his jav'lin keen, and the brass-pointed weapon
 Through the other ear came forth ; then a son of Agenor,
 Named Echeelos, he smote on the head with his great-handled falchion ;
 And the whole sword was warm with blood ; and over his eyelids
 Came the purple death, and violent fate was upon him.
 Deucalion next, where the tendons join to the elbow,
 With his brazen spear he smote, and his hand was transfixèd ;
 He indeed stood still, by his wounded arm all entangled,
 Looking forward to death ; him Achilleus smote with the falchion
 And struck afar both helm and head, up-spouted the marrow 480
 Forth from his spine ; in death he lay stretched out on the champain.
 Next did Achilleus rush 'gainst Peiros' illustrious offspring,
 Rhigmos, who from fertile Thrace had journeyed to battle ;
 Him in the midst he struck, with the spear transfixing his stomach ;
 Down from the war-car he fell ; then Arëithöos his attendant,
 As he turned the horses round, he smote with the sharp spear
 In the back ; from the war-car he fell, and affright seized the horses.
 As far rages the fire through the deep ravines of a mountain
 Dry with heat, and the blaze burns up the depths of the forest,
 While the fierce wind on every side whirls the red conflagration ; 490
 So he rushed all ways with his spear, like a deity deathless,
 Seeking whom he might slay, while the dark earth reeked with the
 slaughter.

As when some one yokes broad-foreheaded bulls to their labour
 To tread out the barley white on the threshing-floor level,
 And soon it husked becomes 'neath the feet of the loud-lowing oxen ;
 So the firm-hoofed steeds beneath the great-hearted Achilleus
 Trampled down both bucklers and dead ; while the chariot-axle,

All beneath, was foul with blood, and the rims round the war-car,
Which the drops from the horses' hoofs and the wheels' edge were sprinkling ;
But Peleides onward rushed, all eager for glory, 500
While his invincible hands were dark with the gore of the conflict.

END OF THE TWENTIETH BOOK.

BOOK XXI.

THE BATTLE IN THE RIVER SCAMANDROS.

BUT when now they came to the ford of the fair-flowing river
Of whirling Xanthos, by Zeus the immortal begotten,
Separate was the Trojan host ; one half, on the champain,
Were by Achilleus pursued along the way to the city,
By the which, the day before, the Achaians were flying,
Stricken with deep dismay, while raged illustrious Hector ;
By that way half the Trojans fled ; while Herè before them
Spread a thick dark cloud, that so she might hinder their progress ;
But the other half were whirled in the deep-flowing river
Eddying, silvery white ; as they dashed in, great was the tumult,
Sounded the depths, the while all around the banks were resounding,
Swam the Trojans here and there being whirled in the eddies.
As when away from the force of fire the locusts are flying,
Towards some river escaping swift while the fierce flame is scorching,
Rising with sudden force while in fear they fall in the waters ;
So, 'neath Achilleus' might, the sounding surge of the Xanthos
Deeply whirling, crammed became with men and with horses.
But that noble chief on the banks of the stream left his jav'lin
Leaning the tamarisks among ; then like an immortal
On he rushed, having only his sword, but with fiercest intention ;
This way and that way he struck ; then arose the terrible groaning
Of the sword-smitten, while the stream was red with their life-blood.
As when the rest of the fish, from some mighty dolphin, are flying,

10

20

And, in their fear, the recesses fill of some harbour of safety,
 While the dolphin fiercely devours each fish he can light on ;
 Thus the Trojans fled through the stream of the fast-flowing river,
 Hiding themselves in its rocky banks ; he, weary of slaughter,
 Chose twelve captive youths and bore them forth from the river,
 In his fierce vengeance for the death of the son of Menoitios ;
 These, from the stream, he bore like deer in their fear's stupefaction ; 30
 And behind them their hands he tied with the thongs of the sword-belts
 Which they themselves did bear to confine their tunics of chain-mail ;
 Them, to his comrades, he gave to lead to the ships of Achaia.
 But he himself again rushed on all eager for slaughter ;
 And there he met a son of Priam, Dardanos' offspring,
 As from the river he fled, Lucaon ; whom he aforetime
 Had all unwilling led from the fertile fields of his father,
 Having marched by night ; he the boughs of the wild fig was cutting
 That he of them might deftly form the rail of a war-car ;
 On him, an unexpected ill, came the noble Achilleus, 40
 And in his ships he bore him away, and in Lemnos he sold him ;
 And his price was paid by the wealthy son of Iéson,
 Imbrian Eëtion thence him, with a mighty price, purchased,
 And he sent him away to the land of beauteous Arisbè ;
 And by flying thence he gained the home of his fathers.
 Only eleven days he soothed his soul with his comrades,
 Returned from Lemnos ; and on the twelfth day he, once more,
 By the gods was given again to the hands of Achilleus,
 Who was about to send him, all unwilling, to Hades.
 When he then first was beheld by the swift-footed noble Achilleus, 50
 He was of helm and spear devoid, nor held he his jav'lin,
 All these he on the ground had thrown ; for sweat had distressed him,
 As from the river he strove to escape, and his knees were aweary ;
 Angrily then did Achilles bespeak his magnanimous spirit :

" Gods, what a marvel is this which now mine eyes are beholding ;
 " Surely the great-hearted sons of Troy whom late I have slaughtered
 " Will again from Hades arise and the blackness of darkness ;

" Just as this man here has come, his sad destiny 'scaping,
 " Who but now was sold in the sacred island of Lemnos ;
 " Nor has the wave of the hoary sea sufficed to restrain him, 60
 " Which full many mortal men unwillingly parteth.
 " But he now shall surely taste the point of my jav'lin,
 " That my mind may see, and also experiment teach me,
 " Whether from life-giving earth he will yet again have returning,
 " Earth which ever holdeth fast e'en the mightiest hero."

Thus as Achilles stood, he thought ; and Lucaon came near him
 Eager to clasp his knees ; for well he hoped in his spirit
 Then to escape an evil death and destiny darksome.
 Then his long-shadowed spear was flung by noble Achilles,
 As all eager to slay he stood ; but beneath it Lucaon 70
 Ran, and falling down embraced the knees of the hero ;
 And, his back above, the spear was fixed in the champain,
 Greatly desirous with human flesh its hunger to satiate.
 With one hand Lucaon seized the knees of Achilles,
 In supplication, while he held with the other the sharp spear,
 Nor let it go while suppliant these wingèd accents he uttered :

" Suppliant, I embrace thy knees, O mighty Achilles ;
 " Let thy compassion on me fall, and pity my sorrow ;
 " O beloved of Zeus, I kneel, as a suppliant, sacred.
 " For at thy table erst I ate the fruit of Demeter, 80
 " In that day when me thou didst seize in the well-cultured corn-land,
 " And didst sell me, sending me far from my friends and my father,
 " To sacred Lemnos ; and a hundred oxen I brought thee ;
 " Now for my life thrice those I'll pay ; 'tis but the twelfth morning
 " Since I my return have made to the turrets of Ilion,
 " After enduring many woes, and now destiny baleful
 " Has me again in thy power placed ; I needs must be hated
 " By Zeus father of gods, who again me to thee has delivered ;
 " Certainly I, of briefest date, was borne by my mother
 " Laothoë, the daughter fair of ancient Altes 90
 " Who, o'er the fierce Lelegi, held state and rule as a monarch,

" And in lofty Pedasos dwelt near the Satnian river ;
 " Priamos did his daughter wed, and brides many other ;
 " And of her two sons were born, both whom thou hast beheaded.
 " Thou among the foremost foot hast recently slaughtered
 " Godlike Poludoros, struck down with the sharp-pointed jav'lin ;
 " And now evil will come to me ; for I do not consider
 " That I shall now from thy hands escape, since heaven hath impelled me.
 " But I will tell thee a thing, and do thou in thy spirit receive it ;
 " Slay me not, for I am not born of the mother of Hector, 100
 " Who did thy companion slay, the gentle, the valiant."

These words Priam's noble son addressed to Achilleus
 In supplication ; but he heard no placable answer :

" Fool that thou art, speak not to me of life nor of ransom ;
 " True it is, ere the fatal day had befallen Patroclus,
 " Pleasanter far it was to me to have mercy on Trojans,
 " And full many alive I have ta'en and for ransoms have sold them ;
 " Now not a man shall from death escape, whosoever, by heaven,
 " Shall to my hands be given up near the turrets of Ilion,
 " Of all the Trojans, but most of the offspring of Priam. 110
 " Wherefore, my friend, do thou, too, die ; why in vain dost thou sorrow ?
 " Dead is Patroclus, a man far better than thou art.
 " See'st thou not what a hero am I, both beauteous and mighty,
 " Sprung from a noble sire, and who have for my mother a goddess ;
 " But even upon me shall death and destiny's fierce doom
 " Fall in the morn, the middle day, or else in the evening ;
 " When e'en from me some man shall take the life with his weapon,
 " Either striking me with the spear, or the shaft from the bowstring."

Thus he spoke, and the knees and heart of Lucaon were loosèd ;
 He let go the spear, and sat outstretching his both hands ; 120
 Then the sharp falchion was drawn from its sheath by Achilleus,
 And near the neck his shoulder he smote ; and all in his body
 Entered deep the two-edgèd sword ; he prone on the champain
 Lay stretched out ; while the black blood flowed, the dry earth bedewing.
 Him then Achilleus seized by the foot, and threw into the river,

And, high boasting, thus with wingèd words he addressed him :

“ Lie thou there the fishes among ; while at ease they are licking
 “ From thy wound the blood ; for thee thy mother shall never
 “ Wail as thou liest on the bier ; but whirling Scamandros
 “ Shall bear thee on from hence to the spacious bosom of ocean. 130
 “ Some fish, leaping the dark wave along, from the ripples emerging,
 “ Swiftly shall bound, that he may eat the white fat of Lucaon.
 “ Ye, the rest, too shall fall, till we seize on Ilion sacred,
 “ Who now are flying, while I come slaying the hindmost ;
 “ Nor shall your river, though sweetly in white eddies flowing,
 “ Profit at all, to whom full many bulls you have slaughtered,
 “ And in its whirlpools have sunk alive the round-footed horses.
 “ And thus an evil fate shall ye dree, until all ye Trojans
 “ Shall have atoned for Patroclos’ death, and the deaths of Achaians
 “ Whom ye slew by the rapid ships, while I ceased from the battle.” 140

Thus he spoke ; and the River was wroth in his heart as he heard him,
 And in his mind he revolved how to hinder noble Achilles
 From the work of war, and defend from slaughter the Trojans.
 Then did Peleus’ son, uplifting his long-shadow’d jav’lin,
 Asteropeios attack, in heart all eager to slay him,
 The son of Pelegon ; whom Axios widely flowing
 Did of Periboia beget, who was of the daughters
 Of Akessamenos, the eldest, with her in union
 Mingled the amorous god of the gulfy deep-whirling river,
 Him against, Achilles rushed ; he stood by the river, 150
 Holding in his hands two spears, while his heart was with boldness
 Inspired by Xanthos, who was wroth for the youths that were slaughtered,
 By Peleides, his waves among, whom nought he had pitied.
 Then when near they came, against each other advancing,
 Thus the first did speak the swift-footed, noble Achilles :

“ Who among men art thou who dar’st thus to oppose me ?
 “ Sons are they of hapless sires who dare to resist me.”

Then the illustrious son of Pelegon made replication :

“ Peleides, of mighty heart, why mak’st thou inquiry

" Of my race ? I far hence have come from Paionia fertile; 160
 " Leading the men of Paionian race, who are armed with long spears ;
 " And it is now the eleventh day since Ilion I entered ;
 " But descended I am from Axios widely flowing,
 " Axios, who through the earth pours out the most beautiful waters,
 " Who begat Pelegon, famed with the spear, who was called my father
 " But let us now our fight commence, O noble Achilleus."

Thus spake he threatening ; then uplifted noble Achilleus
 The spear of Peleus ; while the hero Asteropaios
 Darted with both his spears at once, being ambidexter,
 And with one spear the buckler he struck, nor it penetrated, 170
 For the gold, the gift of the god, prevented the jav'lin ;
 With the other he slightly struck the right arm of Achilleus,
 Then leapt forth the darkling blood ; while the spear passing o'er him,
 In the earth was fixed, while of flesh for satiety longing.
 Then in his turn Achilleus sent the straight-going ash-spear
 Asteropaios against, in wrath all eager to slay him ;
 Him indeed he missed, but struck the high bank of the river,
 And for half its length he drove in the bank the ash jav'lin.
 But then Peleides, from his thigh, drew forth the sharp falchion,
 Leaping towards him eager to slay ; he, the spear of Achilleus 180
 Strove in vain from the bank to draw with the force of his strong hand ;
 Three times he shook it, all eager forth to withdraw it,
 Three times it did his strength defy ; he willed at the fourth time
 To bend down and break the ashen spear of Achilleus,
 But Peleides, coming near, took his life with his falchion ;
 For near the navel him he smote, and swift all his entrails
 On the ground were poured, and darkness covered his eyelids
 As he gasped in death ; then towards him on rushed Achilleus,
 And he seized his mail, and thus he spoke in his boasting :

" Lie thou there ; it was hard for thee to fight with the offspring 190
 " Of the mighty Zeus, when thy father was only a River ;
 " Thou didst say that thy race belonged to a wide-flowing river,
 " But I glory in my descent from Zeus the most mighty ;

" Me a hero begat, o'er many Murmidons ruler,
 " Peleus Aiakides ; and Zeus was Aiakos' father ;
 " Far more mighty is Zeus than the rivers flowing to ocean ;
 " And the race of rivers, than Zeus, is much less puissant.
 " Near thee now is a mighty stream if that he might aid thee ;
 " But impossible 'tis to war 'gainst the strength of Kroníon ;
 " Not to him is equal held the king Achelöos, 200
 " Nor the puissance huge of the vast and deep-flowing ocean,
 " From whose gulfs, the rivers all, and every salt sea,
 " And all the fountains, and all the deep wells, have existence.
 " Even Ocean fears the mighty Zeus when he thunders,
 " And the lightning dread, when from heaven it crashes resounding."

Speaking thus, from the bank he tore the brass-pointed jav'lin.
 Asteropaios there he left, having taken his dear life,
 Lying the sands among, while his corse the dark water was laving ;
 And, all around it, were busy then the eels and the fishes,
 Feasting all the fat upon, which his kidneys surrounded. 210
 Then he began an attack to make on Paionia's heroes,
 Who were flying in fearful haste by the deep-whirling river,
 When they saw their bravest chief in the terrible combat
 Sternly subdued with the sword beneath the hands of Achilleus.
 Thersilochos then he slew, and Astupulos and Medon,
 Mnesos and Thrasios, and Ainios and Ophelestes ;
 Many a hero more had been slain by the rapid Achilleus,
 But that, in anger, him thus addressed the deep-whirling River,
 In appearance a man, but his voice from the deep vortex sounded :

" O Achileus, thou the bravest art and the greatest in evil 220
 " Of the sons of men ; for the gods themselves still uphold thee.
 " If, to destroy the Trojans all, by Zeus has been given,
 " Issuing forth from me to the plain, there work thy destruction ;
 " For my pleasant stream is full of the bodies of dead men,
 " Nor can I longer keep my course to the sacred ocean,
 " Being filled up with the dead, while thou still destructively slayest.
 " But now desist from fight ; for I, O prince, am amazed."

While the river behind him came with a marvellous tumult.
 As an irrigator brings, from a dark-watered fountain,
 The soft-flowing stream to the plants and well-cultured gardens,
 Holding a pickaxe with single point the trenches to keep clear ;
 And, as the water flows, the pebbles own agitation,
 And the stream comes murmuring on down the slope of the garden,
 So that its speed anticipates e'en the man who conducts it ;
 So the swell of the river aye was o'ertaking Achilleus,
 Swift of foot though he was ; for the gods are stronger than mortals. 270
 And as oft as strove the swift-footed noble Achilleus,
 'Gainst the stream to stand, and know if all the immortals
 Willed him to flee, as many as dwell in the wide-spreading heaven,
 So oft still the mighty wave of the Zeus-flowing river
 Dashed his shoulders upon ; he leapt on high with his swift feet,
 Being perturbed in his mind, for the river wearied his strong knees ;
 In its fierce course obliquely it flowed, taking ground from beneath him ;
 Then groaned Peleides, looking up to the wide-spreading heaven :

“ Father Zeus, if none of the gods will in trouble assist me,
 “ And, from this river, save me now, I must injury suffer. 280
 “ But no one of the heavenly gods by me shall be blamèd
 “ Much as my mother, who me has soothed with her falsehoods ;
 “ She has said that I, by the wall of the brass-mailèd Trojans,
 “ Should meet my fate of death from the swift-flying darts of Apollon.
 “ Would that Hector me had slain, the bravest of Trojans,
 “ Then would have been a brave man slain, and a brave man had spoiled him ;
 “ But now, by an unworthy death, it is doomed that I perish,
 “ Hemmed by the mighty river's force, like the boy of a swineherd,
 “ Whom some wintry stream o'erwhelms as he struggles to cross it.”

Thus spoke Peleides ; Poseidon and Pallas Athenè 290
 Instantly near him stood, in appearance mortals resembling ;
 Taking his hand in their hands, with words they strengthened his courage ;
 And, first to speak, commenced the great earth-shaker Poseidon :

“ Peleides, be not much dismayed, nor troubled in spirit ;
 “ For we twain, from among the gods, are prompt to assist thee,

" With the permission of Zeus, myself and Pallas Athenè ;
 " It is not thy fate to be subdued by a river ;
 " He full soon shall from injury cease, and thine eyes shall behold it,
 " And we to thee wise counsel give, and do thou obey it ;
 " Let not thy hands know any pause from the combat destructive 300
 " Ere thou hast driven the Trojan host to the famed walls of Ilion,
 " Whosoever of them may escape ; thou, when Hector is slaughtered,
 " Back to the ships return ; for glory we give thee to gather."

Having thus spoken, the twain sought again the immortals ;
 But he went (for greatly the speech of the gods had revived him)
 Toward the plain, which all was full of the o'erflowing waters
 Much was the beautiful mail and many the bodies of heroes
 Slain in their youth, which floated on ; his knees he uplifted,
 Rushing straight the stream against ; for longer controlled him
 That wide-flowing river no more ; such strength gave Athenè ; 310
 Yet did not Scamandros, as yet, take pause from contention,
 But yet more 'gainst Achilles he raged, uplifting his fierce waves
 Higher and higher still ; and thus he cried to Simóis :

" O my brother dear, we both together must hinder
 " This mortal's prowess, or soon the great city of Priam
 " He will overthrow, for the Trojans abide not the battle.
 " But do thou give me instant aid, full filling thy streamlet
 " With thy watery springs, stir up thine every torrent ;
 " High let thy mighty wave arise ; rouse an infinite tumult
 " With the trunks of trees, and stones, thus to quell this fierce hero 320
 " Who now wends in boastful strength, like the deities deathless.
 " Truly his strength will profit him nought, nor yet will his beauty,
 " Nor his splendid arms, when they, in the deep gulf of ocean,
 " Hidden shall lie 'mid the oozy slime ; moreover his carcass
 " I with sand will cover deep, and place round him the shingle
 " In a mass immense, so that the sons of Achaia
 " Cannot his bones collect ; with so mighty a weight I'll involve him,
 " That it to him shall a monument be, nor shall there be needed
 " A tomb's erection when the Greeks, his obsequies, render."

As he spoke, on Achilles he rushed, all turbid in fury,
 Roaring aloud with foam and blood, and the bodies of dead men.
 Purple became the wave of the river from Zeus down-flowing,
 As uplifted, it reared on high, and threatened Peleides.
 But then Herè loud exclaimed, alarmed for Achilles,
 Lest the mighty and deep-whirling stream should bear him to ocean,
 And thus instant she spoke to her much-loved offspring Hephaistos :

“ Rouse thee now, Hephaistos, my son ; for against thy puissance
 “ We do not believe that the whirling Xanthos can combat ;
 “ But give thou instant aid, displaying a great conflagration,
 “ Whilst I go and Zephyr arouse, and the sky-clearing Notos,
 “ That they may swift upraise a terrible blast from the ocean ;
 “ So full soon shall burn the bodies and mail of the Trojans,
 “ When rushes on the evil flame ; but do thou by the Xanthos
 “ All along his banks consume the trees and the river ;
 “ Nor let him thee from thy purpose turn by threats or with sweet words ;
 “ Nor let then thy puissance pause, until I, exclaiming,
 “ Bid thee cease ; then quell at once the fierce conflagration.”

Thus she spoke, and the terrible fire was prepared by Hephaistos.
 First in the plain the flame was seen devouring each dead corse,
 For of them an abundance there was who were slain by Achilles ;
 And all the plain, by the heat, was dried, and the bright water hindered.
 As sometimes in Autumn's hour some new-watered garden
 Is by Boreas speedily dried, while the gard'ner rejoiceth,
 So was then the whole plain dried up, and the carcases burnèd.
 Then 'gainst the river he turned the furious flames in their brightness ;
 Burnèd soon were the elms, the tamarisks tall, and the willows,
 Burnèd too was the lotos, the rush, and the sweet-smelling marsh plants
 Which grew thickly around the beautiful banks of the river ;
 Tortured were the eels and the fishes which, through the eddies,
 Here and there, the bright floods among, plunged wild with their torments,
 Being in evil case through the breath of the subtle Hephaistos.
 Burned was the River himself ; then he spoke, and these were his accents :

“ Hephaistos, not one of the gods can equally combat

“ With thy force, nor will I, with thee and fierce flame, hold contention ;
 “ Cease from strife ; let the Trojans at once, by noble Achilleus,
 “ From their city be driv’n ; why should I assist in the warfare ? ”

As he spoke, with fire he glowed, and his bright waves were bubbling.
 As a cauldron bubbles within, when with much fire surrounded,
 Liquefying the savoury flesh of a hog fully fattened,
 Surging on all sides up, while much dried wood lies beneath it ; 370
 So the fair stream with fire was burnt, so bubbled the water,
 Nor could it run, for its course was stayed, and steam did torment it,
 Through the might of Hephaistos the wise ; then Xanthos to Herè
 Much supplication made, and with wingèd words he addressed her :

“ Herè, why is this thy son my streamlet tormenting
 “ More than the rest of the rivers ? I am not so much to be blamèd
 “ As are all the other gods who give aid to the Trojans.
 “ But indeed I now will cease, if so thou commandest,
 “ And let him desist as well ; and yet more, I will now swear
 “ Never to drive the evil day again from the Trojans, 380
 “ Not e’en when total Troy shall be consumed in the bright flame,
 “ When it set on fire shall be by the warlike Achaïans.”

Then the river was heard by the goddess white-armèd Herè,
 And thus she instantly spoke to her much-loved offspring Hephaistos :

“ Cease now, O my noble son, for it is not befitting
 “ Thus to torment an immortal god for the sake of a mortal.”

Thus she spoke, and the dreadful fire was quelled by Hephaistos ;
 And the waters again down rushed through the fair-flowing river.
 When thus the might of Xanthos was tamed, the stream and Hephaistos
 Ceased from war ; for Herè, though wroth, restrained their contention. 390

But then, on the other gods, fell the burden of battle,
 Hard to be borne, for their minds within felt opposite impulse ;
 On they rushed with a mighty roar, while the wide earth re-echoed,
 And resounded the vasty heaven ; Zeus, on lofty Olumpos
 Seated, the tumult heard, and his spirit laughed in its gladness
 As he beheld the gods on earth commingling in battle.
 For now they stood aloof no more, for the shield-piercer Ares

First an attack commenced on the goddess Pallas Athenè,
Holding his brazen spear ; with reproachful words he addressed her :

“ Wherefore, O dog-fly, dost thou drive the gods to contention, 400
“ With thine amazing boldness ? the while thy great fury impels thee ;
“ Hast thou then forgotten thine urging the strong Diomedes
“ Me to wound ? while thou thyself, with the far-shining jav’lin,
“ Straight against me didst drive, and tore my beautiful person ;
“ But now I mean to repay thee well for the ills thou hast done me.”

Speaking thus, with his spear he smote the deep-fringed Egis,
That dread shield which e’en the bolt of Zeus could not conquer ;
This the slaughter-stained Ares then did strike with his long spear ;
Pallas stepped backward then and seized a stone in her hand-grasp,
As on the plain it lay ; black it was, and rugged and mighty, 410
Which the men of a former age had placed for a land-mark ;
And, on the neck, fierce Ares she smote, and loosened his members ;
Covering full seven acres he fell, and his locks, the dust darkened,
And as he fell his armour rang ; laughed, Pallas Athenè,
And, all boastful, thus with wingèd words she addressed him :

“ Fool, hast thou not yet learned how much thy superior I am,
“ That thou dar’st, in battle, thus to oppose my puissance ?
“ Thus dost thou suffer now thy mother’s furious anger,
“ Who, in her wrath, devises thee ills ; because thou desertest
“ The Achaian cause, and aidest the truce-breaking Trojans.” 420

Thus having spoken, her brilliant eyes she averted ;
Him, by the hand, then took, the daughter of Zeus, Aphroditè,
As he heavily groaned, and hardly his spirit collected.
When she was perceived by the goddess white-armed Herè,
Instantly she, these winged words, addressed to Athenè :

“ O unconquered daughter of Zeus, who swayeth the Egis,
“ See yon dog-fly gives help again to the man-slaying Ares
“ Through the throng of the furious war ; but do thou overtake her.”

Thus she spoke, then glad at heart, on hastened, Athenè ;
And, overtaking the twain, with her strong hand struck Aphroditè 430
On her breast, and relaxed her knees and the spirit within her.

Therefore the twain fell down on the many-nourishing champain ;
And, boastful, thus with wingèd words she addressed them :

“ Such may all those become who assistance yield to the Trojans,
“ That they may battle do 'gainst the armèd sons of Achaia,
“ May they be fierce and endurant of war, as now Aphroditè
“ Has been, against my might, opposed, while Ares she succoured ;
“ Then full long ago we should have ceased from the conflict,
“ Having overthrown the well-built city of Ilion.”

Thus she spoke, then smiled the goddess white-armèd Herè. 440
Then, to Apollon, spoke the earth-shaking monarch Poseidon :

“ Why do we, Phoibos, abstain from war ? it does not beseem us,
“ While the others begin ; shame it were if we without battle
“ Should return in peace to the brazen hall of Olumpos.
“ But do thou the war commence, for thou art the younger ;
“ Me, of earlier birth and greater wisdom, it fits not.
“ Truly a foolish heart is thine ; dost thou not now remember
“ All the evil things which we twain in Ilion have suffered,
“ We alone of the gods, when, to Laomedon mighty
“ We, by the will of Zeus, for a whole year, rendered assistance 450
“ For an agreed reward, while he gave commandment and orders ?
“ I for the Trojans builded then their town and their ramparts
“ Wide and fair, that they might possess an impregnable city ;
“ Thou, O Phoibos, the while didst feed the rolling-paced oxen
“ On the many-sloping sides of the deep-wooded Ida.
“ But when the gladsome Hours had brought the time for the payment.
“ The fierce Laomedon did us deprive of our wages,
“ And, with many a threat, he sent us away from his presence.
“ Thee hand and foot he threatened to bind, and to slavery sell thee,
“ Far away from Troy to the utmost isles of the ocean ; 460
“ And, of us both, to shorten the ears with the pitiless weapon.
“ Back we returnèd both, and were right wrathful in spirit,
“ For that the promised reward he had us by no means afforded.
“ And dost thou now give his people grace ? and not rather, as I do,
“ Strive to bring destruction upon the truce-breaking Trojans,

"That they may utterly perish all, with their chaste wives and children."

Him then thus answered the king, far-darting Apollon :

"Shaker of earth, thou wouldst not think that I was a wise god,
 "If with thee I should join in fight for the sake of these mortals,
 "Wretched in state, who are like the leaves, which now for a season 470
 "Mightily flourishing are, consuming the fruits of the kind earth,
 "And in brief space all heartless die ; let us then with all speed
 "From the battle desist and let mortals war with each other."

Thus having spoken, he backward turned, for he feared in his spirit
 To lift up his hands in fight 'gainst his own father's brother.

Him then his sister upbraided loud, the queen of the wild beasts,
 Artemis, she who the country loves, and thus she reproached him :

"Dost thou retreat, Far-darter, and leave to Poseidon the conquest?
 "And, without effort, to him givest up all the glory?
 "Fool that thou art, why carry thus a bow that is useless? 480
 "Never again let me hear thee boast, in the house of our father,
 "As I have heard thee before, among the deities deathless,
 "How well thou couldst cope in fight with the mighty Poseidon."

Thus she spoke ; no answer made, far-darting Apollon ;
 But, in sudden wrath, the majestic spouse of Kronion
 Thus with reproachful words the Lover-of-arrows upbraided :

"How wilt thou, thou shameless dog, endure my assaulting?
 "Hard will it be for thee 'gainst my puissance to struggle,
 "Though thou art a bearer of bows ; and though Zeus has appointed
 "Thee as a lioness, women among, to slay whom thou wilt. 490
 "Better it were for thee to slay the wild beasts on the mountains,
 "And the country stags, than here to contend with thy betters.
 "But if thou wilt, come on to the fight ; that so thou may'st well know
 "How much stronger I am, when, to mine, thy might thou opposest."

Thus she spoke, and both the hands of Artemis seized on
 With her left hand, and, with the right, tore her bow from her shoulders,
 And with it she laughingly smote the ears of the goddess,
 While to escape the stroke she writhed ; and down fell her swift arrows ;
 And in tears did Artemis fly, like a dove to her covert

Which, from the hawk, on swiftest wing, some hollow crag seeketh 500
 Where she may hide, since her fate is not by him to be taken ;
 Artemis thus all tearful fled, and her bow she relinquished.

Then did Hermeias, the messenger, speak, the slayer of Argus :
 " Leto, with thee I will not war : 'tis an arduous matter
 " To contend with the wives of Zeus who driveth the storm-cloud ;
 " Do thou then, O goddess kind, 'mid the deities deathless,
 " Boast that thou hast conquered me by thy mighty puissance."

Thus he spoke, and Leto then collected the arrows
 Which had fallen here and there 'mid the dust of the champain ;
 And, uplifting them and the bow, she followed her daughter ; 510
 Artemis then to Olumpos went, to Zeus' palace brazen ;
 And in tears the damsel sat on the knees of her father,
 Trembled, the while, her ambrosial robe ; then, her form to his bosom
 Pressed her father Zeus, and smiled while he thus made inquiry :

" Who, dear child, hath treated thee thus, of the dwellers in heaven,
 " Rashly as if, of some ill deed, thou wert openly guilty ?"

Him then the Huntress answered soon, of the exquisite garland :
 " Thine own spouse illtreated me thus, the white-armed Herè,
 " From whom strife and contention come to the deities deathless."

Thus these powers to each other spoke in mutual converse. 520
 But, to sacred Ilion down, went Phoibos Apollon ;
 For he greatly cared for the wall of the well-built city,
 Lest, in spite of fate, that day the Greeks should destroy it ;
 But the rest of the deathless gods returned to Olumpos,
 Some, with great wrath incensed, and others greatly exultant ;
 And with their cloud-driving sire they sat ; but, meanwhile, Achilleus
 Slew together the Trojan men and their round-footed horses.
 As sometimes the uprising smoke to wide heaven attaineth
 Of a burning town, when the wrath of the gods hath it kindled,
 And, to all, hath appointed toil, and sorrow to many ; 530
 Thus on the Trojans toil and woe were brought by Achilleus.

Then did ancient Priamos stand on a sacred tower,
 Whence the mighty Achilleus he saw ; while flying before him

Crowded the Trojan host, but no man offered resistance ;
 Then, with a groan, the king to earth from the tower descended,
 And, to the noble chiefs who kept the gates, gave commandment :

“ Hold with your hands the open gates, until that the nations
 “ Shall by flight the city attain ; most sure ’tis, Achilleus,
 “ That disturber, is near at hand ; and with him are sorrows.
 “ But when the people breathe again, shut up by the ramparts, 540
 “ Then, on the instant, close the gates all skilfully fitted ;
 “ For I fear lest that baleful man should rush through the rampart.”

Thus he spoke ; they opened the gates, back thrusting the strong bolts,
 And their opening safety wrought ; and, moreover, Apollon
 Rushed in opposition out in defence of the Trojans.
 They right on, to the city fair and the high-lifted ramparts,
 Dry with thirst and covered with dust, fled away from the champain ;
 Fiercely Achilleus followed on with his glittering jav’lin,
 Still possessed by furious rage, and all eager for glory.
 And then the lofty town had been ta’en by the sons of Achaia, 550
 But that Phoibos Apollon roused the noble Agenor,
 Son of Antenor, a man illustrious and mighty ;
 And, in his bosom, he boldness infused, and himself stood beside him
 That he might, from the heavy hand of destruction, defend him,
 Hid by the beechen shade ; and veiled in the thickness of darkness.
 But when Agenor beheld the destroyer of cities, Achilleus,
 Still he stood and deep he resolved in his much-troubled bosom,
 And, with a groan, he thus bespoke his magnanimous spirit :

“ Woe is me ! for if now I fly from the mighty Achilleus
 “ As these others, smitten with fear, in wild flight have crowded, 560
 “ He will, as these, o’ertake me too, and swiftly behead me ;
 “ But if I suffer these to be pursued by Achilleus
 “ While I myself, on my feet, from the wall in another direction
 “ Fly toward Ilion’s plain, till I come to the steep slopes of Ida,
 “ And, ’mid the bushes hide, till come the shadows of evening,
 “ And then, having washed my limbs in the sweet-flowing river,
 “ And cleansed them from sweat, I may back return unto Ilion ;

" But for what reason now thus debates my spirit within me ?
 " He will mark me the while I wend from the town to the champain,
 " And will pursue me and overtake with the feet of his swiftness ; 570
 " Wherefore, by that way, I may not escape from death and destruction.
 " Certain it is that he by far, of all mortals, is bravest.
 " But if I should against him go in the front of the city,
 " Even his flesh may wounded be by my brass-pointed jav'lin ;
 " For he possesses one life alone, and men reckon him mortal,
 " Though to him wondrous glory is giv'n by the mighty Kronion."

Speaking thus, he backward turned and awaited Achilleus ;
 While his heart within him was strong for the war and the combat.
 As a panther dashes forth from the depths of the woodland,
 Fiercely against the hunter train, nor is he perturbèd 580
 In his spirit, nor fears he at all though he heareth the barking ;
 But though one his attack prevent with the spear or the jav'lin,
 Even then, though stricken, he ceases not from the battle
 With his utmost might, till at last assaulted and conquered.
 Thus Antenor's illustrious son, the noble Agenor,
 Would not fly until he had tried the force of Achilleus.
 But, before him, he held his buckler equal on all sides,
 And with his spear at Achilleus he aimed, while loudly he spake thus :

" Certainly thou in thy mind hast hoped, O noble Achilleus,
 " This very day to destroy the town of the great-hearted Trojans, 590
 " Foolishly, for full many a woe ere that hour must be suffered ;
 " Many and strong are we heroes who dwell in the city of Ilion,
 " Who will fight for our parents dear, our wives, and our children ;
 " And, before Ilion's wall, thou may'st yet attain thy destruction,
 " Though a terrible hero thou art, and a warrior mighty."

Thus he spoke, and his sharp spear he threw from his strenuous hand
 grasp,
 And erred not, but struck the leg, 'neath the knee, of Achilleus ;
 Loud, at the stroke, resounded the tin greaves recently formèd ;
 But the brazen spear flew back, nor piercèd the armour,
 For those arms, the gift of heaven, denied penetration. 600

Then, in his turn, Peleides rushed 'gainst the godlike Agenor ;
But, from gaining glory then, he was let by Apollon,
Who did Agenor snatch away, and in thick darkness hide him,
And he sent him safely back returning from battle.

Meanwhile Peleus' son, by Apollon's fraud, was diverted
From the sons of Troy, for the Far-darter, like to Agenor,
Stood just before him ; he instantly rushed to pursue him,
And, while him he chased athwart the corn-bearing champain,
Apollon turned toward the deep-whirling river, Scamandros,
Keeping first, by a little space, and deceiving Achilleus,
Who was hoping still, with his rapid feet, to o'ertake him.
Meanwhile the rest of the Trojan host had rushed on to Ilion,
Fearful all and glad to escape, till the city was crowded ;
Nor did they dare to remain outside the city and ramparts,
And to hear and tell what chief had escaped from the battle,
And who had that day fall'n ; but, gladly poured into Ilion,
Every man whom the strength of his feet and knees had preserved.

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BOOK XXII.

THE DEATH OF HECTOR.

THUS, to the town, the Trojans fled, like the deer from the hunter,
And from sweat they cooled themselves, and drank, and their thirst
quenched,

Lying the beautiful bulwarks along ; meanwhile, the Achaians
Near approached the walls, while their shields 'gainst their shoulders were
leaning.

But his deathful fate, without the wall, fettered Hector,
Standing in front of the Trojan town, and the Skaian portals ;
Then these words, to Achilleus, were said by Phoibos Apollon :

“ Why dost thou me, O Peleus' son, pursue with thy swift feet,
“ Being, thyself, a mortal man, I, a deity deathless ?
“ Didst thou not see that I am a god ? but thou madly art eager. 10
“ Thou carest not for the Trojans' toil, whom to flight thou hast driven,
“ They are now in their city shut, while thou hither hast wandered ;
“ Nor canst thou me avail to slay ; for I am immortal.”

Then, in fierce rage, to the god replied swift-footed Achilleus :
“ Me thou hast wronged, Far-darter, the most pernicious of all gods,
“ Turning me thus from the wall afar ; for many a Trojan
“ Should have bitten the dust or e'er he attained unto Ilion.
“ Me, of great glory, thou hast robbed ; and these thou hast savèd
“ Easily, since no fear hast thou of my vengeance pursuing ;
“ Certainly I would make thee rue, if I had but the power.” 20

Speaking thus, toward the town he went with lofty intention,
 Hasting on with the speed of a horse, in the chariot racing
 Victor, who swiftly rushes along, stretched out o'er the champain.
 Rapidly thus were his swift feet and knees urged on by Achilles.

Him ancient Priamos was first, with his eyes, in beholding,
 Brilliantly shining, like a star, as he sped o'er the champain ;
 Like that star which in Autumn glares, while its excellent brightness
 Shineth out among many stars in the hour of the twilight,
 Which by men is known by the name of the dog of Orion ;
 Very bright indeed it is, and of evil denotement, 30
 And, to wretched mortals, it brings full many a fever ;
 Thus as he onward ran the brass on his bosom was shining.
 Wailed the old man at that sight, the while his head he was beating
 With his uplifted hands, then loud and bitterly crying,
 He, to his son, supplication made ; he, outside the portals,
 Stood immoveably fierce, and prompt to fight with Achilles.
 Toward him, the old man, extending his hands, thus sadly addressed him :

“ Hector, my son, do not for me wait this hero to combat,
 “ All alone, without thy friends, lest thou meet swift destruction,
 “ Being by Peleides slain ; who is stronger than thou art. 40
 “ Wretch that he is, I would he were dear to all the immortals
 “ As to me ; full soon, for a prey to the dogs and the vultures,
 “ He would lie, and a terrible woe from my heart were uplifted.
 “ He has bereavèd me of sons both many and valiant,
 “ Slaying some, and selling some to the far distant islands.
 “ E'en now two sons I miss, Lucaon and Poludoros,
 “ Nor can I perceive them safe in the town of the Trojans,
 “ Them to me Laothœ bore, the fairest of women.
 “ But if they live 'mid the Grecian host, then them must I ransom
 “ With much brass and gold, for these I possess in my palace ; 50
 “ For, many gifts, to his daughter, gave the famous-named Altes.
 “ But, if now they are dead and dwell in the palace of Hades,
 “ Grief will my portion be, and that of their mother who bore them,
 “ Grief, of a shorter date, will be to the rest of the people,

" Unless thou shalt slaughtered be, overcome by Achilleus.
 " But do thou enter the wall, my son, and so be the preserver
 " Of the Trojans and Trojan dames, and may'st keep from Achilleus
 " Mighty fame, and keep thyself from the loss of thy dear life ;
 " Pity me too, of my mind possessed, though in infinite sorrow,
 " Born to an evil fate, whom, on age's threshold, Kroníon 60
 " Will, by an evil end, destroy, having seen many evils,
 " My many slaughtered sons, my daughters given to bondage,
 " Stately chambers plundered all, and innocent children
 " Dashed on the earth to die amid the terrible conflict,
 " And my daughters-in-law torn away by the dire hands of Grecians ;
 " And, at last, the very dogs at the gate of my palace
 " Will my body devour, when one, with the sharp-pointed weapon,
 " Shall me have struck, or pierced from afar, and driv'n life from my members,
 " Those dogs which in my palace I've reared at my table and portals,
 " They, even they, having drunk my blood, all fierce in their spirits 70
 " Will, in the vestibule, gorgèd lie. It a young man becometh
 " Slain in war to lie torn in death with the sharp-pointed brass spear,
 " For, although he slaughtered be, yet fair is his seeming ;
 " But when the dogs defile the head and beard white and hoary
 " Of some ancient slaughtered man, with their ravenous tearings,
 " This, among wretched mortals' woes, is the worst and the direst."

Thus spake that ancient man, then seized his hair in his hands'-grasp,
 Tearing it off from his head ; but he changed not Hector's intention.
 Next his mother, all in tears, made woeful lamentings ;
 Baring her ancient breast, she raised in each hand a bosom, 80
 And, all tearful, thus with wingèd words she addressed him :

" Hector, my son, this bosom revere, and pity thy mother ;
 " If ever I to thee the soothing breast have afforded,
 " Dear my son, remember it now, and enter the ramparts,
 " And from thence this foeman repel ; stand not forward to meet him ;
 " Fierce as he is ; for if by him thou in fight shalt be slaughtered,
 " I shall not, o'er thy bier, bewail the dear son whom I brought forth,
 " Nor will thy richly dowered wife ; thou, from us separated,

" Wilt be torn, near the ships, by the swift-footed dogs of Achaia."

Thus that aged pair, to their dear son, made lamentation,
Supplicating him much ; but they swayed not the spirit of Hector ;
But he stood firm while onward came the tremendous Achilleus.

90

As some wild snake, in his den, for a traveller waiteth,
Dieted full on poisons foul, and great fury impels him,
And he terribly glareth out, in his lurking-place coiling ;
Hector thus, unextinguished in rage, forebore from retreating ;
And by a jutting tower he stood and leaned on his buckler,
While, in indignation, he spoke to his own mighty spirit :

" Oh me ! if I now through the gates and ramparts shall enter,

" Pouludamas will, first of all, heap on me reproaches,

100

" Who advised me to lead the Trojans back to the city,

" In that accursed night when noble Achilleus aroused him.

" But I regarded him not, if I had how great were the profit ;

" And now that I, the Trojan host, have destroyed by my rashness,

" Much I fear the sons of Troy, and her flowing-robed daughters,

" Lest some chief should say, than mine, of lesser puissance :

" ' Hector, relying on his strength, has slaughtered the people.'

" Thus will they speak, then better by far it were for my honour

" To return to Troy from the fight or death of Achilleus,

" Or to be nobly slain by him in the front of the city.

110

" What if I were to lay aside my many-bossed buckler,

" And my helmet strong, and lean my spear 'gainst the bulwark,

" And, in such guise, should wend to meet the noble Achilleus,

" And should promise Helen to give, and with her the riches

" Very great, whatsoever they were, that were plundered by Paris,

" And in his ships to Troy were brought—the cause of the conflict ;

" Promise these to Atreus' sons, and to pay the Achaians

" Other wealth, whate'er as yet in the city is hidden ;

" And I should require a faithful oath from the Trojans,

" Not to conceal their wealth, but freely all to distribute,

120

" Whatsoe'er the pleasant town yet holdeth within it.

" But why now thus is my spirit speaking within me ?

" If I should go I should nought prevail ; he would not me pity,
 " Nor regard my defenceless state, but unarmed he would slay me,
 " And, like a woman, I should die, if I put off my armour.
 " I may not converse with him, as a youth with a maiden
 " Might converse beneath an oak, or the shade of a high rock,
 " As a youth, with a maiden fair might hold conversation.—
 " Better it were to commingle in strife, that so we may soon know
 " Unto which of the twain the Olumpian Zeus will give glory."

130

Thus as he stood he thought ; then came on near him Achilles,
 Like to the god of war, the warrior, shaker of helmets,
 Brandishing the Pelëian spear o'er the dexter shoulder,
 Terrible ; while his armour around him flashed like the lightning,
 Or the blaze of fire, or the sun when it riseth in glory.
 At that sight, fear on Hector seized ; he no longer endured
 There to remain, but in terror fled, and the gates left behind him.
 On rushed Peleides, relying all on his swift feet.
 As, the mountains among, the falcon, swiftest of wild birds,
 Easily pounces down upon a dove in her terror ;
 She obliquely takes to flight ; he, close and sharp shrieking,
 Makes incessant attacks, for his spirit bids him to seize her ;—
 Thus all eagerly he rushed on, while flew Hector in terror
 Under the Trojan wall, while his knees right rapidly bore him.
 They, by the watch-tower high, and the breezy place of the fig-tree,
 Ever, the wall beneath, by the public way, rushed on headlong,
 Till they came to the beautiful streams where the double fountains
 Rise from earth, the source combined of the whirling Scamandros—
 One of these with hot water flows, while around it a vapour
 Rises the fount above like the smoke from a fierce conflagration ;
 But the other, in summer, flows as cold as the hail-drops,
 Or the frigid snow, or the icy crystal of water.
 Near these fountains are placed the wide and beautiful cisterns
 Formed of stone, where erst were washed their exquisite garments
 By the wives of the Trojan men, and their beautiful daughters,
 In the old times of peace, ere came the sons of Achaia.—

140

150

These they passed, one flying still, one behind him, pursuing ;
 In the front a brave man fled, but a braver did chase him
 Rapidly ; for no victim, then, nor prize of a bull's-hide
 Did they desire to gain, the rewards of the swift-footed heroes, 160
 But their prize was the life of Hector the tamer of horses.

As the firm-footed horses which gain the rewards of the swift race
 Speedily rush the goals around, while some premium waits them,
 Tripod, or female slave, to honour some hero departed ;
 So that mighty twain sped around the city of Priam
 On their rapid feet ; while all the gods were spectators.
 To them the sire of gods and men did utter these accents :

“ Gods, I behold a man beloved pursued round the ramparts ;
 “ And my heart, my bosom within, owns sorrow for Hector,
 “ Who full oft to me has burned the thighs of fat oxen 170
 “ On the peaks of Ida's mount in valleys abounding,
 “ And on the heights of Troy ; but now the noble Achilleus
 “ Chases him on rapid feet around the city of Priam.
 “ Come then, now consider, gods, and give me your counsel,
 “ Whether we him, from death shall save, or let him be conquered,
 “ Good though he be, by the hands of Peleidean Achilleus.”
 Him then thus answered the blue-eyed goddess Athenè :

“ Thunderous sire of the blackening cloud, what is this thou hast spoken ?
 “ Wilt thou, a mortal man, who long to death has been destined,
 “ Rescue from the power of fate and dire-sounding destruction ? 180
 “ Do so, but know that the rest of the gods of thy doings approve not.”

Zeus, who driveth the storm-cloud, made response to Athenè :
 “ Be of good heart, my daughter dear, it was not my intention
 “ Seriously to speak, for to thee my will is propitious ;
 “ Do thou then what thy mind commands, nor shrink from performance.”

Speaking thus, he aroused the already eager Athenè ;
 And in hot haste she speeded down from the peaks of Olumpos,
 While great Hector still was chased by the rapid Achilleus.
 As sometimes, the mountains among, a dog, a fawn hunteth,
 Having aroused it from its lair 'mid the vales and the thickets ; 190

Then, although, in its fear, it hide 'mid the close-hanging branches,
 Tracing it on by its footsteps, he runs until that he find it ;
 Hector thus could not escape from fleet-footed Achilleus.
 For, as oft as he strove to reach the Dardanian portals,
 And, to the well-built towers, approach, that the Trojans upon them
 Might, from above, afford him aid with the shaft or the jav'lin ;
 So oft Achilleus ever turned him back toward the champain ;
 Yet ever he towards the city bent as he flew in his swift course.
 And as a man in a dream pursues, but overtakes never,
 And the one cannot escape nor yet the other o'ertake him ; 200
 Thus one chief could not attain, nor escape might the other.
 But how did Hector avoid the fate of destruction ?
 Was it not that, at that last hour, Apollon was near him,
 And aroused his strength to endure, and his knees to their swiftness ?
 Signal was, to the Grecians, made by the noble Achilleus,
 That they should not launch their bitter weapons at Hector ;
 Lest some chief should glory gain, and he be but second.
 But when they now, for the fourth time, attained to the fountains,
 Then did father Zeus the golden balances stretch forth ;
 In them he placed the destinies twain of long-sleeping destruction, 210
 This to Achilleus belonged, the other to horse-taming Hector ;
 And, by the midst, the balance he held ; sank the dark day of Hector
 Down e'en to Hades deep ; then left him Phoibos Apollon.
 But, to Achilleus, came the goddess blue-eyed Athenè,
 Near him she stood, and with wingèd words 'twas thus she addressed him :
 " Now at last, beloved of Zeus, O noble Achilleus,
 " Well I hope we shall bear great fame to the ships of Achaia,
 " Hector being slain, although insatiate of battle.
 " Now, at last, no more can he by flying escape us,
 " Not even though much woe may arise to far-darting Apollon, 220
 " And at the feet he grovel of Zeus who swayeth the Egis.
 " But do thou now stand still and breathe, while I persuade Hector
 " To approach, and with thee engage in hostile contention."—
 So spoke Pallas Athenè ; he, glad in spirit, obeyed her ;

And still he stood, and leaned his weight on his brass-pointed jav'lin.
 She then Achilles left, and wended to Hector the noble,
 Being like to Deiphobos made, in speech and in person.
 And standing near him, with wingèd words she addressed him :

“ Good my brother, thou hardly art pressed by the rapid Achilles,
 “ As with swiftest feet, round Priam's town, he pursues thee. 230
 “ But now let us make a stand, and by that means repulse him.”

Him thus answered the great, the brilliant-helmeted Hector :
 “ Deiphobos, thou heretofore wert ever the dearest
 “ Of the brethren whom Hecabè bore to Priam the monarch ;
 “ And now yet even more will my mind think on thee with honour,
 “ Since thou hast dared, for my sake, thus to come out from the ramparts,
 “ Seeing my evil plight, while the others still stay within them.”

Him then thus answered the blue-eyed goddess Athenè :
 “ Good my brother, full much my sire and reverend mother
 “ On their knees besought me in turn, and also my comrades, 240
 “ There to remain (so much are they all with terror possessèd);
 “ But my mind within was moved by bitter affliction.
 “ But now let us eagerly fight, nor let us be sparing
 “ Of our darts, that so we may know if the mighty Achilles,
 “ Having slaughtered us both, shall bear off our blood-stainèd armour
 “ To the hollow ships, or beneath thy spear shall lie conquered.”

Thus having spoken, full of fraud, then led on Athenè ;
 But when near they came, against each other advancing,
 Him thus addressed the great, the brilliant-helmeted Hector :

“ Not again, Peleus' son, will I fly from thee as I have done ; 250
 “ Thrice round Priam's mighty town I have fled from before thee,
 “ Daring not thine assault to bear ; now my spirit impels me
 “ To stand against thee ; and now will I slay or be slaughtered.
 “ But let us now the gods as witnesses take to our compact ;
 “ For the gods are witnesses best, and guardians of treaties ;
 “ I will not thee excessively wrong if to me shall be given,
 “ By Zeus, the conquest, and I of thy life shall deprive thee ;
 “ But after I shall have seized thy beautiful armour, Achilleus,

"I thy corse to the Greeks will restore ; and to me do thou likewise."

On him sternly gazing, spake the swift-footed Achilleus :

260

"Hector accursed, do not to me make mention of compacts ;

"Never lions with men combine in faithful agreements,

"Nor do wolves with lambs maintain a spirit of concord,

"But each to other evil wills, and wills it for ever ;

"Thus, between me and thee, no place remaineth for friendship,

"Nor between us can truce exist, till one or the other

"Fallen shall Ares glut with blood, the insatiate warrior.

"Now remember thine utmost force, for now much it behoves thee

"To be strong with the spear, and a mighty hero in battle,

"For now no more escape is thine, for Pallas Athenè

270

"With my spear quells thee ; now, now thou shalt give retribution

"For my comrade's woes, whom, in thy rage, thou hast slaughtered."

Thus he spoke, then poised and threw his long-shadowed jav'lin ;

But the coming spear was shunned by illustrious Hector,

Who, as he saw it coming, stooped, and the brass spear flew o'er him,

And in the earth was fixed ; but withdrawn by Pallas Athenè,

Who to Achilleus gave it back, unnoticed by Hector.

Then did Hector speak to Peleus' illustrious offspring :

"Thou hast missed, nor hast thou known, O godlike Achilleus,

"My fate from highest Zeus, although thou presumedst to tell it ;

280

"Wherefore glib of tongue thou art, and cunning in speaking,

"That thou might'st make me fear, and be of my valour forgetful ;

"Thou shalt not thy spear insert in my back while I shun thee,

"But as I straight rush on thou may'st in my bosom infix it,

"If Zeus so will ; but now 'tis thine to escape from my brass spear ;

"Oh ! that thou might'st receive it all in thy body within thee ;

"Lighter then by far would the war become to the Trojans,

"If that thou wert slain, for thou art their greatest misfortune."

Thus he spoke, then poised and threw his long-shadowed jav'lin,

And erred not, but smote, in the midst, the shield of Achilleus ;

290

Back from the buckler far leapt the spear ; then wrathful was Hector,

That his javelin vainly all had fled from his hand-grasp ;

No other ashen spear had he ; and he then stood dejected,
 And he aloud to Deiphobos called of the white-coloured buckler,
 And for a long spear asked ; there was no Deiphobos near him.
 Hector this in his mind perceived, and these accents he uttered :

“ Oh me ! the gods indeed have summoned me now to my dying ;
 “ For I deemed Deiphobos now was standing beside me,
 “ But he abides the wall within, and Athenè deceived me.
 “ Now I feel that evil death is closing upon me ;
 “ Nor have I any escape ; time has been when I was more pleasing
 “ To Zeus and Zeus’ far-darting son, who often aforetime
 “ Me have kindly succour lent ; but now fate is upon me ;
 “ Yet will I never die as dies an inglorious coward,
 “ But in a mighty deed which shall be in posterity famous.”

300

Thus having spoken, he drew from the scabbard his sharp sword,
 Which by his side was hanging down, and strong was and mighty ;
 And collecting his force, he attacked like a high-flying eagle,
 Which, through the folds of the gloomy clouds, pounces down on the
 champain,

Eager to seize a tender lamb or a hare in its terror ;
 Thus on rushed Hector and brandished his sharp-edgèd falchion.
 On rushed Achilles too, with his mind full of anger ferocious ;
 But, before his breast, he held his beautiful buckler,
 Made with exquisite art ; while his shining helm nodded o’er him,
 And its fourfold cones and the golden hairs were all shaking
 Which, on its lofty crest, were thickly placed by Hephaistos.
 Like as that star appears ’mid the stars in the twilight of evening,
 Hesperos called, the fairest orb which glitters in heaven ;
 So shone the point of the well-sharpened spear which now, by Achilles,
 In his right hand, was shaken, while ill he revolved against Hector,
 Eyeing his beautiful form, to see where best he might wound him.
 But those glorious arms did shield all the rest of his body,
 Which he had stripped from off the form of the slaughtered Patroclus ;
 But, just where the collar bones keep the neck from the shoulders,
 In that part of the throat where death is most swift in destruction,
 There he was fiercely struck with the spear by the noble Achilles,

310

320

And through all the tender neck pierced the point of the jav'lin ;
 Yet the ash spear, heavy with brass, did not cut through the wind-pipe,
 So that he yet might answer make with articulate speaking.

But in the dust he fell ; and o'er him gloried Achilleus : 330

“ Hector, perchance thou thoughtest, while stripping the arms from
 Patroclos,

“ Safe to be, nor regardedst me as avenger while absent ;

“ Fool that thou wert, to forget that in me a mighty avenger

“ Still existed, though then afar in the ships I remained,

“ Who have now loosed thy knees ; and thee, the dogs and the wild birds

“ Shamefully shall to pieces tear, while him the Greeks bury.”

Then, though fainting to death, thus spoke the bright-helmeted Hector :

“ I do beseech thee by thy life, thy knees, and thy parents,

“ Suffer me not to be eaten by dogs at the ships of Achaia ;

“ But of brass and gold receive thou a plenteous ransom, 340

“ Which my sire to thee will give, and my reverend mother ;

“ And return my corse back to my home, that funeral burnings

“ May, to me dead, by the Trojans be giv'n, and the wives of the Trojans.”

Him then, scowling fierce, thus addressed swift-footed Achilleus :

“ Dog, do not me, by my knees beseech, nor yet by my parents.

“ Would that I myself such a mind and spirit possessed,

“ That I myself thy torn flesh could eat for the ills thou hast wrought me ;

“ Wherefore no man that lives can save thy head from the wild dogs ;

“ Not though here were brought a ten, yea, a twenty fold ransom

“ And as much again, or more were then to me promised ; 350

“ Not though Dardan Priam would proffer now for thy ransom

“ Thy weight in solid gold ; not e'en then should thine ancient mother

“ On the bier her son bewail, whom erst she gave birth to,

“ But the dogs and the vultures fierce all to pieces shall tear thee.”

Then, at the point of death, thus spoke the bright-helmeted Hector :

“ Well I knew thy mind of old, nor hoped to persuade thee,

“ For there dwells, thy bosom within, a spirit of iron ;

“ But now bethink thee that I may be, to some of the deathless,

“ A cause of wrath, when thou by Paris and Phoibos Apollon,

“ Brave as thou art, by these Skaian gates shalt meet thy destruction.” 360

Then, while thus he spoke, the shadow of death came upon him ;
And the soul from his members fled and to Hades descended,
Moaning its evil fate in leaving its youth and its manhood.

Him then, although dead, thus addressed the noble Achilleus :
“ Die thou at least ; my fate I shall then be ready to welcome,
“ When Zeus shall will it, and the rest of the deities deathless.”

Speaking thus, from the carcass he tore the brass-pointed jav'lin ;
And apart he laid it down, while he stripped from the shoulders
All the blood-stained mail ; up ran the sons of Achaia,
And, with wonder, beheld the stature and glorious beauty
Of great Hector dead, and all to wound, did approach him.

370

And thus perchance one gazing spoke to the next that was near him :

“ Gods, it is easier now to deal with the terrible Hector
“ Than in that day when the flames he brought to the ships of Achaia.”

Thus did some one say, then wound in triumph the dead corse.
But when the spoils were ta'en by the swift-footed, noble Achilleus,
Standing the Greeks among, with wingèd words he harangued them :

“ O friends, ye chiefs and princes too of the Argives,
“ Since the gods have, o'er this man, bestowed on us conquest
“ Who to us more evil wrought than the rest of the Trojans ;
“ Come now, let us in our arms make proof of the city,
“ That we may know the mind which yet possesses the Trojans ;
“ Whether the lofty town they will leave, this chief having fallen,
“ Or if they will to remain in their walls though Hector has perished.
“ But wherefore now does my mind find power to dwell upon these things,
“ While, by the ships, Patroclus lies, unwept for, unburied ?

380

“ Yet will I never him forget while with mortals I mingle,
“ And my knees my frame beneath are able for motion ;
“ And although the dead may forget each other in Hades,
“ Yet will I even there my dear companion remember.
“ Come then, now your Pæans sing, ye youths of Achaia,
“ Let us return to the hollow ships, and take with us this slain one ;
“ ‘ We have mighty glory gained : noble Hector we've slaughtered
“ ‘ Who, in the Trojan town, was honoured like an immortal.’ ”

390

Thus he spoke, and an evil deed he devised against Hector ;
 At the back part of both his feet he piercèd the tendons,
 Up to the ankle from the heel, and with leather thongs tied them,
 And to the war-car he bound them, but let the head trail behind it ;
 Then he the car ascended, and raised up the beautiful armour,
 And to the steeds he applied the scourge, they willingly speeded ; 400
 Up rose the dust over Hector's corse while away it was whirling ;
 And his dark hair to the ground streamed near ; while his head, once so
 goodly,

Lay the dust among ; for he then by Zeus was delivered
 Thus, by his foes dishonoured, to lie in the land of his country ;
 Wherefore his head was all foul with dust ; then his mother, beholding,
 Tore her hair, and her shining veil threw away to a distance ;
 And she uttered a bitter cry at the sight of her offspring.
 Sadly lamented his father dear, and the peoples around him
 Woeful lamentation made through the town of the Trojans ;
 Such and so grievous was their woe as if Ilion lofty 410
 To her summit were covered all with fierce conflagration.
 Scarce could his friends the old man prevent in the height of his sorrow
 From rushing forth amain from out the gates of the Dardans ;
 All in turn he besought, the while on the ground he lay writhing,
 Calling on every chieftain there, and by name, him beseeching :

“ Hinder me not, my friends, although at my deed ye are grievèd,
 “ Lonely forth from the city to go to the ships of Achaia ;
 “ I will supplication make to this furious hero,
 “ He, perchance, will mine age revere, and pity my sorrow ;
 “ For his father Peleus now is, as I am, an old man, 420
 “ Peleus, who this man begat, rearing woe to the Trojans,
 “ And to me, more than all the rest, a fountain of sorrows ;
 “ Many a son of mine, in blooming age, has he slaughtered,
 “ But for them I do not grieve, though woeful in spirit,
 “ As for this one, for whom sharp grief will send me to Hades,
 “ Hector ; who should have breathed his last in the arms of his father ;
 “ Then we, at least, should have satiate been with weeping and moaning,

"Both the mother who erst, for an evil fate, gave him being,

"And I too myself, the most unhappy of mortals."

Thus spake he wailing, and his groans by his subjects were echoed. 430

Then, 'mid the Trojan dames, Hecabè began lamentation :

"Son, why should wretched I now live, such woes having suffered,

"Now that thou art dead ? who to me both nightly and daily

"'Mid the town a glory wast, and to all an advantage,

"Both to the Trojans and Trojan dames, who still through the city

"Reverenced thee as a god ; and to them thou wert ever a glory

"While alive ; but now dark death and fate have attained thee."

Thus spake she weeping ; but his wife had not, as yet, heard of

The fate of Hector ; for no true messenger wended

Her to tell that her lord, without the gates, had remainèd ; 440

But at her loom she sat, in her lofty palace, retirèd,

Weaving a double shining web, and adorned it with flowers,

And she had just commandment giv'n to her fair-haired attendants,

A great tripod, with fire, to surround, that so for her Hector,

When he from battle returned, warm water to wash might be ready ;

Ignorant as she was that he, far away from the warm bath,

Slaughtered was, with Achilleus' hands, by the blue-eyed Athenè.

Lamentation she heard, and cries of woe, from the turret,

Shook then her every limb, and down on the ground fell her shuttle ;

And thus, in hurried haste, she addressed her fair-haired attendants : 450

"Come now, two of you follow me, while I see what has happened ;

"Surely I heard the voice of Hector's reverend mother,

"And, in my breast, my heart throbs high, while my knees all beneath me

"Stiffening are ; some woe is near to the children of Priam.

"Far from the truth may my words be ; but greatly I fear now

"Lest my valiant Hector is by the noble Achilleus

"From the town all alone, cut off, now chased on the champain ;

"And that at last he is forced to cease from the fatal puissance

"Which still possessed him ; in the crowd of heroes he stayed not,

"But in the front rushed afar, and in prowess yielded to no man." 460

Thus she spoke, and from home she rushed, with a maniac's fury,
 While her heart beat quick with fear, and her maids ran around her.
 And when thus she came to the town and the throng of the heroes,
 From the wall she gazing stood, and saw that her husband
 Dragged on was, the city before, while the swift-footed horses
 Cruelly bore him away to the hollow ships of Achaia.
 At that view, the darkling night her eyelids surrounded,
 And she backward fell, and fainting breathed out her spirit.
 Far from her head fell away the glittering chains which adorned it,
 Fillets and beautiful net, and the braided band of her bright hair, 470
 And her veil, the gift of Aphroditè the golden,
 On that day when she was led by bright-helmeted Hector
 From Eëtion's home, for he vast presents had given ;
 Thickly around her stood her sisters-in-law as she fainted,
 Who among them upheld her form, while she longed but to perish.
 But when she breathed again, and her soul to her bosom returnèd,
 Then, with a mighty cry, she spake 'mid the dames of the Trojans :

" Hector ! unhappy me ! we both have been born to one fortune ;
 " You, indeed, in the Trojan town, in the palace of Priam,
 " I in Thebe's walls 'mid Hupoplakia's forests, 480
 " In Eëtion's home ; who me reared up from my childhood,
 " Unhappy sire of a wretched child, who ne'er should have born been.
 " And now thou, to Hades' realm, in earth's deepest recesses,
 " Hast departed, and me hast left, in my terrible sorrow,
 " Widowed our palace within ; and our child as yet but an infant,
 " Born to us, ill-fated pair ; now no more canst thou profit,
 " Dead as thou art, thy boy, O Hector, nor can he aid thee :
 " And e'en if he can escape the woeful war of the Grecians,
 " Yet will he ever fated be to woe and to labour.
 " Other men, from him, will take the fields of his father ; 490
 " For the orphan state deprives a child of his youth's friends ;
 " Ever he goes with a downcast look, and his face is all tearful.
 " Pinched by want, the orphan wends to his father's companions,
 " And one by the cloak he takes, by the tunic, another ;

“ He who pities him most a taste of the goblet affords him,
“ And with that he wets his lips, but yet not his palate ;
“ And some one, whose parents live, from the feast will repel him,
“ Smiting him with his hands, and heaping reproaches upon him,
“ ‘ Get thee hence, for not with us thy father doth banquet.’ ”
“ Weeping then the boy returns to his mother the widow ; 500
“ Astuanax, who heretofore on the knees of his father,
“ Ate his fill of the marrow rich, and the best of the fat sheep ;
“ And, when he ceased from childish play, and slumber came o’er him,
“ Then in his bed he slept, in his nurse’s soft arms enfolded,
“ In his easy couch, when his heart with delights was sufficèd ;
“ Now must suffer many woes, deprived of his dear sire ;
“ Astuanax, who thus was styled by the tongues of the Trojans,
“ For he alone the city’s gates and ramparts defended.
“ And now him, by the crooked ships, afar from his parents,
“ Twisting worms will eat, when the dogs are filled with his fair flesh ; 510
“ And he naked lies, while stored in his palace are garments
“ Beautiful all and soft, the work of the hands of the maidens.
“ But each one of these will I mingle in fierce conflagration,
“ For to thee they no more avail, for in them thou’lt lie never,
“ But they a glory will be to Troy and the dames of the Trojans.”
Thus spake she weeping, and the women echoed her sorrow.

BOOK XXIII.

THE FUNERAL RITES OF PATROCLOS.

THUS, throughout the Trojan town, they made lamentation ;

But when the Grecian warriors came where their navy was lying
By Hellespontos' side, they all dispersed 'mid their vessels ;
But the Murmidons, so to disperse, were forbid by Achilleus,
And these words were addressed by him to his warlike companions :

“ Murmidons, drivers of speedy steeds, my much-loved companions,

“ Let us not yet from our chariots loose the round-footed horses,

“ But, with all our steeds and chariots, nearly approaching,

“ Lament Patroclus ; to the dead such honour belongeth.

“ But, when we have had our fill of dire lamentation,

10

“ Then let us all our horses loose, and partake of the banquet.”

Thus he spoke, they thronging bewailed ; but first went Achilleus ;

Three times the dead around they drove their fair-maned horses,

Making lamentings ; while Thetis urged them to sorrow.

Wet were the sands and also wet were the arms of the heroes

With their tears ; so deeply they wailed that master of terror.

'Mid them Peleides aroused most vehement sorrow,

Placing his hero-slaying hands on the breast of his comrade :

“ Hail from me, Patroclus, although in the palace of Hades ;

“ For I now to fulfilment bring what before I did promise,

20

“ Hector hither to drag, that the dogs may his raw flesh dis sever,

“ And before thy pyre to behead twelve sons of the Trojans

" Noble of race, to show my wrath for the loss of thee, comrade."

Thus he spoke, and evil wrought to Hector the noble,
 Hurling him prone in the dust by the bier of the son of Menoitios ;
 Then each Murmidon chief put off his glittering armour
 Formed of brass, and each one loosed his loud-neighing horses ;
 Then in thousands they sate by the ship of swift-footed Achilleus,
 While he among them divided the sumptuous funeral banquet.
 Many oxen white lowed loud while slain by the sharp steel, 30
 And full many a sheep and many a loud-bleating she-goat ;
 And full many white-toothed sows all blooming with fatness,
 Stretchèd out for roasting were in the flame of Hephaistos ;
 In full streams their blood was poured round the carcass of Hector.
 Then that chieftain great, the swift-footed offspring of Peleus,
 Was to Agamemnon led by the kings of the Grecians,
 Hardly to this persuaded he was, being wroth for his comrade.
 But when near they came to the tent of the king Agamemnon,
 Instantly he commandment gave to the clear-speaking heralds,
 On the fire a huge tripod to place ; if so that Achilleus 40
 Might persuaded be to wash off the gore of the battle.
 But he firmly resisted this, a mighty oath swearing :

" No ! by Zeus, who is of the gods the best and the highest,
 "'Tis not right that water should come near the head of Achilleus,
 " Ere I Patroclos place on the pyre, and his monument o'er him,
 " And my hair cut all away ; for not thus again ever
 " Sorrow can my heart invade, while I dwell among mortals.
 " Now, indeed, we must give ourselves up to the odious banquet ;
 " But, in the rising morn, O king of men Agamemnon,
 " Give them command the wood to bring, and arrange that, as right is, 50
 " This our dead may wend beneath to the blackness of darkness ;
 " And that his body burned may be by the fierce conflagration,
 " Swiftly away from our eyes, and the nations return to the warfare."

Thus he spoke, and they well gave ear and obeyed his commandment.
 Earnestly then they all partook of the feast they made ready ;
 Nor did any chieftain lack his due share of the banquet.

Then, when they had removed the desire of eating and drinking,
 Every chief, about to sleep, to his own tent departed ;
 But on the sandy shore of the loudly-murmuring ocean,
 Groaning deep, Peleides lay 'mid the Murmidon army, 60
 In a clear place on the sand, where the waves on the shore were resounding ;
 There sleep o'ertook him, the cares of his spirit resolving,
 Sweetly around him poured ; for his beautiful limbs were aweary
 With chasing Hector around the breezy turrets of Ilion.
 Then near to him came the soul of the wretched Patroclus,
 All like himself, the same in beautiful eyes and in stature
 And in voice, and like his own seemed the garments around him ;
 Over Achilleus' head he stood, and thus he addressed him :

“ Sleep'st thou, Peleides, and me no longer rememb'rest ?
 “ Never wert thou unmindful of me while yet I was living ; 70
 “ Bury me soon, that so I may pass the portals of Hades.
 “ Far away, the souls drive me now, the forms of the dead men,
 “ Nor will they permit me to wend beyond the dark river ;
 “ But I vainly roam round the wide-gated palace of Hades.
 “ Now, I beseech thee, give me thy hand ; for never hereafter
 “ Shall I from Hades return, when once to the fire you have given me.
 “ Never again alive, apart from our dearest companions,
 “ Shall we sit, sweet counsel to take ; me, terrible fortune
 “ Swallowed up, as was my fate from my being's commencement ;
 “ And it is thy fortune too, O godlike Achilleus, 80
 “ By the city's walls to die by the hands of the Trojans.
 “ Now I to thee an injunction give, if thou wilt but obey it ;
 “ Lay thou not my bones apart from thy bones, Achilleus,
 “ But as we were together reared in thy palace paternal,
 “ When I as yet being young was from Opoeis led by Menoitios
 “ To your father's house, on account of a homicide woeful,
 “ In that day when I rashly slew Amphidamas' offspring,
 “ Willing it not, but being wroth as at dice we were playing ;
 “ Then the horseman Peleus did me receive in his palace,
 “ Carefully me brought up and, as thy comrade, did name me ; 90

“ So that our bones may in one urn lie covered for ever,
 “ Golden, double-handled, the gift of thy reverend mother.”
 Him then, responding, thus addressed swift-footed Achilles :

“ Why to me, O much-loved head, to this place hast thou wandered ;
 “ And all this dost to me enjoin ? for I, of mine own self,
 “ Should perform, with obedience true the things thou commandest.
 “ But now stand nearer ; at least, each other embracing,
 “ We may take our fill of the bitter solace of sorrow.”

Having thus spoken, out he stretched his much-loving hands'-grasp,
 But he clutched not the shade, to earth it shrank like the swift smoke 100
 With a shrilly cry ; then awoke, all astonished, Achilles,
 And together his hands he smote, and thus made lamentation :

“ O ye gods, there dwelleth then, in the palace of Hades,
 “ A soul and image, but of solid heart is there nothing ;
 “ For all this night long the soul of the wretched Patroclus
 “ Over me has ta'en its stand, lamenting and weeping,
 “ And has especial bidding giv'n ;—it was marvellous like him.”

Thus he spoke ; and in all aroused the desire of lamenting ;
 And, as they wailed, upon them shone the morn rosy-fingered
 Round the wretched dead.—And then the king Agamemnon, 110
 Ordered out both men and mules from forth the pavilions,
 Wood to bring for the funeral pyre, and a strenuous hero,
 Meriones, impelled the work, Idomeneus' comrade.
 These went on their way, while their hands their hatchets were holding,
 And well-twisted cords ; and the mules wended onward before them ;
 Many a rise, and many a slope, now this way, now that way,
 Going they passed, till they came to the slopes of the fountainous Ida,
 Then the oaks of lofty leaf they smote with the brass axe,
 Putting their strength to the work ; down fell the trees with a vast crash,
 And when they fell, were cloven up by the sons of Achaia, 120
 Then to the faggots they bound the mules, and they hastened to drag them
 Eagerly down to the plain beneath, through the thick-spreading bushes.
 All the wood-cutters faggots bore ; for such was the order
 Given by Meriones, the brave Idomeneus' comrade ;

These on the shore they in order placed, where noble Achilleus
Had marked out a spacious tomb for himself and Patroclus.

Then when mighty store of wood on the shore they had heaped up,
Then in vast numbers there they sat; then instant Achilleus
Gave his high command to the Murmidons lovers of battle,
To be girded with their mail, and that each chief, his horses 130
Should, to the chariot, yoke; they arose and put on their armour;
Up in their cars the warriors sprang, and the charioteers too;
First the horsemen advanced, then a cloud of infantry followed,
And in the midst his comrades bore the corse of Patroclus.
With their hair they covered the corse, cut off and thrown on it;
And, from behind, the head was borne by noble Achilleus,
Sorrowing deep, as to Hades he sent his illustrious comrade.

When to the place they came which had been marked out by Achilleus,
They the corse laid down, and heaped up the pile to its honour.
Then came another thought o'er the swift-footed noble Achilleus; 140
Standing apart from the pyre his auburn locks he dis severed,
Which uncut he had kept to the honour of Sperchios' river,
Then with a groan he spake, as he gazed on the wine-coloured ocean:

"Sperchios, other was the wish of Peleus my father,
"That when I should return to the much-loved land of my country,
"I on thy shore should clip my locks, and a hecatomb offer;
"And full fifty rams should slay, and of white sheep as many,
"At thy fount, thy sacred field, and thy fragrant altar;
"This was the old man's hope, but thou hast denied its performance.
"And since I never return to the much-loved land of my country, 150
"I will give my locks to be borne by the hero Patroclus."

Thus he spoke, and his hair he placed in the hands of his comrade,
And in all the bystanders he roused the desire of lamenting.
And the light of the sun would have e'en gone down on their weeping,
Had not Achilleus addressed the king of men Agamemnon:

"Atreides,—(for thee most of all the sons of Achaia
"Will obey,)—some other time may serve for lamenting;
"Now the troops from the pyre dismiss, and order the banquet

"To be prepared ; but here will we toil who deepest are mourners

"For the dead, while the leaders all are with us remaining." 160

When this saying was heard by the king of men Agamemnon,
Instantly then the people he sent to the well-balanced vessels,
But the mourners there remained, and heaped up the faggots,
And the pyre they made, a hundred feet in dimension ;
And on the pile the dead man placed, while grieving in spirit.
Many a fatted sheep and many rolling-paced oxen
Near the pyre they skinned and prepared, and, from every carcass
Taking the fat, the dead man veiled, the great-hearted Achilles,
Down to his feet from his head, and heaped the skinned carcasses round him.
Amphoras then of honey and oil he poured o'er Patroclus, 170
Leaning over the bier, and then four high-crested horses
Hastily he on the pyre did throw, while loudly he groaned.
Nine were the watchful dogs which attended the board of the chieftain ;
Two of these on the pyre he threw, being decapitated ;
Then twelve noble sons he slew of magnanimous Trojans,
Smiting them with the sword, for ill was to them his intention ;
These he gave to the fire's iron force, that it swift might consume them.
Then he cried out, and called by name his belovèd companion :

"Hail ! from me, Patroclus, although in the palace of Hades ;
"Everything is now performed which I promised aforetime. 180
"Now full twelve brave youths, the sons of magnanimous Trojans,
"With thee, the fire devoureth whole ; but yet never, Hector
"Priamides, shall the fire devour, but the teeth of the wild dogs."

Thus spoke he threat'ning ; but the dogs were not busy with Hector,
For they were driven away by the daughter of Zeus, Aphroditè,
Both by day and night ; she with roseate oil did anoint him,
Ambrosial, that so no dog might venture to tear him ;
And, over him, an azure cloud brought Phoibos Apollon,
From the heaven to the plain beneath ; the whole place concealing
Where the dead Hector lay, for fear the strength of the sunbeams 190
Should avail to dry the nerves or the limbs of the carcass.

But not freely burnt the funeral pile of Patroclus ;

And a new care beset the swift-footed, noble Achilleus,
 And he stood from the pyre apart, and prayed to the twain winds,
 Boreas and Zephuros, and sacrifice ample he promised ;
 Great libation he poured from his golden cup, supplicating
 Them to come, that so the dead might be swiftly consumèd,
 And the wood might be rapidly burned ; then swift-wingèd Iris,
 Hearing his prayers, in haste, as messenger, went to the wind-gods.
 They all thronging were in the palace of Zephuros mighty, 200
 Sharing the banquet ; from her flight, on the threshold, stayed Iris,
 Formed of stone ; and when she was seen by the eyes of the wind-gods,
 Then in haste they arose and each one callèd her to him ;
 But she to take her seat declined, and thus she addressed them :

“ Now I may not delay, for I wend to the flowings of ocean,
 “ To the Ethiopian land, where are hecatombs offered
 “ To the immortal gods, that I may partake of the off’rings ;
 “ But Peleides prays Boreas and Zephuros sounding
 “ May to him come, and promise makes of sacrifice ample,
 “ That ye may rouse the pyre to burn on which lies Patroclus, 210
 “ For whom now lamentation is made by all the Achaïans.”

Having spoken thus, she went ; up-roused them the wind-gods
 With a prodigious sound, and the clouds they tumbled before them ;
 Breathing they came on the ocean down ; up-swelled then the wild wave
 Neath their shrilly blast ; then came they to Troja the fertile,
 And on the pyre they bore, till the fierce fire loudly resounded ;
 All night long, together they raised the pyre’s fierce conflagration,
 With their shrill breathings ; all night swift-footed Achilleus,
 From a golden vase, poured forth with a goblet capacious
 Wine upon the ground beneath, till the earth was bedewèd, 220
 Ever calling upon the soul of unhappy Patroclus.
 As a father mourns as he burns the bones of his offspring
 Newly wed, who, dying, has brought dire woes on his parents ;
 So did Achilleus mourn as he burnt the bones of his comrade,
 Slowly wending the pyre around, and incessantly groaning.
 But when Heösporos came, announcing day to the wide earth,

Which o'er the ocean dispersèd is by the saffron-robed morning,
 Then did waste away the pyre, and the flames were declining.
 Then did the winds again depart, all homeward returning,
 Over the Thracian main, which groaned with the swell of its wild waves.

Then did Peleides, turning aside from the pyre slowly burning, 231
 Wearily sink to the earth, and sweet sleep came o'er his senses.

But soon the Greeks all thronging came around Agamemnon,
 And the tumult and sound of their coming roused up Achilles ;
 Upright then he sat, and with these words he addressed them :

“ Atreides, and ye the rest of the chiefs of Achaia,

“ First, with dark-coloured wine, let all the burning be quenched,

“ Where the force of the fire has raged, and then let us gather,

“ From the ashes, the bones of Menoitios' offspring, Patroelos,

“ Easy to be discerned are they, and of sure recognition ; 240

“ For in the midst of the pyre they lie, the others, by themselves

“ On the outside commingled lie, bones of horses and mortals ;

“ His let us place in a golden vase, and with double fat cover,

“ Until I myself shall, in deep Hades, be hidden ;

“ I do not now, a mighty tomb to be raised, give commandment,

“ But one of moderate size ; hereafter the sons of Achaia

“ Broad and lofty the tomb shall make, ye who, after my slaughter,

“ Shall, as my successors, remain in the many-banked vessels.”

Thus he spoke, and all obeyed the swift-footed Achilles ;

First of all, with the dark-coloured wine they quenched the burning, 250

Where the force of the fire had come, and the deep ashes fallen ;

Then the white bones they gathered up, with much lamentation,

Of their gentle comrade, and placed in the urn with the thick fat ;

In the pavilion they placed the urn, and with fine linen veiled it ;

Then the site of the tomb they marked, and laid the foundations

Round the pyre ; and instant they raised the loose earth above it ;

And, the mound finished, they went their way.—But noble Achilles

Still the host detained, seating them in a spacious arena ;

And from his ships he prizes brought, both caldrons and tripods,

Horses too, and mules, and the mighty heads of the oxen, 260

Women with beautiful girdles too, and white-shining iron ;
 First, for the swift charioteers, he set the beautiful prizes ;
 A woman fair of blameless form, in housewifery skilful,
 And a tripod double-eared, holding twenty-two measures,
 For the first he placed ; a mare he placed for the second,
 As yet unyokèd, and which with a young mule was gravid ;
 And for the third he set, untouched by the fire, a caldron,
 Beautiful, holding measures four, and splendidly shining ;
 For the fourth in order, he set two talents of fine gold ;
 For the fifth, a double bowl unscathed by the fierce fire ;
 Then he arose and stood, and thus he spoke to the Argives :

270

“ Atreides, and ye the rest of the well-greaved Achaians,
 “ These prizes now, for the charioteers, lie in the arena.
 “ And if now the contention were o’er the tomb of another,
 “ I should take the first, and to my tent should convey it.
 “ For ye know how much my steeds excel in puissance ;
 “ For they immortal are : and erst Poseidon did give them
 “ To my sire, Peleus ; who on me in turn has bestowed them.
 “ But this day nor I nor my steeds will engage in the contest ;
 “ They have lost the noble strength of a gentle driver,
 “ Who full oft, with liquid oil, their manes has besprinkled,
 “ Having washed them first with pure and beautiful water.
 “ Him my steeds now stand and mourn, while down on the champain
 “ Flow their manes, while they are still and in spirit are grieving ;
 “ But, throughout the host, let every son of Achaia
 “ Ready make, who trusts in his steeds and his strong-jointed war-car.”

280

Thus spoke Peleides ; the charioteers rose up swiftly ;
 Far the first of all rose Eumelos monarch of nations,
 Of Admetos the cherished son, who excelled in the war-car ;
 Next him, the son of Tudeus rose, the strong Diomedes,
 And he yoked the Trojan steeds which late from Aineias
 He had ta’en, when he just was saved by the might of Apollon ;
 Next to him arose the yellow-haired Menelaos,
 Noble of birth, and beneath the yoke placed his swift-footed horses,

290

Aithè, Agamemnon's mare, and his own steed Podargos ;
 Her, Agamemnon gave, Anchisiades Echepolos,
 That he might follow him not to the breezy turrets of Ilion,
 But might enjoy his life at home ; for on him mighty riches
 Zeus had bestowed, and at ease he dwelt in spacious Sikūon ;
 Her beneath the yoke he placed, most prompt for the contest. 300
 Antilochos, the fourth, prepared his fair-manèd horses,
 The illustrious son of magnanimous Nestor the monarch,
 The son of Neleus :—the swift-footed horses of Pulos
 Bore his chariot on ; his father, standing beside him,
 Gave good counsel the while to one who himself was most skilful :
 “ Antilochos, on thee, though young, their love have bestowed,
 “ Zeus and Poseidon, and have taught thee well charioteering,
 “ Wherefore but little need have I this day to instruct thee ;
 “ Well dost thou know to whirl round the goal ; but thy steeds are the slowest
 “ In the race, and from thence I fear that ill may befall thee ; 310
 “ These chiefs' steeds are fleeter than thine, but none of their drivers
 “ Have more art than thou in the skilful managing horses.
 “ Wherefore do thou, my son, thy skill impress on thy spirit
 “ Most of all, for fear that at last the prizes should 'scape thee.
 “ He who cuts the oak prevails not by strength, but by wisdom ;
 “ And, by wisdom, the pilot too, on the wine-coloured ocean,
 “ Guideth the rapid ship while 'tis tossed about by the wild winds ;
 “ And, by wisdom, the charioteer o'ercometh his fellows.
 “ He, who too confident is in the strength of his steeds and his war-car,
 “ Without needful care, oft whirls them hither and thither, 320
 “ And his steeds stray away o'er the course, while he nothing restrains them ;
 “ But he who knows his craft, though, steeds inferior driving,
 “ Keeps his eye on the goal, turns close to it, nor does escape him
 “ How he may earliest pull his bright reins formèd of bull's-hide ;
 “ And he holds his horses hard, and the leader considers.
 “ Thee the goal I can easily show, nor can it escape thee ;
 “ A dry trunk there stands a fathom high o'er the champain,
 “ Either of oak or pine, which the rain not as yet hath corrupted ;

" Two white stones are firmly fixed on this side and that side,
 " In the narrow way ; while smooth is the horse-course around them ; 330
 " Either it marks the tomb of some mortal long since departed,
 " Or it has been a goal for an earlier generation ;
 " Now as the bound it is placed by the swift-footed noble Achilles ;
 " Keep thou close to this, drive near it chariot and horses ;
 " But do thou to the inside lean in the well-fastened war-car,
 " Towards thy left hand ; but urge the horse on the right side,
 " Shouting aloud, and yield him free the reins from thy hand-grasp.
 " Close to the goal let the left-hand horse be borne in the running,
 " That to thine eye the nave of the wheel seem to meet with its circle ;
 " But beware that thou touch not at all the stones of the hard goal, 340
 " Lest thou thy horses harm, and dash thy war-car to fragments,
 " Causing to thine antagonists joy, to thine own heart, a sorrow ;
 " But do thou, dear son, be wise, and still full of caution ;
 " For if, with safety, in the race the goal thou canst pass by,
 " None will be able to follow thee close, none able to pass thee,
 " No, not though behind thee strove the noble Areion,
 " Admetos' most rapid steed, whose race springs from heaven,
 " Or Laomedon's coursers fleet, which here had their breeding."

Speaking thus, in his place sat down Neleian Nestor,
 Having given his son his mind on the points most important. 350
 Meriones, the fifth, now prepared his fair-manèd horses.
 Up in their cars they stood, and cast their lots in the helmet ;
 Peleides shook them, forth leapt the offspring's of Nestor,
 Antilochos' ; next to his, the lot of Eumelos the monarch ;
 Next to his, the lot of the spear-renowned Menelaos ;
 After him came Meriones' lot ; and lastly Tudeides,
 Far the bravest of them all, gained the place for his horses.
 Then in order they stood, while the goal was shown by Achilles,
 Far away in the level plain ; and near it he then placed
 The godlike Phoinix, the armour-bearer of Peleus, 360
 That he might consider the race, and render true judgment.

Then, all at once, the chiefs did raise the lash o'er their horses,

And, with the thongs, they smote them hard, and, with shoutings, encouraged,
 Eager and fierce; they swiftly passed o'er the face of the champain
 From the ships afar; up rose the dust 'neath their broad chests,
 Roused by their feet, like a rushing cloud or the breath of the tempest;
 Streamed their manes away beneath the blast of the wild wind;
 Now the chariots close sank down to the face of the rich ground,
 Now they wildly bounded aloft; all eager the drivers
 Stood their cars within; while the heart of every one bounded 370
 With hope of conquest, while each his horses encouraged,
 Crying aloud, as away they did fly through the dust of the champain.
 But when the fleet-footed horses came, at the end of the half-course,
 Back towards the hoary sea, 'twas then the puissance of each one
 Plain appeared; the steeds stretched to their toil, and then very swiftly
 Bore, his rapid horses, along the monarch Eumelos;
 Next to him came on the Trojan steeds of Tudeides;
 Nor behind him were they far, but followed right near him;
 For they ever seemed as if they would mount in his chariot;
 With their breath Eumelos' back and the breadth of his shoulders 380
 Heated was, as along they flew with their heads close upon him.
 And now Tudeides would have won or left doubtful the contest,
 But that Phoibos Apollon was wroth against Diomedes,
 And he struck afar the shining scourge from his hand-grasp.
 Filled with angry tears were then the eyes of Tudeides,
 When he saw Eumelos' steeds were swiftly proceeding,
 While his own impeded were by the lack of the keen scourge.
 Nor did Apollon, while wrong he thus did to Tudeides,
 'Scape from Athenè's sight, she rushed to the shepherd of nations;
 And, to him, the scourge restored, and gave force to his horses. 390
 Then, in her angry mood, she approached the son of Admetos,
 And the yoke of his chariot smote; and away flew the horses,
 And the unloosened chariot-pole fell down on the champain.
 He himself, beside the wheel, was hurled from the war-car,
 And his elbows were torn in the fall, and his mouth and his nostrils,
 And on the ground his forehead dashed; and the eyes of the chieftain

Full were filled with tears, and in his throat stuck his strong voice.
 By him Tudeides then guided his round-footed horses
 Leaping far before the rest ; for Pallas Athenè
 Gave, to his rapid horses, strength, and fame to their master. 400
 Next to him came on the yellow-haired Menelaos.
 But Antilochos thus did urge the steeds of his father :

“ Go on, my horses, and stretch yourselves swift in the contest ;
 “ I do not command you to strive with the steeds of Tudeides,
 “ That warlike chieftain, to whose steeds now Pallas Athenè
 “ Has given swiftness, and fame bestowed on their master ;
 “ But overtake Atreides’ steeds, exerting your swiftmess,
 “ Nor be ye left behind, lest disgrace come o’er ye from Aithè,
 “ From her, a mare too ; why flag ye now, my good horses ?
 “ Now I will tell you a thing which will certainly have its performance ; 410
 “ No more again for you will Nestor, the shepherd of nations,
 “ Care, but both of you will slay with the sharp-pointed brass-spear,
 “ If by your fault we bear away a base prize in the contest ;
 “ Then follow now, and haste along at the height of your swiftmess ;
 “ I myself will work a thing, and give it attention,
 “ To pass by in yon narrow path ; nor shall it escape me.”

Thus spake Antilochos ; they feared the rebuke of their master,
 Ran their best for a little space ; and just then before him
 A narrow, hollow way was espied by Antilochos valiant.
 In the earth a cleft it was where the waters of winter 420
 Over the path had broken out and the place rendered hollow ;
 There Menelaos went, avoiding the clash of the war-cars.
 Antilochos then, turning near, urged his round-footed horses
 Out of the path, and, a little aside, made after Atreides ;
 Then Menelaos, somewhat dismayed, to Antilochos shouted :

“ Antilochos, you recklessly drive, but hold now your horses ;
 “ Narrow is now the way, soon in greater space you may pass me ;
 “ Lest thou harm us both, against mine thy chariot impelling.”

Thus he cried ; but Antilochos more rapidly passed on,
 Urging his horses with the lash, like one who had heard not. 430

Far as the discus flies when impelled away from the shoulder
 Of some youthful chief who makes essay of his young might,
 So far Antilochos' horses passed ; while those of Atreides
 Lagged behind ; for he himself then urged them no longer,
 Lest in the selfsame path should clash the round-footed horses
 And the well-built cars o'erturn, while both of the drivers
 In the dust should fall, while fierce contending for conquest.
 But in reproachful tone thus spoke yellow-haired Menelaos :

“ Antilochos, thou surely art most pernicious of mortals ;
 “ Go thy way, but thou wilt not be held, as wise, by the Grecians, 440
 “ Nor, without a faithful oath, shalt thou bear off the conquest.”

Thus having said, on his horses he called, and these were his accents :
 “ Pause now no more, nor lagging stand, though grieved in your spirit ;
 “ Sooner the feet and labouring knees of yon horses will fail them,
 “ Than will your own ; for both of them of youth are deprived.”

Thus he spoke, and the horses feared the rebuke of their master,
 And more swiftly they ran, and soon came near to the others.

Meanwhile those Argives, who stayed within the arena,
 Watched the steeds as on they fled through the dust of the champain.
 Then first Idomeneus, the mighty king of the Cretans, 450
 Marked the steeds, for aloft he sat high above the arena ;
 And he knew the voice, although 'twas heard from a distance,
 Of the charioteer, and the well-marked horse that was leading,
 Which was bay throughout his form, but broad on his forehead
 A round mark of white appeared, like the moon in its fulness.
 Up then Idomeneus stood, and spoke to the Argives assembled :

“ O ye, my friends, ye leaders and noble chiefs of Achaia,
 “ Do I alone, the steeds, behold, or do you, too, observe them ?
 “ Other steeds to me appear to be first in the contest,
 “ And a different charioteer ; the steeds of Admetos 460
 “ Have, in the plain, been harmed, which so far led in the running ;
 “ Them I beheld the first to whirl round the goal of the racers,
 “ But I no longer can see them now ; though mine eyes are observant,
 “ Wandering over every part of the plain of the Trojans ;

" Certes, the reins from the hands of the charioteer have escapèd,
 " So he could not to the goal keep close, and turn by it adroitly ;
 " Hence I suspect that he has fall'n, and the chariot is broken,
 " And the steeds from the path have rushed, in the heat of their fierceness.
 " But do ye stand up and gaze, for I, for mine own part,
 " Cannot clearly see, but I think that a hero is leading 470
 " Of Aitolean race, who yet bears rule among Argives,
 " Strong Diomedes, Tudeus' son, the tamer of horses."

Him then reproachèd, the swift Oilean Aias :

" Idomen, why art thou babbling thus ? The steeds of Tudeides
 " Lofty of pace, are wending on afar o'er the champain ;
 " Thou among the Argives here art by no means the youngest,
 " Nor are thine eyes, thy head within, most keen in beholding ;
 " Yet still, with many words, thy tongue is garrulous ever ;
 " But thou oughtest not to prate in superior presence.
 " Still in the front as at first wend on the steeds of Eumelos, 480
 " And his hands still grasp the reins as he's borne o'er the champain."

Then to him, in wrath, replied the chief of the Cretans :

" Aias, in quarrel great, thou ready speaker of evil,
 " But, for the rest, of Argives least, since rude is thy spirit ;
 " Come now, let us a tripod pledge, or even a caldron,
 " And let us both be judged by Atreus' son, Agamemnon,
 " As to whose horses are first ; that so thou may'st learn by thy losing."

Thus he spoke, and instant arose the swift-footed Aias,
 In great ire, and, in angry words, was about to give answer ;
 And now further strife had been between the two heroes, 490
 But that Achilleus' self arose, and thus he addressed them :

" Do not, longer, answer make in words that are evil,
 " Aias, and Idomeneus too, for it does not beseem ye,
 " And ye would both another blame if such were his doings ;
 " Do ye in the arena sit the horses beholding,
 " For full soon the steeds, which now contend for the conquest,
 " Will be here ; and then ye will know who the first is and second."

Thus he spoke ; then near them came the speeding Tudeides,

Still, on their shoulders, lashing his steeds ; while they in their swiftness
 Onward were borne, as fleetly they rushed o'er the course set before them,
 Ever upflinging the flakes of dust on the front of their driver ; 501
 While the chariot beauteous, bright with tin and with red gold,
 Was by the hasting steeds borne on ; and little beneath it
 Was the mark of the rim of the wheel on the face of the light dust ;
 Such was the rapid flight of the rushing steeds of Tudeides.
 He, in the mid arena, stayed, and, down from the coursers,
 Flow'd the sweat, from neck and chest on the place of their staying.
 He to the ground leapt down from the war-car splendidly shining,
 And 'gainst the yoke the scourge he leaned ; nor then was unmindful
 The mighty Sthenelos, but hastily seized on the prizes ; 510
 He the damsel gave to be ta'en by his great-hearted comrades,
 And the eared tripod ; while himself, from the yoke, freed the coursers.
 Next to him Antilochos in the race his horses was urging,
 Who, by fraud and not by speed, had passed Menelaos ;
 But e'en so Menelaos was near with his swift-footed horses ;
 Far as the courser stands from the wheel, who draweth his master
 Stretching out the war-car before, as he speeds o'er the wide plain,
 While the utmost hairs of his tail touch the wheel at its circle,
 And to the wheel he runneth near, and small is the distance
 Between him and it as he flies o'er the breadth of the champain ; 520
 So far, by famous Antilochos, was the king Menelaos
 Left behind, although at first by the flight of a discus
 He had been passed ; but soon came up by the swiftness of Aithè,
 That fair-manèd steed which belonged to the king Agamemnon ;
 And, if the course between them both had been longer continued,
 She would have passed him by, nor left the victory doubtful.
 And then Meriones, Idomeneus' noble attendant,
 Was behind Menelaos famed, by the cast of a jav'lin.
 For his beautiful-manèd steeds in the race were the slowest,
 And his skill was least of all in driving the war-car. 530
 Then came in Admetos' son, the last of the racers,
 Dragging the beautiful car, and driving the coursers before him.

Him, with pity, beheld, the swift-footed, noble Achilleus ;
And, 'mid the Greeks he stood, and with wingèd words he harangued them :

“ Last in the race the best man now drives his round-footed horses ;
“ But let us now provide him a prize, as is but beseeeming,
“ Let him the second take, for the first must be ta'en by Tudeides.”

Thus he spoke, and all the Greeks his counsel approvèd ;
And he then the mare had ta'en (for the Argives approvèd it),
But that Antilochos, the son of magnanimous Nestor,
Rising up, for his right, thus spoke to Peleian Achilleus :

540

“ O Achilleus, my wrath will be great if thou givest performance
“ To this word, for thou art about of my prize to deprive me,
“ Thinking of this, because that the car and the swift-footed horses
“ Have been harmed, though his skill is great ; he to the immortals
“ Should have prayed, and then in the race he had not been the latest.
“ But if thou dost pity his fate, and it so please thy spirit,
“ Thou, in thy tent, hast much of gold, and brass in abundance,
“ And sheep and slaves and full many round-footed horses ;
“ Do thou, therefore, take of these, and more richly reward him
“ Even than now thou would'st, that so the Greeks may applaud thee.
“ I will not relinquish the mare ; and let him strive to take her
“ Who, with his hands, is desirous with me to join in the combat.”

550

Thus he spake ; then smiled the swift-footed, noble Achilleus,
Pleased at Antilochos, who to him was a much-loved companion ;
And thus, responding, with wingèd words he addressed him :

“ Antilochos, since thou biddest me to give to Eumelos
“ Somewhat from mine own tent, I will give thy bidding performance ;
“ His shall the breastplate be which I took from Asteropaios ;
“ Brazen it is, and with melted tin its surface is shining ;
“ And to him it will worthy be of great estimation.”

560

Thus he spoke, and Automedon bade, his much-loved companion,
From the tent the breastplate to bear ; he went and produced it,
And in Eumelos' hands he laid ; he received it rejoicing.

Then Menelaos arose 'mid the Greeks, all grieving in spirit,
Mightily wroth with Antilochos ; in his hand-grasp the herald

Did the sceptre place, and bade all the Argives be silent ;
Then thus, amid the assembly, spoke Menelaos the godlike :

“ Antilochos, who before wert wise, what hast thou perpetrated ?
“ Thou hast now my prowess shamed, and my horses hast injured, 570
“ Driving thine own to the front which to mine were inferior greatly.
“ But come now, ye chiefs, ye Argive princes and leaders,
“ In the midst give us judgment due, not as persons respecting ;
“ That no man may say ’mid the brass-mailed sons of Achaia,
“ That Antilochos, while, with lies, he oppressed Menelaos,
“ Beareth away the prize although his steeds were the worse,
“ But he himself superior is in strength and in valour.
“ I myself should such judgment give, and do not consider
“ Any Greek would give me blame ; for it seems to be justice ;
“ But come now, O Antilochos, as is ever the custom, 580
“ Stand thy steeds and car before, and hold in thine hand-grasp
“ The thin scourge, and with it touch the round-footed horses,
“ And to witness call the great earth-shaker Poseidon,
“ That by fraud thou didst not intend to hinder my chariot.”

Then, his reply returning, spoke Antilochos wisely :
“ Be thou patient with me now, O king Menelaos,
“ For I am younger than thou, and thou the elder and better.
“ Well thou knowest that to young men transgressions are common,
“ For their minds are swift to wrong and their wisdom is slender ;
“ Wherefore let thy heart be content ; for to thee I will render 590
“ The horse I’ve taken ; and if, from out my pavilion,
“ Something greater thou shalt ask, much rather I’ll give it
“ Than, all my days, O noble chief, be shunned by thy spirit,
“ And, as a guilty man, be held by the deities deathless.”

Such was the sapient speech of the n of magnanimous Nestor,
And the mare he led and gave to the hands of Atreides ;
Then was highly pleased the mind of the brave Menelaos.
As when the dew falls lightly down on the ears of the green corn,
And they rejoice the while the fields are roughening for harvest ;
Thus did then thy soul rejoice in thy breast, Menelaos ; 600

And, to Antilochos, with wingèd words he responded :

“ Antilochos, 'tis now my turn to cease from mine anger,
 “ For thou hast never been light of mind or foolish aforetime ;
 “ But this time thy youth has beguiled thy good understanding.
 “ Yet is it wiser far to abstain from deceiving thy betters ;
 “ For I would yield to no other than thee of the sons of Achaia.
 “ But, for me, thou hast suffered much, and much hast accomplished ;
 “ And thy famous sire as well, and thy valiant brother ;
 “ Therefore to thy supplication I yield, and to thee will deliver
 “ This my steed, for mine she is ; that these may consider 610
 “ That my mind has not been proud nor merciless ever.”

Thus having spoken, he gave the mare to Noëmon,
 Comrade of Antilochos ; he himself took the glittering caldron,
 Merion then, the fourth, received two talents of pure gold,
 As he in order was the fourth, and the fifth prize lacked owner,
 The spacious goblet, this, to Nestor, presented Achilles,
 Bearing it through the assembly he went, then spoke standing near him :

“ Take now this, ancient man, and let it as a present be valued
 “ In memory of Patroclos' tomb ; for no more wilt thou see him
 “ 'Mid the Argive chiefs ; to thee this prize I now render 620
 “ Without thy pains ; for to thee no more is the cestus,
 “ Nor the wrestler's toil ; nor canst thou dart with the jav'lin,
 “ Nor with thy feet canst thou run ; for grievous age overcomes thee.”

Thus he spoke and the goblet gave ; he received it rejoicing,
 And in reply, with wingèd words, 'twas thus he addressed him :

“ All these things by thee, my son, right well have been spoken.
 “ For my limbs are no longer strong, nor foot-hold nor hand-grasp,
 “ And no more my agile hands move quick 'neath my shoulders.
 “ Would that I now were as young and my strength were as firm as it once was,
 “ When the Epeians, the funeral, kept of king Amaruncos, 630
 “ In the Bouprasian realm, and the king's sons prizes afforded ;
 “ Then no man my equal was ; nor among the Epeians,
 “ Nor Pules' sons, nor Aitolea's great-hearted chieftains.
 “ Clutomedes, with the cestus I beat, the offspring of Enops ;

" And in wrestling Ankaïos surpassed, who rose up against me ;
 " Iphiclos in the foot-race I beat, although he was speedy ;
 " And at casting the spear both Phuleus and Poludoros.
 " Only, with their steeds, the sons of Actor surpassed me,
 " Being in number more, and of my victories jealous ;
 " And that on that very spot they the best of the prizes relinquished ; 640
 " They were twins ; and one with great strength guided the war-car,
 " One strongly guided, the other lashed on the horses ;
 " Such once was Nestor ; now younger men must, in their turn,
 " In these deeds excel ; to woeful age I must yield me ;
 " But in those long past days 'twas mine to excel many heroes.
 " Now do thou depart, and honour thy friend with these contests ;
 " For this cup I gladly take, and my heart is rejoicing,
 " That thou my love rememberest well ; and hast not forgotten
 " That my glory wherewith I still 'mong the Grecians am honoured.
 " And may the gods to thee, in return, give heart-pleasing favour." 650

Thus he spoke, and Achilleus returned through the host of Achaia,
 When he had finished hearing the vaunt of the offspring of Neleus.
 Then the prizes he set for the arduous fight of the cestus ;
 'Mid the assembly a mule he led, most patient of labour,
 Six years old, as yet unbroke, and hard to be broken ;
 And a double goblet he placed for the chief that was conquered ;
 Then he arose and stood, and thus he spoke to the Argives :

" Atreides, and ye the rest of the well-greaved Achaians,
 " Two chiefs for these we bid to contend, whosoe'er are most mighty
 " With the high-lifted cestus to smite ; that chief whom Apollon 660
 " Victory gives in the heavy fight, and who's hailed by the Grecians,
 " Let him, leading this patient mule, return to his dwelling,
 " While the conquered combatant takes this goblet capacious.

Thus he spoke, and a chief arose, a great and a valiant,
 Skilled in the cestus-fight, Epeios, Panopeus' offspring,
 And he laid hands on the patient mule, and these were his accents :

" Let him now come near who will take the goblet capacious,
 " For I deem that the mule will be ta'en by no son of Achaia,

" Saving me, in the cestus-fight ; for in it I am bravest.

" Is't not enough that in battle I fail ? but yet was there never

670

" Living a man who in every work was equally valiant.

" But now I tell you a thing which will certainly have its performance,

" I will my foeman's fair flesh wound, and his bones dash to pieces ;

" Wherefore let full many a friend to receive him be waiting,

" Who may bear him away, when he, by my hands, shall be conquered."

Thus he spoke, and silence deep fell on all the Achaïans ;

Till Eurualos singly arose, to the deities equal,

Son of Mekistos the Talaionidean monarch,

Who theretofore to Thebes had come at Oïdipos' burial

To the funeral games, and then all the Kadmeians had vanquished.

680

Him, did Tudeides, spear-renowned, exhort to the combat,

With encouraging words, for he greatly wished him the conquest.

First round the loins he the cincture threw, and then he indued him,

As to his hands, with the well-cut thongs of the skin of the wild bull.

Then the twain, equipped, went forth to the midst of the concourse ;

And together they both their arms puissant uplifted,

And on each other they rushed, and their heavy hands were commingled ;

Dire was the clash of the teeth in their jaws ; and down, from their strong limbs,

Rolled the sweat on every side ; sprang godlike Epeios,

And, as Eurualos gazed around, on the cheek fiercely smote him,

690

So that he could no longer stand ; for his limbs reeled beneath him.

As when beneath fierce Boreas' breath up leapeth a swift fish

Toward the oozy shore, and then the dark water conceals him ;

So leapt Eurualos at that blow ; but great-hearted Epeios

Took his hands and raised him up ; then his much-loved companions

Led him from the arena away, while his feet trailed behind him,

Vomiting too thick blood, with his head rolling this way and that way ;

Him, of his mind bereft, they led and supported on all sides ;

And they in his stead received the goblet capacious.—

Then did Peleides place the third succession of prizes,

700

Showing forth to the Greeks the rewards for arduous wrestling ;

For the winner, a mighty tripod fit to sustain fire,

Which, at twelve oxen, valued was among the Achaians ;
 And for the conquered chief he placed, in mid concourse, a damsel
 Skilful in many works, who but at four oxen was valued.
 Then he arose and stood, and thus he spoke to the Argives :

“ Rise ye now who will trial make of this kind of contention.”

Thus he spoke, then rose the great Telamonian Aias ;
 Sapient Odusseus also rose, in stratagems skilful ;
 Being with cinctures girt, they went to the middle arena, 710
 And with bent arms each other they seized with their hand-grasp puissant ;
 Like the beams of a roof which a skilful architect fitteth
 For some palace high, to prevent the force of the wild winds ;
 Sounded then their backs beneath the grasp of their strong hands,
 Being firmly held, while downward the moist sweat was flowing ;
 And full many a tumour rose on their ribs and their shoulders,
 Red with congested blood ; but still they, mightily, ever
 For the victory strove and the tripod fairly adorned ;
 Nor could Odusseus move, nor overthrow on the champain
 Aias, nor could Aias prevail o’er the might of Odusseus. 720
 But when ’gan weary the well-greaved sons of Achaia,
 Him then thus addressed the great Telamonian Aias :

“ Noble Odusseus, thou sapient son of Laertes,

“ Lift thou me, or I lift thee, all the rest is in Zeus’ care.”—

Speaking thus, he lifted him up ; but Odusseus forgot not
 His wonted craft, and his knees smote behind and his limbs were relaxèd ;
 And on his back he fell, while upon his bosom Odusseus
 Also fell ; while the people gazed admiring, astonished.
 Next to raise him tried much-enduring, noble Odusseus,
 Him from the ground he a little moved, but could not uplift him ; 730
 For him Aias held by the knee ; then down fell both heroes
 To each other close, and with the dust they were covered.
 And now rising again they would, for the third time, have wrestled,
 Had not Achilleus in person arose, who thus did restrain them :

“ Contend now no more, nor weary yourselves with exertion,

“ Victory full to both belongs, and to both equal prizes ;

"Cease then now, and let other Greeks engage in contention."

Thus he spoke, they willingly heard and obeyed his direction ;
 And having wiped the dust away, their tunics resumed.
 Instantly then Peleides placed the prizes for swiftness ; 740
 First a vase of silver wrought, six measures containing,
 Which in beauty far surpassed all the vases on this earth,
 Since the Sidonians, great of skill, had heedfully wrought it,
 And men Phenician o'er the darkling ocean had borne it
 And as a gift to Thoas gave, and placed in his portals,
 And then Euneos, the noble son of Ieson,
 It to the hero Patroclos gave, the price of Lucaon,
 Priam's son.—Now Achilles made it a prize o'er his comrade,
 And decreed that his it should be who was lightest on swift feet.
 For the second an ox he placed which large was and fatted ; 750
 And the half of a talent of gold he set for the latest.

Then he stood up again, and thus he spoke to the Argives :
 "Rise ye up now, ye chiefs, who will make essay of this contest ;"
 Thus he spoke, and arose the swift Oïlean Aias,
 And the wise Odusseus arose, and the offspring of Nestor,
 Antilochos, who the youth of Greece surpassed in his fleetness ;
 Then in order they stood ; while the goal was shown by Achilles ;
 And from a starting line they ran ; then swiftly Oïleus
 Rushed to the front ; and next him sped the noble Odusseus
 Very close, as near as the breast of a fair-zonèd woman 760
 Is to the distaff the while she skilfully wields it
 Drawing the warp athwart the woof, while near it approaches
 To her breast, thus Odusseus ran near ; and Oïleus' footsteps
 Struck with his own, or e'er the dust had spread from around them.
 And on his head the breath was poured of noble Odusseus
 Ever at swiftest pace ; loud shouted all the Achaians
 For him as he for the victory strove, and exhorted him hasting.
 But when the end of the race was near, then noble Odusseus
 Made supplication, his mind within, to the blue-eyed Athenè :

"Hear me now, O goddess, and be to my feet a kind helper."

740

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760

770

Thus spoke he praying, and was heard by Pallas Athenè ;
 And on his limbs, both feet and hands, she lightness bestowèd ;
 Then when they were almost come to the end of the swift-course,
 As he ran, did Aias slip, by Athenè obstructed,
 Where the refuse was placed of the oxen, late loudly lowing,
 Which to Patroclos had been slain by swift-footed Achilleus,
 And with it were filled the mouth and the nostrils of Aias.
 Then bore away the vase the endurant, noble Odusseus,
 Who the first came in ; the ox, took illustrious Aias ;
 And he stood and held in his hands the horns of the ox prize,
 Spitting forth the filth, and thus he said to the Argives :

780

“ Certainly, now my feet have been by that goddess hindered
 “ Who, like a mother, is near and gives her aid to Odusseus.”

Thus he spoke ; while all at him were pleasantly laughing.
 Then Antilochos bore away the last of the prizes,
 And as he took it he smiled, and thus addressed he the Argives :

“ Friends, to you all who are wise, I will tell that now, as aforetime
 “ Elder men are honoured most by the deities deathless ;
 “ Aias, than myself, has had a longer existence ;
 “ But this chief of a former race and anterior being,
 “ Who is said to be youthful in age ; with him ’twere a hard thing
 “ For the Greeks to contend in the race, unless for Achilleus.”

790

Thus he spoke, and glory gave to swift-footed Peleides.
 And thus, responsive, then spoke the noble Achilleus :

“ Antilochos, thy praise of me shall not vainly be spoken,
 “ For half a talent of gold it is mine to bestow now upon thee.”

Then the gold in his hands he placed ; he received it rejoicing.
 Next Peleides threw in the midst a long-shadowed jav’lin,
 And a buckler and helmet bright, the arms of Sarpedon,
 Which on the Trojan plain had from him been stripped by Patroclos.
 Then uprising he stood, and thus he spoke to the Argives :

800

“ Now we call upon heroes twain, whosoe’er are the bravest,
 “ Clad in mail, and taking in hand the flesh-cutting brass-spear,
 “ To make trial of mutual might before this assembly ;

" Which of the twain shall be first to reach the fair flesh of his foeman,
 " And shall touch his form within and bring blood through his armour,
 " Him will I with this sword present, all studded with silver,
 " Beautiful, of Threïkian mould, ta'en from Asteropaïos ;
 " But the rest of the arms let them equally parcel between them ;
 " And for them both I will make good cheer within my pavilion." 810

Thus he spoke, then rose the great Telamonian Aias,
 And Tudeides also arose, the strong Diomedes.
 And when they, from the concourse apart, had put on their armour,
 Into the midst together they came all eager for combat ;
 Fierce was the gleam of their eyes, admiration seized the Achaïans ;
 Then, when near they came, against each other advancing,
 Thrice against each other they rushed, thrice joined in the battle ;
 Then did Aias smite on the buckler equal on all sides,
 But to the flesh he attained not ; for the breastplate prevented.
 But then Tudeides o'er the mighty buckler of Aias 820
 Strove his neck to hit with the shining point of the jav'lin,
 But then for Aias fearful became the sons of Achaïa,
 And the warriors bade to cease, and take prizes as equals.
 But to Tudeides the mighty sword gave the hero Achilleus,
 With the sheath and the well-cut belt which was wont to sustain it.

Next Peleides placed a discus rough from the furnace,
 Which was used to be thrown by the mighty strength of Eëtion,
 And when he was slain by the swift-footed, noble Achilleus,
 This in his ships he bore away with his other possessions.
 Then up again he stood, and thus he spoke to the Argives : 830

" Uprise now, ye chiefs, who will trial make of this contest ;
 " And if the victor far from hence of rich fields is the owner,
 " He may use this mass while full five years are revolving,
 " Nor for iron in need will be his shepherd nor ploughman,
 " Nor will they need to the city to wend, for himself will supply them."

Thus he spoke, then arose Polupoites strong in battle,
 And uprose the mighty force of the godlike Leonteus,
 Great Telamonian Aias too, and the noble Epeïos ;

Then in order they stood ; then seized Epeios the discus,
 And he hurled it whirling along ; while laughed the Achaians ; 840
 Then did Leonteus secondly throw, a branch of the war-god ;
 Then the third did throw the great Telamonian Aias
 From his mighty hand, and all their marks he surpassed ;
 But when, the discus hurled, Polupoites mighty in battle,
 Far as his crook is whirled away by the hand of the herdsman,
 And swiftly circling around flies on through the throng of the oxen ;
 So far he the rest surpassed, and for him the Greeks shouted.
 Then up rose the comrades dear of the strong Polupoites,
 And to the hollow ships they bore the prize of the chieftain.
 Next for the archers Achilleus placed the dark-coloured iron, 850
 For ten double-edged axes he set, and ten that were single ;
 Next the mast he raised of a ship of a prow darkly painted
 Far away on the sand ; and to it a dove, full of terror,
 By her foot, with a thin cord, he tied, and bade the contenders
 At her to shoot, and he said : “ He who strikes the dove full of terror,
 “ Let him the double axes take away to his own tent ;
 “ But he who the cord should hit, but missing the dove’s form,
 “ He (being inferior) should possess the single-edged axes.”
 Thus he spoke ; then uprose the strength of Teucros the chieftain,
 Up rose Meriones, Idomeneus’ mighty companion ; 860
 Then in a brazen-helm they placed the lots, and they shook them ;
 Teucros did the first lot obtain, and instant his arrow
 He sent strongly forth, but he had not vowed to the monarch,
 Of the first-born lambs, a hecatomb noble, to offer.
 He the bird therefore missed ; for to hit was denied by Apollon ;
 But the cord he struck near the foot by which the dove bound was,
 And right through, by the bitter shaft, that cord was divided.
 Up then toward heaven the swift bird soared, while fell the cord earthward ;
 And a mighty shout of applause was raised by the Grecians.
 Hastily Merion took the bow from the hand-grasp of Teucros, 870
 For he already an arrow held to place on the bow-string.
 Instantly then he vowed to far-darting Phoibos Apollon,

Of the first-born lambs, a hecatomb noble, to offer ;
 Up 'neath the clouds he fixed his eye on the dove full of terror,
 And, as she circling went, 'neath her wing in the midst did he pierce her ;
 Through the dove went the rapid shaft, and it in the champain
 Fixed was near Merion's foot ; the while the dove sorely wounded
 Settled upon the mast which belonged to the dark-painted vessel,
 Drooping her head aside, while her thick-plumèd wings were outstretching
 Swift from her members flew her life, and far from the tall mast 880
 Down she fell ; while the people gazed and owned admiration.
 And Meriones took away the ten double-edged axes,
 Teucros bore the ten single-edged to the hollow-built vessels.

Next Peleides placed in the midst a long-shadowed jav'lin,
 And a caldron unstained by fire and with flowers ornamented,
 Valued as worth an ox ; up rose the skilful in darting,
 Up rose Atreides, the wide-ruling king Agamemnon,
 Up rose Meriones, Idomeneus' mighty attendant.
 Them then thus addressed the swift-footed, noble Achilles :

" Atreides, we know how far thou all men excellest, 890
 " Far as in kingly power so far art thou first with the jav'lin ;
 " Wherefore do thou, this first prize, bear to the hollow-built vessels,
 " But to the hero Meriones let us proffer the jav'lin ;
 " If in thy mind thou wilt so ; for so I request thee."

Thus he spoke ; and consented, the king of men, Agamemnon.
 Meriones had the brazen-spear ; but the hero Atreides
 Did the beautiful prize give o'er to Talthubios' keeping.

BOOK XXIV.

THE RANSOMING AND FUNERAL OF HECTOR.

NOW was the throng dissolved, and away to the swift-going vessels
 Wended the Greeks dispersed ; and were mindful all, with the banquet
 And with pleasant sleep, to be filled ; yet, ever, Achilleus
 Wept as he thought of his comrade dear, nor could conquering slumber
 Seize on him, but ever he tossed himself this way and that way,
 Ever revolving the mighty soul and the strength of Patroclus,
 And what deeds with him he had done, what woes he had suffered,
 Making proof of the wars of men and the fierce waves of ocean ;
 Down flowed fast the plentiful tear while these he remembered,
 Then for a while on his side he lay, then, stretched out supinely, 10
 Lay for a time, then turned on his face ; then, upright arising,
 Moaning he wandered along on the lonely brink of the ocean ;
 And he saw the shining morn o'er the sea and the long shores ;
 Then in haste to his car he yoked the swift-footed horses,
 And the corse of Hector he bound, to be dragged by the war-car ;
 Then thrice he whirled it around the tomb of departed Patroclus,
 Then again in his tent he stayed ; but Hector, he suffered
 Prone in the dust, stretched out to lie ; but from him Apollon
 Every soil from the flesh removed, for he pitied the hero
 Even in death, and shadowed him o'er with his golden Egis, 20
 Lest some devouring dog should dare his corse to dis sever.

Thus, in his fury, Achilleus did wrong to Hector the noble ;

But the blessèd gods, the while, with pity beheld him,
 And some were prompting the sharp-eyed slayer of Argus,
 To steal away the corse ; but this to some was unpleasing,
 Herè, Poseidon, and the blue-eyed maiden Athenè ;
 For their ancient hate they kept to Ilion sacred,
 And Priamos and his race, for the wrong done by Alexandros ;
 Who offended the goddesses fair when they came to his homestead,
 When he to her the preference gave who gave him his guerdon, 30
 Lust pernicious. But when appeared, for the twelfth time, the morning,
 Then did Phoibos Apollon speak 'mid the deities deathless :

“ Cruel and harmful ye are, ye gods, for was it not Hector
 “ Who ever burned the thighs of bulls and the choicest of he-goats ?
 “ Yet ye will not endure to save his corse, though it dead be,
 “ That his wife may behold his form, and his child, and his mother,
 “ And Priamos his sire, and the thronging peoples of Ilion,
 “ Who would the funeral rites perform, and with swift flames consume him ;
 “ But, ye gods, ye favour still pernicious Achilleus,
 “ Him whose mind is ever unjust, and whose spirit, within him, 40
 “ Ever implacable is ; and his soul is as fierce as the lion's,
 “ Which, with its mighty strength and ever-furious spirit,
 “ Springeth upon the sheep of men, that on them he may banquet ;
 “ Thus has Achilleus mercy destroyed, and shame cannot move him,
 “ Which to mortal men gives marvellous harm or advantage.
 “ Many a man will hereafter lose a dearer companion,
 “ Either a brother dear, or a son, a dear and an only ;
 “ But when he, for a while, has wept, he will cease from his sorrow ;
 “ For the Fates, an enduring mind, to mortals have given.
 “ But noble Hector, whom he late of life has deprivèd, 50
 “ Now, with his steeds, he drags around the tomb of his comrade ;
 “ But this his deed no profit has, and nothing of honour,
 “ For, although he is brave, it may kindle our anger against him ;
 “ Since the insensible earth he now, in his fury, dishonours.”

Him then in anger addressed the goddess white-armèd Herè :

“ What, thou god of the silver bow, is this thine intention ?

" Would'st thou an equal honour to Achilleus and Hector ?
 " Hector a mortal was, and drew the breast of a mortal ;
 " From a goddess Achilleus springs, whom I, I my own self,
 " Tenderly did bring up, and gave for a bride to a hero, 60
 " Peleus, who much belovèd was by the deities deathless.
 " All ye gods at the bridal were, and thou among others
 " Feastedst there, with thy harp, thou vile and faithless companion."

Then thus, responding, spake Zeus who driveth the storm-cloud :
 " Herè, do not provoke to wrath the deities deathless,
 " For their honour will not be the same ; for dearest was Hector
 " To the gods, of all the men who Ilion inhabit ;
 " And to myself not less, for he offerings pleasing afforded,
 " Nor did my altar ever lack its suitable banquet,
 " Nor libations nor odours sweet ; and in these is our honour. 70
 " Yet shall not stolen be the corse of Hector the valiant,
 " Nor could such a theft undiscovered be by Achilleus,
 " For his mother to him is near in day and in darkness ;
 " But let one of the gods bid Thetis now to approach me,
 " That I may sapient counsel give, to the end that Achilleus
 " May of Priamos ransom receive, and Hector relinquish."

Thus spake Zeus ; then Iris arose as swift as the tempest,
 And at his bidding she went 'twixt Samos and mountainous Imbros,
 And in the darkling sea she dashed ; deep moaned it beneath her.
 Instantly she, like a plummet, sank in the depths of the ocean, 80
 Which, as it weigheth down the floating horn of the wild ox,
 Sinketh, and bringeth death to the fishes rawly voracious ;
 Thetis she found, in her hollow cave, while around were assembled,
 Sitting with her the goddesses all who dwell in the ocean ;
 She in the midst was lamenting the fate of her glorious offspring,
 Who was about to fall at Troy, far away from his country.
 Then, standing near her, thus spoke the fleet-footed Iris :

" Rise, Thetis, for thou art called by Zeus in his wisdom immortal."
 Then Thetis answer made, the goddess silvery-footed :

" Why am I called by mighty Zeus ? I fear to commingle 90

"With the immortal gods, a prey to unquenchable sorrow.

"Yet will I go, for not in vain fall the words of Kronion."

Thus the glorious goddess spoke, then deeply she veiled her
With a purple veil, than which no garment was darker.
Then she went, and before her flew Iris swift as the wild wind
Leading the way ; while before them retired the wave of the ocean.
And, when the shore they ascended had, they hasted to heaven ;
There the wide-seeing Zeus they found, while all the immortals
Round him sat, the blessèd gods existing for ever ;
She sat near to father Zeus, for Athenè retired.

100

And, to her hands, the golden cup was committed by Herè,
Who with kind words encouragement gave, Thetis drank and returned it.
Then began to speak the sire of gods and of mortals :

"Thetis, thou hast to Olumpos come, though sad in thy spirit,
"Bearing an unforgotten grief in thy mind, as I well know ;
"And I will tell thee now the reason for which I have called thee ;
"Now, for full nine days, strife has been among the immortals,
"Over Hector dead, and the waster of cities, Achilleus ;
"And some willed, to steal, the sharp-eyed slayer of Argus ;
"But I a greater glory give to the noble Achilleus,
"For thy love and reverence due protecting him ever.
"Then do thou swift to the army wend, thine offspring commanding ;
"Tell him the gods with him are wroth, and that I more than others
"Angered am, because that he, in his furious spirit,
"Hector keeps by the crooked ships, nor hath ta'en for him ransom.
"If he of me bears fear at all, let him Hector relinquish.
"I myself will Iris send to the great-hearted Priam,
"Bidding him go to ransom his son to the ships of Achaia,
"And to Achilleus gifts to bear, his spirit to soften."

110

Thus he spoke ; and his word was obeyed by the white-footed Thetis, 120
And in swift haste she wended down from the peaks of Olumpos ;
And to her son's pavilion she came, and found him within it
Uttering ever vehement groans, while around him his comrades
Were with energy working the while, preparing the banquet ;

'Mong them a great and woolly sheep in the tent had been slaughtered.
Then, very near to him, sat down his mother majestic,
And with her hand she soothed him, and spoke, and these were her accents :

“ Son of mine, how long will last thy griefs and lamentings ?
“ While thou dost eat thy heart, of food and of love all forgetful ;
“ Good it were now for thee, with woman, in love to be mingled ; 130
“ For not long wilt thou live for me, and now very near thee
“ Stands thy dismal death, and violent fate is upon thee.
“ But now to me attend, for to thee I am sent by Kroníon,
“ Who says the gods are angry all, and he, most of any
“ Of the immortals, wrathful is, because in thy fury
“ Hector thou keep'st by the crooked ships, and will not restore him.
“ But him now thou must restore, receiving his ransom.”

Her then, responsive, thus addressed the swift-footed Achilleus :
“ Let him appear who will ransom give, and return with the dead corse,
“ If with an earnest mind Olumpios gives this commandment.” 140

Thus did mother and son, amid the throng of the vessels
Long with wingèd words engage in mutual converse.
Iris then was by Zeus despatched to Ilion sacred :

“ Go now, swift Iris, having left the seats of Olumpos,
“ Ilion-ward, and a message bear to magnanimous Priam,
“ Bid him to go and ransom his son to the ships of Achaia,
“ And to Achilleus gifts to bring, his spirit appeasing ;
“ But he must wend alone, and no other Trojan attend him,
“ Save some ancient herald to guide the mules on their journey,
“ And the easy-running wain, that so he may bring back, 150
“ To the town, the dead who was slain by noble Achilleus.
“ Let him conceive no dread of death, nor be he affrighted ;
“ For to him we will give as a guide the slayer of Argus,
“ Who will lead him on till he comes to the tent of Achilleus,
“ Who shall slay him not, but shall well defend from all others ;
“ For he is not wanting of mind, nor rash, nor transgressing,
“ But he will, with all kindness, spare a suppliant father.”

Thus he spoke ; on her errand went the wind-footed Iris,

And to Priamos' palace she came, and found weeping and wailing.
 Round their sire his children sat in the hall of the palace, 160
 And with their tears their garments drenched; while the old man among
 them

Prostrate lay, in his cloak concealed, while the head and the neck too
 Of that ancient man were defiled with the dust he had gathered
 With his aged hands, as he rolled on the earth in his anguish.
 Through the dome his daughters wailed, and the brides of his dead sons,
 Mindful of those, the many and brave, who lay on the war-plain,
 Having existence lost beneath the hands of the Argives.
 By Priam stood then Iris fleet, the heavenly herald,
 And in low tone she spoke (while a trembling seized on his members):

“ Priam, be thou now of good cheer, and nothing affrighted; 170
 “ For with no intent of ill has my coming been hither,
 “ But with intention good; I, a message, bring from Kroníon,
 “ Who although so far away cares for thee and pities;
 “ Zeus from Olumpos commands thee to ransom Hector the noble,
 “ And to bear to Achilles gifts, his spirit appeasing;
 “ But thou must wend alone, and no other Trojan attend thee
 “ Save some ancient herald to guide the mules on their journey,
 “ And the easy-running wain, that so he may bring back
 “ To the town the dead who was slain by noble Achilles;
 “ Do not conceive a dread of death, nor be thou affrighted, 180
 “ For with thee as a guide will go the slayer of Argus
 “ Who will lead thee on till thou com'st to the tent of Achilles,
 “ Who will not slay thee, but will from all others defend thee;
 “ For he is not wanting of mind, nor rash, nor transgressing,
 “ And he will, with all kindness, spare a suppliant father.”

Thus having spoken, departed again the swift-footed Iris.
 And he commanded his sons to prepare the wain swiftly-moving,
 And the mules, and the basket to place in its station beneath it;
 He himself, the while, to his odorous chamber descended;
 Cedar it was, and of lofty roof, many good things containing; 190
 Then he called his spouse, Hecabè, and thus he addressed her:

" O noble matron, a messenger now from Olumpos
 " Has been here, who bids me wend to the ships of Achaia,
 " Hector to ransom, and pleasing gifts to yield to Achilleus.
 " But do thou tell me this, what thinkest thou of this message?
 " For my heart within me now doth greatly impel me
 " To the ships to go, in the wide-spread camp of Achaia."

Thus he spoke, and his consort wailed, and thus she made answer :

" Oh me ! where now is that wisdom gone for which ever, aforetime,
 " Thou hast been among strangers famed, and hast o'er them been monarch ?
 " How canst thou think to go alone to the ships of Achaia, 201
 " And to meet the eyes of him, who, many and valiant
 " Of thine offspring slaughtered hath ? Thy heart is of iron ;
 " If he thee should take, and fix his fierce eyes upon thee,
 " Cruel and faithless is he all, he will not thee pity,
 " Nor reverence thine age ; 'twere better to mourn at a distance,
 " In our palace remaining still ; Hector's destiny cruel
 " Wound in his thread of life, when I, his mother, did bear him,
 " That he should glut the rapid dogs far away from his parents,
 " By the hands of that fierce man ; would that I could but clutch him, 210
 " And to his liver cling and tear, that were some retribution
 " For my dear son's death ; yet he was not shamefully slaughtered,
 " But he warred for the sons of Troy and its deep-bosomed daughters,
 " Nor was he mindful then of flight nor escape from the battle."

Her then thus answered the godlike, ancient Priam :

" Bid me not from the journey to shrink, nor be thou unto me
 " As an ill bird my palace within ; for thou shalt not persuade me.
 " If any son of mortal man had giv'n me commandment,
 " Whether he prophet or augur were, or one of the priesthood,
 " Him should I a liar have deemed, and abstained from the journey ; 220
 " Now (for myself did the goddess hear and beheld her before me)
 " Go I will, in trust of her word ; and if 'tis decreed me
 " There to die, by the side of the ships of the brass-mailed Achaians,
 " So let it be ; for when the fierce Achilleus hath slain me,
 " Then in mine arms my son will lie and my sorrow be satiate."

Thus he spoke, and opened the beautiful lids of his caskets,
 And from thence he took twelve veils "of exquisite fancy,"
 And twelve single cloaks, and an equal number of carpets,
 And as many mantles fair, and as many fair tunics,
 Then he took away by weight ten talents of fine gold, 230
 And two shining tripods he took, and also four caldrons,
 Also an exquisite goblet he took, which once by the Thracians
 When they in embassy came, a mighty gift, was delivered ;
 But the old king did not spare it now, for his spirit was longing
 His dear son to redeem ; then all the throng of the Trojans
 From the porch he drove, and thus with fierce words did upbraid them :

" Get ye hence, ye pernicious crowd ; have ye not in your own homes
 " Woes enough, that thus ye come to add to my sorrow ?
 " Or do ye think it a little thing that the king of Olumpus
 " Hath to me given the grief to lose my best and my bravest ? 240
 " But ye yourselves will soon feel death ; for now to the Grecians
 " Easier far 'twill be to put ye all to the slaughter,
 " Now that he is dead ; but well I hope, for mine own part,
 " Ere I see the city ta'en and yielded to plunder,
 " That I may deep descend to the gloomy mansions of Hades."

Speaking thus, with his sceptre he drove the Trojans before him,
 And from the palace they hastened away at the word of their monarch,
 Who began his sons to upbraid with loud objurgations ;
 Helenos then and Paris he blamed, and Agathon noble,
 Pammon, Antiphonos, and Polites brave in the battle, 250
 Deïphobos and Hippothöos and Dios the famous.
 All these nine, the ancient king, reproachful, upbraided :

" Hasten now, ye evil sons, the disgrace of your father ;
 " Would that ye all in Hector's stead at the ships had been slaughtered.
 " Oh me ! thrice wretched, who begat the bravest of children
 " In spacious Troy ; not one can I reckon who now is left me ;
 " Mestor, that godlike man, and Troilos great in the war-car,
 " Hector too, among men like a god, for ever he seemèd
 " Not like a son of mortal man, but of deity deathless ;

" These have been slain by Ares, but all the wretches are left me, 260
 " Liars and dancers and wondrous beaters of dance-time,
 " Robbers of lambs and kids from the hands of the poor of the people.
 " Why have ye not for me, with speed, the waggon made ready,
 " And all these things in it placed, that so we might journey ? "

Thus he spoke ; and they feared the fierce reproach of their father,
 And, from its place, they brought the mule-drawn free-moving waggon,
 Beauteous it was, newly made, and they bound the basket upon it ;
 Then, from the pegs, they lifted down the yoke of the twain mules,
 Formed of box-wood, and well embossed, and fitted with smooth rings.
 Next they took the band of the yoke, of the length of nine cubits ; 270
 And then, upon the polished pole, they heedfully placed it,
 At the end extreme, and the ring they fixed to the fast'ning ;
 Thrice round the boss the reins they turned, then carefully tied them,
 Binding them well in a knot around the curve of the waggon.
 Then from the chamber they bore, and high, on the well-polished waggon,
 Up they heaped, for Hector's head, the infinite ransom.
 Then they yoked the strong-hoofed mules, the toilers in harness,
 Which to the king, a splendid gift, were by Musians given.
 Next Priam's steeds they yoked, those steeds which the ancient monarch,
 With his own hands, delighted to feed at their well-polished manger ; 280
 These were then to the chariot yoked by the herald and Priam ;
 Prudent both, and both possessed with wisdom and spirit.
 Near them then came Hecabè forth in the depth of her sadness,
 And in her right hand she held the wine sweet as honey,
 In a goblet of gold, to perform, ere they went, a libation ;
 She before the horses stood, and these accents she uttered :

" Take this cup, and to father Zeus make fitting libation,
 " And make prayer for safe return from the hands of the foemen,
 " Since thy mind impels thee to go to the ships of Achaia,
 " Quite against my will. Pray then to cloud-driving Kroníon 290
 " Who, on Ida dwells, and all Troy's city beholdeth ;
 " Pray him to send his swift messenger-bird, which, to him, is of all birds
 " Dearest by far, and which in might excelleth all others.

" Let him send him on our right hand, that thou him beholding,
 " Mayest more trustfully go to the ships of the swift-horsed Achaïans.
 " If his messenger be denied by Zeus the far-seeing,
 " I, for mine own part, urge thee not, to the ships of Achaia
 " Journey to undertake, howsoe'er thy spirit is eager."

Then to her responding, thus answered Priam the godlike :

" Oh, my wife ! I will not deny my consent to thy counsel ; 300
 " For it is good to lift hands to Zeus, if so he may pity."

Thus the old man spoke, and ordered a female domestic
 Water pure for his hands to bring ; full soon she approached him,
 And in her careful hands she bore both ewer and basin.
 Having washed, the goblet he took from the hands of his consort ;
 And he prayed as he stood in the midst, and he poured out the sweet wine,
 And, while his eyes to heaven he raised, these accents he uttered :

" Father Zeus, who from Ida rul'st, most glorious, greatest,
 " Give me, before Achilleus, grace, and cause him to pity ;
 " Send too that bird thy messenger swift, which to thee is of all birds 310
 " Dearest by far, and which in might all others excelleth,
 " Bid him on our right hand appear, that I, him beholding,
 " May, the more trustfully, wend to the ships of the swift-horsed Achaïans."

Thus in his prayer the monarch spake ; Zeus sapient listened.
 Instantly then his eagle he sent, of all birds most propitious,
 Tawny of hue, and a hunter fierce, and Percnos his name was.
 Wide as the doors of a chamber spread in a lofty palace
 Of some wealthy man, well fastenèd, heedfully fitted ;
 So far, on each side, spread his wings ; and to them he appearèd
 On the right hand as he swooped o'er the town ; they at his apparition 320
 Joyful were, and all their hearts in their bosoms were gladdened.

Then the ancient king the polished chariot mounted
 In all haste, and forth he drove through the echoing portals.
 In advance the mules drew on the four-wheelèd waggon
 Which the wise Idaios drove ; while the horses behind him
 Onward came, which the ancient king hurried on with the sharp scourge
 Rapidly through the town ; while his friends went following with him

In deep grief, as thinking that he to destruction was wending.
 Then from the city down they went, and came to the champain,
 And his sons and sons-in-law to the turrets of Ilion
 Back returned ; but the pair were not by wide-seeing Kroníon
 Unobserved as they went on the plain ; and the old king he pitied,
 And to his dear son Hermeias he spoke, and these were his accents :

330

“ Hermeias, thou of all the gods art ever most pleasèd
 “ Mortal man’s companion to be, whose soever thou willest ;
 “ Go now, and in such sort, to the hollow ships of Achaia
 “ Priamos bring, that none may the monarch see nor consider,
 “ Of the rest of the Greeks, until he attain to Achilleus.”

Thus spake Zeus ; and obeyed the messenger, slayer of Argus.
 Instantly then on his feet he tied his beautiful sandals,
 Ambrosial, golden, which bore him both over ocean
 And o’er the boundless earth away like the breath of the wild wind ;
 Next his wand he took, which soothes the eyelids of mortals
 Whom he will, or rouses those who in slumber are sunken ;
 Holding this in his hand, forth flew the strong slayer of Argus,
 And in a moment to Troy he came, and the broad Hellespontos ;
 And he onward went, in beauty and form like a young prince
 Just on manhood’s verge, when youth is now at its fairest.
 And when the twain had passed the mighty sepùlchre of Ilos,
 Then the mules and horses they stayed to drink of the river,
 And the dim twilight began to descend on the shadowy champain ;
 Then, at a little distance off, the herald perceivèd
 Hermeias, and to Priamos spoke, and these were his accents :

340

350

“ Son of Dardanos, heed thee now ; for now prudence is needful ;
 “ For I behold a man, and think we shall soon meet destruction.
 “ But let us now with the horses flee, or in supplication
 “ Let us his knees embrace, if us perchance he may pity.”

Thus he spoke, and the old king’s mind was with terror astounded,
 And the hair stood up on his limbs as they bended beneath him,
 And all astonished he stood ; then near Hermeias approachèd,
 And the old king’s hand he took, and thus he addressed him :

360

" Whither, O sire, dost thou now drive the mules and the horses
 " Through the ambrosial night when all other mortals are sleeping ?
 " Hast thou then no fear of the courage-breathing Achaians,
 " Who so near are to thee now, thy fierce implacable foemen ?
 " If some one should see thee now through the speedy night's darkness
 " Bearing along such a mass of wealth, what then would thy thought be ?
 " Thou thyself art no longer young, and old is thy servant
 " For repelling that man of Greece who first may assail thee ;
 " I, for my part, will do thee no wrong, and more, ev'ry other 370
 " From thee I will repel ; for thee, to my dear sire, I liken."

Him then thus answered Priamos the old and the godlike :
 " All these things, dear son, are indeed as now thou hast spoken,
 " But some one of the gods hath me, with his power, protected,
 " Who hath sent such a one as thou to be my companion,
 " In a propitious hour, in form and beauty amazing ;
 " Also in mind thou sapient art, and blessed are thy parents."

Him then thus answered the messenger, slayer of Argus :
 " All these words, old man, indeed thou wisely hast spoken ;
 " But now tell me this, and let thine answer be truthful, 380
 " Art thou sending away these treasures many and precious
 " To some foreign realm, that they may be kept for thee safely ?
 " Or are ye all intending now, from Ilion sacred,
 " In dismay to depart ? now your best and bravest is fallen,
 " Thy great son, who in fight was the peer of the sons of Achæia.

Him then thus answered Priamos the old and the godlike :
 " Who art thou, good youth, and what are the names of thy parents,
 " That so well thou recordest the death of my ill-fated offspring ?"

Him then thus answered the messenger, slayer of Argus :
 " Now thou dost try me, old man, and askest of Hector the noble ; 390
 " Whom I have, many a time, beheld in glorious battle,
 " With mine own eyes, even when to their hollow ships the Achaians
 " He drove back, and slew, while his sharp brazen spear led the slaughter,
 " And we stood and marvelled the while ; for then, by Achilleus,
 " We were forbidden to war, because he was wroth with Atreides.

" For his attendant am I, and the same good ship brought us hither,
 " And of Murmidon race am I ; and my sire is Poluctor ;
 " Wealthy indeed is he, but now as aged as thou art ;
 " And six sons he has, and I to him am the seventh ;
 " And, when the lots we threw, my fortune it was to come hither ; 400
 " Now on the plain from the ships am I come, for with earliest morning
 " 'Gainst the town in arms will be seen the bright-eyed Achaïans.
 " For of delay they're impatient all, nor can they for longer,
 " Fierce as they are, be from war withheld by the kings of Achaïa."

Him then thus answered Priamos the old and the godlike :

" If thou a comrade art of Peleidæan Achilleus,
 " Tell me now this thing, and in perfect truthfulness tell it,
 " Does my son yet by the ships remain, or has he been torn up
 " Limb from limb by the dogs, to which he was giv'n by Achilleus ?"

Him then thus addressed the messenger, slayer of Argus :

410

" Ancient man, not as yet the dogs nor the birds have devoured him,
 " But still in death he lies beside the ship of Achilleus,
 " In the pavilion neglected all ; and 'tis now the twelfth morning
 " Since he died, yet his form is fresh, and no worms have devoured him,
 " Which are wont to eat the flesh of the dead in the battle.
 " He, round the tomb he has raised to his much-belovèd companion,
 " Cruelly drags the corse when appears the glorious morning ;
 " Yet it he harms not ; thou thyself wouldst marvel beholding
 " How in dewy freshness he lies, and the blood is washed off him,
 " And he in no part is corrupt ; and the wounds are all closèd 420
 " Which he received ; for many drove their brass-spears within him.
 " Thus have the blessed gods ta'en care of Hector thine offspring
 " Even in death itself ; for he to their hearts was endearèd."

Thus he spoke, and the old king rejoiced, and thus he made answer :

" O my son, a good thing it is due service to render
 " To the immortal gods ; for my son while yet he was living
 " Ne'er of the gods unmindful was, who inhabit Olumpus ;
 " Therefore they too have been mindful of him in the doom of the dying.
 " But, come now, receive from me this beautiful goblet ;

" And so conduct me that, with the gods' help, I may ransom

430

" Him my son, and attain to the tent of the Peleidæan.

Him then thus answered the messenger, slayer of Argus :

" Me, a youth, thou tempest, old man, but thou shalt not persuade me,

" In that thou biddest me gifts to receive unknown to Achilleus ;

" Him do I greatly fear, and reverence too in my spirit,

" And I may not such booty take, lest ill come upon me.

" But I to thee would conductor be as far as famed Argos,

" Heedfully, either in rapid ship, or on foot as thy comrade ;

" Nor should any despise, who dared to contend with, thy leader."

Thus Hermeias spoke, and bounded into the war-car,

440

And in an instant seized the reins and the scourge in his hand-grasp ;

And he breathed in the horses and mules a marvellous spirit.

But when on they came to the towers and fosse round the shipping,

Just at that time the guards were busied over the banquet,

On them all, poured sleep, the messenger, slayer of Argus ;

Instantly then he undid the bolts and opened the portals,

And within them Priam he led, and the rich-laden waggon.

But when on they came to Peleides' lofty pavilion

Which the Murnidons made for their sovereign's habitation,

Cutting the pitchy pines ; and all above it they fastened

450

A shaggy roof of the rushes the which they cut from the meadow ;

And around it a spacious court they made for their monarch

With close placèd stakes ; with a single bar was the door closed,

Made of pine, and closed it was by three of the Argives,

And three Argives swayed the mighty bar of the portals ;

But the bar was moved by the single force of Achilleus.

This did Hermeias then kindly ope for the old man,

And the noble gifts brought in for the rapid Achilleus,

And to the king he spoke, when to earth from the car he descended :

" Ancient man, Hermeias am I, a deity deathless ;

460

" And I have aided thee, having been sent by Zeus to conduct thee ;

" And now I will to heaven return, nor appear to Achilleus ;

" For an evil thing it were if I, an immortal,

" Should so plainly be seen in this befriending the mortals.
 " But do thou enter in and clasp the knees of Achilleus,
 " And by his father, and the beautiful locks of his mother,
 " And his son, supplication make ; and his spirit awaken."—

When he had spoken thus, up flew to lofty Olumpos
 Hermeias ; Priamos to earth leapt down from the war-car,
 And Idaios there he left ; he, holding, remainèd, 470
 Both the horses and mules ; the old man went straight to the dwelling
 Where loved of Zeus Achilleus lived, and he found him within it ;
 But his comrades remained without ; two only were with him,
 Automedon the hero, and Alkimos, branch of the war-god,
 Who stood and served him ; (for he had but just ceased, in the banquet,
 Eating and drinking ; and as yet the table was near him.)
 They, as he entered, the mighty Priam beheld not,
 Till he stood and in his hold clasped the knees of Achilleus,
 And his terrible hands he kissed, the slayers of heroes,
 Which full many a son of his had slaughtered in battle. 480
 As when a man, by heavy grief, is seized in his country,
 Having some man slain, and attains in a land at a distance
 To some rich man's house, and wonder seizes beholders ;
 So was Achilleus amazed at beholding Priam the godlike ;
 And the others astonished were, and gazed at each other.
 Then, to Peleides, Priamos thus made supplication :

" Be, of thy father, mindful now, O godlike Achilleus,
 " Equal in years with me, on the baleful threshold of old age.
 " Even now, perchance, his foemen, thronging around him,
 " Him afflict, and none wards off the war and destruction ; 490
 " But yet, while to him the news of thy living attaineth,
 " He in his mind is glad, and every day he is hoping
 " To see again his much-loved son when from Troy he returneth ;
 " But most wretched am I, who offspring brave, have begotten
 " Spacious Troy within, but as none I count the survivors.
 " Fifty sons were mine when came the sons of Achaia ;
 " And of these, nineteen were borne of one fruitful mother,

" And the rest did women bear to me, in my palace.

" Many of these had their limbs relaxed by impetuous Ares ;

" But one I still had left who, them and the city, defended, 500

" Whom thou hast now but lately slain, as he fought for his country,

" Hector ;—he, for whose sake, I am come to the ships of Achaia ;

" Him to redeem from thee, and bringing an infinite ransom.

" Do thou then the gods revere, and me pity, Achilleus,

" Mindful of thine own sire ; though than he I am more to be pitied,

" For I have now endured what earthly mortal did never ;—

" Thus to kiss the hand of him who has slaughtered mine offspring."—

Thus he spoke ; and aroused for his sire the wish of lamenting ;

And by the hand he took, and gently repelled the old monarch.

And the twain did weep, one for Hector the slayer of heroes, 510

Shedding plenteous tears, and rolled at the feet of Achilleus ;

But Achilleus, for his father, wept, and by turns for Patroclus ;

And the sound of their groaning rang through the lofty pavilion.

But when now with woe, was satiate, noble Achilleus,

And from his head and limbs the desire of sorrow departed,

Instantly then from his throne he arose and raised up the old monarch,

Pitying much his hoary head and his beard's flowing whiteness ;

Then he spoke, and thus with wingèd words he addressed him :

" Wretched man, thine heart has borne full many a sorrow.

" How hast thou dared alone to come to the ships of Achaia 520

" To meet mine eyes, who have slain both the many and valiant

" Of thy sons ?—it needs must be that thy heart is of iron.

" But now be seated on yon throne ; and now let us suffer

" Grief from our minds to sink away, although we are troubled ;

" For no profit can ever arise from heart-chilling sorrow ;

" Since the gods this fate, to wretched mortals, have destined—

" To exist in woe ; while they are free from all sorrow.

" Two full vases ever stand in the house of Kroníon,

" And from the one he evil gives, and good from the other ;

" He for whom they are mingled by Zeus who delighteth in thunder, 530

" Sometimes with good fortune meets, and at others with evil ;

" He who receives the evil pure is the plaything of sorrow ;
 " And greedy evil, o'er the beautiful earth, still pursues him ;
 " And he wanders unhonoured alike by the gods and by mortals.
 " Thus did the deities, glorious gifts bestow upon Peleus
 " From his birth ; for he, more than the sons of men, was adorned
 " With goods and riches ; and he was, of the Murmidons, monarch,
 " And to him the gods gave to wife, though mortal, a goddess ;
 " But the gods gave him evil too, for ne'er, in his palace,
 " Has birth been given to a son, to his kingdom, succeeding. 540
 " One son alone he has who, to death untimely, is destined ;
 " Nor can I of his age take care, since, afar from my country,
 " Here I at Troy remain, a woe to thee and thy children.
 " And of thee, old man, we have heard that once thou wert wealthy
 " With what wealth Macaros and Lesbos hold in their regions,
 " And also Phrugia, and the wide-spreading Hellespontos ;
 " With the wealth of these, and with sons men say thou wert honoured.
 " But now the dwellers in heaven have brought fell warfare upon thee,
 " And, all around thy city, are war and the slaughter of heroes ;
 " Bear it well, and vex not thy mind with perpetual sorrow, 550
 " For it will profit thee nought to yield to woe for thine offspring,
 " Since thou canst not raise him again, ere the day of thine own death."

Him then thus answered the godlike, ancient Priam :

" Place me not in thy throne, O chief beloved by Kroníon,
 " While my Hector lies unheeded within thy pavilion ;
 " But, with all speed, restore him again, that I may behold him ;
 " And do thou receive the mighty ransom we bring thee ;
 " May'st thou enjoy it well, and return to the land of thy country,
 " Since thou hast given life to me, and the light of the sunbeams."

Him then, with countenance stern, thus addressed swift-footed Achilleus:

" Rouse not now my wrath, old man, for 'tis mine intention 560
 " Hector to thee to restore ; for from Zeus with a message my mother,
 " She who bore me, came, the daughter of ancient Ocean ;
 " And, in my mind, I know, Priamos, for thou canst not deceive me,
 " That some god hath conducted thee to the ships of Achaia ;

" For no mortal had dared, not e'en in his youth's highest courage,
 " Through the army to pass, nor would he from the guards be concealèd,
 " Nor could he easily open the bars, our portals securing.
 " Wherefore now excite no more my soul with thy sorrows,
 " Lest I no longer should bear thee, old man, within my pavilion, 570
 " Though thou a suppliant art, and should heed not the hests of Kroníon."—

Thus he spoke, and the old man feared, and obeyed his commandment.
 And Peleides sprang from the tent with a bound, like a lion,
 But he passed not alone, for his two attendants did follow,
 Automedon the hero, and Alkimos, who by Achilleus,
 Of his comrades were honoured most, since the death of Patroclos.
 Instantly they from the yoke unloosed the mules and the horses,
 And, the clear-voiced herald, they led within the pavilion ;
 And on a seat they bade him rest ;—from the well-polished waggon
 Then they took the ransom vast for the head of slain Hector. 580
 But two cloaks they left, and a tunic skilfully woven,
 That the dead might be covered well as they bore him to Ilion.
 Then, to his slaves, Peleides bade to wash and anoint him,
 Taking him apart the while lest Priam should see him,
 And, being grieved at the sight of his son, should yield to his anger,
 And should arouse the wrath within the breast of Achilleus,
 And he the king should slay, disobeying the hests of Kroníon.
 Then, when the slaves had Hector washed, and with oil had anointed,
 Round him they threw a beautiful cloak and also a tunic,
 Then Peleides lifted him up, and to the bier raised him, 590
 And, with his comrades, placed him high on the well-polished waggon ;
 Then full deeply he groaned, and called on his much-loved companion :

" Be not with me, Patroclos, wroth if this thou perceivest,
 " As in Hades thou dwellest, that I have, great Hector, relinquished
 " To his dear father ; since a fitting ransom he renders ;
 " And of it I will give to thee such part as beseemeth."

Thus having spoken, again to the tent passed the noble Achilleus,
 And in the chair ornate he sat from whence he had risen,
 By the opposite wall, then again to Priamos spoke he :

" Now, old man, thy son to thee, as thou bad'st, is relinquished ; 600
 " And on his bier he lies, and at earliest dawn of the morning
 " Thou shalt see him and bear him away ; but now heed we the banquet,
 " For even Niobè beautiful-haired was of nourishment mindful,
 " Whose twelve children at once amid her palace lay corpses,
 " Six of these daughters were, six sons, and all in their youth's bloom ;
 " All the sons, with the silver bow, were slain by Apollon,
 " Who was with Niobè wroth, while Artemis, joying in arrows,
 " All the daughters slew, because their mother compared them
 " With the deathless issue bright of the beauteous-cheeked Leto.—
 " She said that Leto had brought forth two, while she had brought many ;
 " And those twain, though only twain, gave all hers to destruction. 611
 " Nine full days in their gore they lay, for none gave them burial ;
 " For the people all to stones were turned by Kroníon ;
 " On the tenth day at last the heavenly gods did inter them.
 " Yet she her food remembered at last, when wearied with weeping.
 " And now somewhere among the rocks in the loneliest mountains
 " In Sipulos, where, as men say, are the secret dwellings
 " Of the Nymphs who joyously dance by the swift Achelöos,
 " There, albeit a stone, she yet bears a heaven-sent sorrow.
 " Then let us now to food give heed, O ancient monarch, 620
 " And hereafter thou mayest lament for thy dear son departed,
 " When thou hast him to Ilion brought—by thee much to be wept for."

As he spoke, uprose in haste the swift-footed Achilleus,
 And a white sheep he slew, and his comrades skinned it and dressed it,
 And, with skill, into fragments cut, and with spits they transfix'd them,
 These, with the utmost care, they broiled, then from heat they withdrew them.
 Then Automedon placed the bread in due portions at table,
 Taking it out from baskets fair ; but, the meat gave Achilleus.
 Then, to the food before them spread, they stretched out their right hands.
 When they had all appeased the desire of drink and of eating, 630
 Then sat Priamos, Dardanos' son, admiring Achilleus,
 For his beauty and size, for he seemed like the gods in his aspect.
 And Peleides also admired Dardanian Priam,

Looking upon his goodly face, and hearing him converse.
 But when they both were satiate now of each other beholding,
 Then thus began to speak the godlike, ancient Priam :

“ Now let me swiftly retire to my couch, O noble Achilleus,
 “ That there reclining I may joy in the sweetness of slumber ;
 “ For mine eyes have never shut, beneath my sad eyelids,
 “ Since my son, beneath thy hands, did lose his existence ; 640
 “ But I have ever groaned, a thousand sorrows, revolving,
 “ Rolling in dust and clay within the court of my palace.
 “ But now, at last, I have eaten food, and my throat have refreshed
 “ With the dark-hued wine, but before I nothing have tasted.”

Thus he spoke, and Achilleus bade his slaves and companions
 Couches to place the porch within, and fair purple covers
 On them to place, and over them to stretch out the carpets,
 And the coverlets curled to place above both the others.
 They went forth from the tent, each holding a torch in her hand-grasp ;
 And, with swiftest speed, they spread two beds for the ancients. 650
 Then, somewhat jesting, thus spoke swift-footed Achilleus :

“ Thou must sleep in the porch, dear king, lest one of the Grecians
 “ Here should come commands to receive, for here they come ever
 “ Counsel of me to take and commands, for such is their custom ;
 “ And if one should see thee here in the swift-passing dark night,
 “ He would at once inform Agamemnon, shepherd of nations,
 “ And thou, perchance, might'st be further delayed in effecting the ransom.
 “ But now tell me this, and truly and faithfully tell me,
 “ How many days dost thou wish for burying Hector the noble,
 “ That, for so long, I myself may rest, and restrain the Achaians.” 660

Him then thus answered Priamos the old and the godlike,
 “ If 'tis thy will that we funeral keep for Hector the noble,
 “ Truly in this, Achilleus, thou wilt full greatly delight me.
 “ Well thou know'st we are shut in the town, while the wood, from a
 distance,
 “ Must, from the mountains, be brought ; but fear possesses the Trojans.
 “ But, for full nine days, we must weep for him in the palace,

"And, on the tenth, he must buried be, and the people be feasted.

"On the eleventh we must raise the tomb o'er his ashes,

"And on the twelfth we must war again, if destiny will it."

Him then thus answered the swift-footed, noble Achilles :

670

"All this, ancient Priam, shall be as thou hast requested ;

"And I will make the war to cease for the space that thou biddest."

Thus having spoken, he took the right hand of the old man ;
The right hand at the wrist, for fear he should doubt in his spirit.
Then, in the porch of the tent, reclined both the king and the herald,
Each the while, his mind within, sage counsels revolving ;
But Peleides slept in the depths of his well-built pavilion,
And, by his side, reclined, the beautiful-cheeked Brisëis.

All the rest of the gods and heroes, urgers of horses,
Slept the whole night long, being bound in the soft bands of slumber ; 680
But no slumber came o'er the eyes of Hermeias the gentle,
Who in his mind revolving was, how Priam the monarch,
He, from the fleet, might send away, the brave watchers deceiving.
Over the sleeping king he stood, and thus he addressed him :

"Ancient man, dost thou dread no harm ? that thus thou art sleeping

"'Mong thy foes, because thou art, by Achilles, permitted ?

"And thy dear son thou ransomed hast with so costly a ransom ;

"For thee alive, O king, full thrice such a ransom were needed,

"By thy remaining sons, if it happed that the king Agamemnon,

"Atreus' son, should know thou art here, and all the Achaians."

690

Thus he spoke, and the old man feared, and he roused the herald ;
And, for them, Hermeias did yoke both the mules and the horses ;
And, through the host, he drove them apace, nor did any perceive them.

But when they had arrived at the ford of the fair-flowing river,
The whirling Xanthos, the son of Zeus the immortal,
Instantly then did Hermeias depart to the lofty Olumpos,
And the saffron-fingered morn, o'er the whole earth, was spreading ;
They, with woe and groaning, drove the steeds toward the city,
While the mules the dead corse bore ; nor as yet did one Trojan,
Either the men among, or the beautiful-zonèd women,

700

Mark them, save Cassandra alone, fair as bright Aphroditè,
 Who to Pergamos wended up, and observed her dear father,
 Standing the chariot within, and the herald, the city's proclaimer ;
 And borne on by the mules, on the bier, she noted her brother ;
 Then she uttered a woeful shriek, and exclaimed to the city :

“ Look now, ye Trojans and Trojan women, on Hector,
 “ And to meet him go, if ever ye hailed him while living
 “ On his return from fight ; a joy to the city and people.”

Thus she spoke, and never a man was left in the city,
 Nor yet one woman, for desperate woe seized upon them ;
 And near the gates they met the monarch bringing the dead man.
 First of all his dearest spouse and reverend mother
 Rushed along in their woe to meet the smooth-going waggon,
 And away their hair they tore as they clung to their Hector ;
 While the crowd around them stood, and re-echoed their weeping.
 And now the livelong day, until the descent of the sunbeams,
 They in weeping for Hector had spent near the gates of the city,
 But that the ancient king bespake the crowd from the war-car :

710

“ Suffer me now with the mules to pass ; for shortly hereafter
 “ Ye shall of sorrow satiate be, when home I have brought him.”

720

Thus he spoke, and apart they stood, and made way for the waggon.
 And, when they came to his beautiful home, then in it they placed him
 On a carvèd bier, and around him placed they the singers,
 Leaders of lamentation loud, who uplifted their sad song,
 And, while they loudly mourned, the women re-echoed their sorrow.
 Then did the white-armèd Andromache begin the lamenting,
 Holding the while the head of Hector the slayer of heroes :

“ Husband, in youth thou perished hast, and left me a widow
 “ In our palace alone ; and our child so young in his being,
 “ Whom thou and I ill-fated begat ; methinks that he never
 “ Will to manhood attain, for ere then the town, from its summit,
 “ Ravaged will be ; the protector is dead who was wont to defend it,
 “ Thou didst defend its reverend wives and innocent children ;
 “ These full soon will be taken away in the hollow-built vessels,

730

" And I among them too ; thou, my son, must, with me, be exiled,
 " And thou then must exercised be in labours unworthy,
 " Toiling hard for a master harsh ; or else one of the Grecians,
 " Seizing thee with his hand shall down from some high turret fling thee
 " In his wrath, whose brother, perchance, by Hector was slaughtered,
 " Or his sire, or else his son ; for full many Achaians, 740
 " Hector's hands beneath, earth's infinite threshold have bitten.—
 " For thy father gentle was not in the woe-causing battle,
 " Wherefore, for him, the people are sad through the breadth of the city.
 " Thou an unspeakable grief and woe to thy parents hast given,
 " Hector, but most of all to me thou hast left bitter sorrows.
 " For in thine hour of death, thy hands thou stretchedst not to me ;
 " Nor didst thou utter some goodly word which I still might remember,
 " While for thee, both night and day, my tears are down pouring."

Thus spoke she weeping ; the women echoed her sorrow.

Then next did Hecabè begin the vehement weeping : 750

" Hector, by me of all my sons by far the most lovèd,
 " Certainly, while thou wert yet alive, by the gods thou wert cherished,
 " For thou to them hast been a care e'en in destiny deathful ;
 " Many another son of mine has swift-footed Achilleus
 " Sold, whomsoever he took, beyond the harvestless ocean,
 " To the Samian land, or Imbros, or pitiless Lemnos ;
 " But when from thee thy life he had ta'en with the long-pointed brass spear,
 " Many a time he whirled thee around the tomb of his comrade,
 " Whom thou slewest, Patroclos named ; but he did not arouse him.
 " Now, to my sight, the palace within, fresh and dewy thou liest, 760
 " Like to some fair youth whom the silver bow-god, Apollon,
 " With his gentlest shafts, has despatched to the land of the slaughtered."

Thus spoke she weeping ; and aroused the vehement sorrow.

Then the third did Helen come and excite their lamentings :

" Hector, of all my brothers-in-law the best and the dearest,
 " For I for husband have Alexandros godlike in beauty,
 " Who did lead me to Troy ; would ere that day I had perished.
 " And now the twentieth year it is since hither I wended,

" Leaving far away the much-loved land of my country ;
 " But from thee I have never heard an opprobrious accent ; 770
 " And when any other was wont, in our home, to upbraid me,
 " Brothers-in-law, or sisters-in-law, or flowing-robed sisters,
 " Or my mother-in-law (for Priamos gentle was ever),
 " Thou hast admonishèd and with thy speech hast restrained them,
 " In thy sweet kindness, and with thine accents most gentle.
 " Wherefore I weep for thee and myself ill-fated and grieving ;
 " For there is now no other soul in the wide bounds of Ilion,
 " Who to me is gentle or kind ; for they all now abhor me."

Thus spake she weeping, and the vast crowd echoed her groaning.
 Then were the people thus addressed by the ancient Priam : 780

" Bring now, ye Trojans, great store of wood to the city,
 " Nor an Argive ambush dread ; for Achilles has promised,
 " When he sent me away from the dark-painted ships of Achaia,
 " Not to molest us before the twelfth bright morning appeareth."

Thus he spoke ; to the waggons they yoked the mules and the oxen :
 And, in the front of the Trojan town, collectively throngèd.
 And for nine days to the city they brought a vast store of timber ;
 But when now the tenth morning shone, giving light unto mortals,
 Out, with weeping, they bore the corse of Hector the valiant ;
 And on the pyre they the dead man placed, and lighted the timber. 790

Then when, sprung from the dawn, shone forth the rose-fingered morning,
 Gathered the people around the pyre of illustrious Hector.
 And when, at length, they all, in concourse vast, had assembled,
 First the blazing flames with dark-coloured wine they quenched,
 Far as the fire in its fierceness had burnt ; and next were the white bones
 Together gathered by his brothers dear and companions,
 Mourning, the while the plenteous tear, from their cheeks, was down pouring.
 Then, in a golden urn, they placed the bones of great Hector,
 And, upon the urn, they threw soft wrappings of purple ;
 And, in the hollowed space, they placed it ; and then above it 800
 Stones they rolled, both vast in size and many in number.
 Quickly the mound they raised, while guards on all sides were watching,

Lest an attack should be made by the well-greaved sons of Achaia.
And, when the mound completed was, from thence they departed ;
And, all assembling again, they enjoyed the glorious banquet,
In the palace home of the king, illustrious Priam.—

Such were the funeral rites of Hector the tamer of horses.

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